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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

Originally Compiled by the

REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.

A New Edition

2556.17
V.4

PREPARED BY

James G. Percival

VOL. IV. EPISTLES.

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Engd. by J.B. Neagle

BOSTON

1842.

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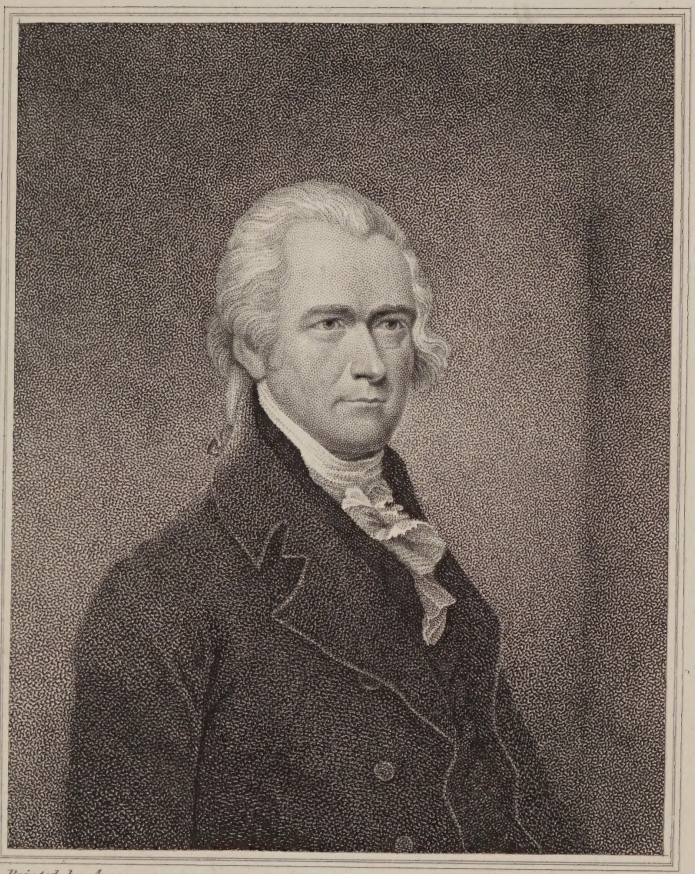

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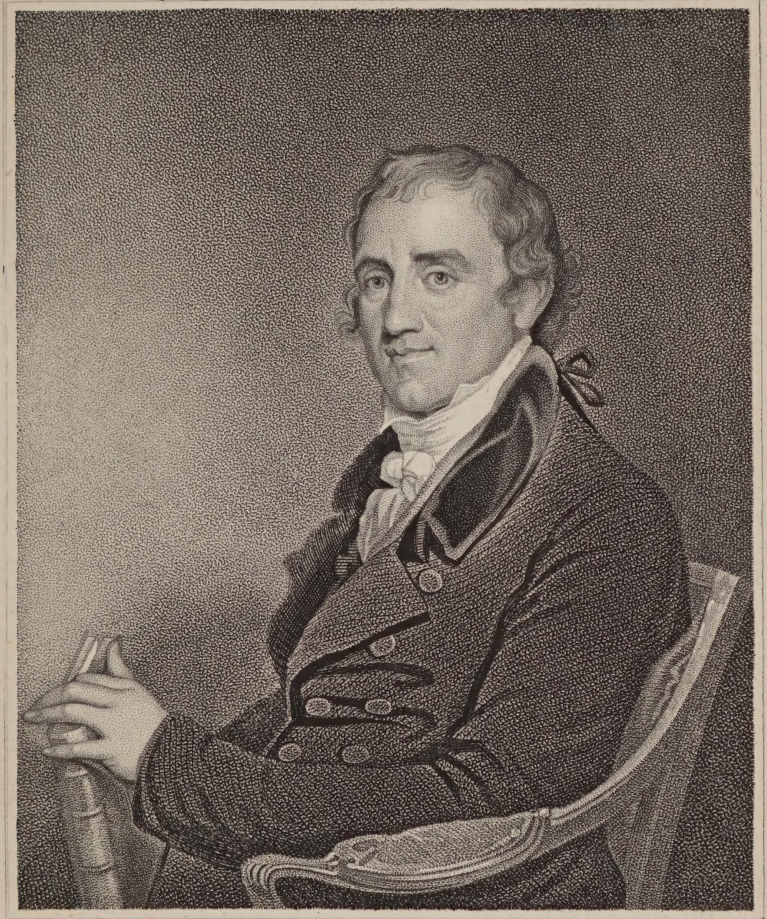

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WASHINGTON IRVING ESQ.[R]

AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

# ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

OR

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES,

FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS AND TRANSLATIONS;

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY THE

REV. VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

A new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings.

PREPARED BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.—EPISTLES.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.

1842.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*
*District Clerk's Office.*

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of March A. D. 1826, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL WALKER, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

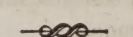
Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Passages from the best English Authors and Translations; principally designed for the use of young persons. Originally compiled by the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D. D. a new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings, prepared by James G. Percival, in six volumes. Vol. 3. EPISTLES.

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, { *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

# PREFACE

## TO THE LAST ENGLISH EDITION.



The following Collection of Letters is a part of a design, which the Editor had formed, to select and publish, in large volumes, such compositions, both in verse and prose, as he judged might be useful to young persons, by conducing to their improvement in their own language, while they were cultivating an acquaintance with the ancients, and pursuing all other accomplishments of a liberal education.

The first two parts of his plan, Elegant Extracts in Prose and Poetry already published, and repeatedly printed, have been received with a degree of favour, which evinces that the preconceived idea of their utility has been amply confirmed by the decisions of experience.

Animated by their good reception, the Editor determined to proceed in his design, and to add, in a similar volume, a copious Collection of Letters. It occurred to him, that no literary exercise is in such constant request as Letter-writing. All are not to be Poets, Orators, or Historians; but all, at least above the lowest rank, are to be sometimes Letter-writers. The daily intercourse of common life cannot be duly preserved without this mode of communication. That much pleasure, and much advantage, of various kinds, is derived from it, is obvious and incontestable. Every emergence furnishes occasion for it. It is necessary to friendship, and to love; to interest, and to ambition. In every

pursuit, and in every department of polished life, to write Letters is an indispensable requisite; and to write them well, a powerful recommendation. By epistolary correspondence the most important business, commercial, political, and private, is usually transacted. Who is there, who at some period of his life, finds it not of consequence to him to draw up an address with propriety, to narrate an event, to describe a character faithfully, or to write letters of compliment, condolence, or congratulation? Many natives of this country spend their youth in foreign climes. How greatly does it contribute to raise their characters at home, when they are able to write correct and judicious letters to their relations, their friends, their patrons, and their employers? A clear, a discreet, and an elegant letter, establishes their character in their native country, while perhaps their persons are at the distance of the antipodes, raises esteem among all who read it, and often lays a foundation for future eminence. It goes before them, like a pioneer, and smooths the road, and levels the hill that leads up to honour and to fortune.

Add to these considerations, that, as an easy exercise to improve the style, and prepare for that composition, which several of the professions require, nothing is more advantageous than the practice of Letter-writing at an early age.

In every view of the subject, Letter-writing appeared to the Editor so useful and important, that he thought he could not render a more acceptable service to young students than to present them with a great variety of epistolary MODELS, comprised, for their more convenient use, in one capacious volume. Models in art are certainly more instructive than rules; as examples in life are more efficacious than precepts. Rules, indeed, for Letter-writing, of which there is a great abundance, appear to be little more than the idle effusions of pedantry; the superfluous inventions of ingenuity misemployed. The Letters, which the writers of rules have given as examples for imitation, are often nothing more than mere *centos* in the expression, and servile copies in the sentiments. They have nothing in them of the healthy hue and lively vigour of nature. They resemble puny plants raised in a clime ungenial, by the gardener's incessant labour, yet possessing, after all, neither beauty, flavour, nor *stamina* for duration.

The few rules necessary in the ART, as it is called, of Letter-writing are such as will always be prescribed to itself by a competent share of

*common sense*, duly informed by a common education. A regard must always be shown to time, place, and person. He, who has good sense, will of course observe these things; and he who has it not will not learn to observe them by the rules of rhetoricians. But to assist invention and to promote order, it may be sometimes expedient to make, in the mind, a division of a Letter into three parts, the Aristotelian *beginning*, *middle*, and *end:* or, in other words, into the exordium or introduction, the statement, proposition, or narrative, and the conclusion.

The exordium or introduction should be employed, not indeed with the formality of rhetoric, but with the ease of natural politeness and benevolence, in conciliating esteem, favour, and attention; the proposition or narrative, in stating the business with clearness and precision; the conclusion, in confirming what has been premised, in making apologies, in extenuating offence, and in cordial expressions of respect and affection: but is there any thing in these precepts not already obvious to common sense?

As to the epistolary style, of which so much has been said, those who wish to confine it to the easy and familiar have formed too narrow ideas of epistolary composition. The Epistle admits every subject; and every subject has its appropriate style. Ease is not to be confounded with negligence. In the most familiar Letter on the commonest subject an Attic neatness is required. Ease in writing, like ease in dress, notwithstanding all its charms, is but too apt to degenerate to the carelessness of the sloven. In the daily attire of a gentleman, gold lace may not be requisite; but rags or filth are not to be borne. In the face, paint is not to be approved; but cleanliness cannot be neglected, without occasioning still greater disgust than rouge and ceruse.

That epistolary style is clearly the best, whether easy or elaborate, simple or adorned, which is best adapted to the subject, to time, to place, and to person; which upon grave and momentous topics is solemn and dignified; on common themes, terse, easy, and only not careless; on little and trifling matters, gay, airy, lively, and facetious; on jocular subjects, sparkling and humorous; in formal and complimentary addresses, embellished with rhetorical figures, and finished with polished periods; in persuasion, bland, insinuating, and ardent; in exhortation, serious and sententious; on prosperous affairs, open and joyous; on adverse, pensive and tender. A different style is often necessary on the same topics, to old people and

to young; to men and to women; to rich and to poor; to the great and to the little; to scholars and to the illiterate; to strangers and to familiar companions. And thus indeed might one proceed to great extent, with all the parade of precept; but though this, and much more that might be repeated, may be certainly true, yet it is all sufficiently obvious to that COMMON SENSE, whose claims ought at all times to be asserted against the encroachments of pedantic tyranny.

A good understanding, as it has been already observed, improved by reading the best writers, by accurate observation of men and manners, and, above all, by use and practice, will be sufficient to form an accomplished Letter-writer, without restraining the vigour of his genius, and the flights of his fancy, by a rigid observance of the line and rule. The best Letters, and indeed the best compositions of every kind, were produced before the boasted rules to teach how to write them were written or invented. The rules prescribed by critics for writing Letters are so minute and particular as to remind one of the *recipes* in Hannah Glasse's Cookery. They pretend to teach how to express thoughts on paper with a mechanical process, similar to that in which the culinary authoress instructs her disciples in the composition of a minced-pie.

It is indeed a remark confirmed by long experience, that merchants, men of business, and particularly the ladies, who have never read, or even heard of the rules of an *Erasmus*, a *Vives*, a *Melchior Junius*, or a *Lipsius*, write Letters with admirable ease, perspicuity, propriety, and elegance; far better, in every respect, than some of the most celebrated dictators of rules to teach that epistolary correspondence, which themselves could never successfully practise. The learned Manutius, who had studied every rule, used to employ a month in writing a Letter of moderate length, which many an English lady could surpass in an hour.

It may not be improper in this place to mention, for the honour of the ladies, that, according to learned authors, the very first Letter ever written was written by a lady. *Clemens Alexandrinus*, and *Tatian* also, who copies from Hellanicus the historian, expressly affirm, that the first epistle ever composed was the production of Atossa, a Persian empress. The learned Dodwell, as well as others, controverts the fact; and many suppose, that the Letter which Homer's Prætus gave to Bellerophon, as well as that which David sent to accomplish the death of Uriah, preceded the

Letter of Atossa. Without entering into a chronological discussion, one may assert the probability, that a lady was the first writer of Letters; as ladies have, in modern times, displayed peculiar grace and spirit in epistolary correspondence. Dodwell's opinion required not the learning of Dodwell to support it, when he supposes that epistles were written, in some form or other, as soon as the art of marking thoughts by written signs was discovered and divulged.

But instead of dwelling any longer on topics, either obvious of themselves, or rather curious than useful, it is more expedient to inform the Reader what he is to expect in the subsequent volume.

The First Book in the Collection is formed from the Letters of Cicero and Pliny. To attempt to raise their characters by praises at this period, after the world has agreed in the admiration of them near two thousand years, would be no less superfluous than to pronounce an eulogium on the sun, or to describe the beauties of the rainbow. From them a few of their most entertaining Letters, and such as have a reference to familiar life, have been principally selected; and there is little doubt, but that an attentive student, not deficient in ability, may catch, from the perusal of what is here inserted, much of their politeness, both of sentiment and expression. If he possesses taste, he must be entertained by them. It is but justice to add, that great praise is due to the translator, whose polished understanding seems to have assimilated the grace of his celebrated originals.

The next Book consists of Letters from many great and distinguished persons of our own nation, written at an early period of English literature.

The correspondence of the Sydney family forms one part of it. To the generality of readers this will be new and curious, as it was never published but in expensive folios. The Sydney family appear to have been, in their time, the most enlightened, polished, and virtuous, which the nation could boast. Many of their Letters are written in a strong, a nervous, and, in many respects, an excellent style for the age; and all that are here selected may be considered as curiosities, furnishing matter for speculation on the language and customs of persons in high rank, at

the period in which they were composed. It is a recommendation of them, that they are genuine Family Letters, not studiously laboured, like those of professed Wits and Letter-writers, but written in perfect confidence, and without the least idea of their future publication. But as old language is certainly not a model for young students in the present day, it must be remembered, that this compilation professes, in its title page, to be designed for GENERAL ENTERTAINMENT, as well as for the perusal and improvement of those who are in the course of their education.

The Letters of the celebrated Howel, which form another considerable portion of the Second Book, cannot fail of affording, in addition to the instruction of the student, much amusement to the more advanced reader, who inspects the volume merely to pass away his vacant hours. Howel's Letters were, at one time, extremely popular. They have passed through many editions. Their wit, vivacity, and frankness, render them more pleasing than many more modern and more exact compositions. Several celebrated Collections of Letters, more correct and finished, have in them less wit, less fire, less spirit, fewer ideas, and scantier information.

Lady Rachel Russel's Letters are inserted in the Second Book, and must be allowed to constitute a very useful and ornamental part of it. They have been much admired by persons of taste and sensibility, both for their thoughts and their diction. Piety and conjugal affection, expressed in language, considering the time of its composition, so pure and proper, cannot but afford a fine example to the female aspirants after delicacy, virtue, taste, and whatever is excellent and laudable in the wife, the widow, and the mother. Such patterns in high life cannot fail of becoming beneficial in proportion as they are more known and better observed.

The very names indeed of those, whose Letters furnish this and the remaining books, are of themselves a sufficient recommendation of them. To dwell on the character and excellencies of each would be to abuse the Reader's patience. Most of them are of that exalted and established rank, which praise cannot now elevate, nor censure degrade. It is proper to remark, that a very considerable number of Letters recently published have now been added from authors of great celebrity ; and to keep

the volume within a convenient size, many have been omitted of less interest, that appeared in the last edition.

Since, then, the writers of these Letters are able to speak so powerfully for themselves, why should the Reader be detained by a longer Preface from better entertainment? Things intrinsically good will be duly appreciated by a discerning Public, and require not the ostentatious display of a florid encomium. If the Letters here selected were the Letters of obscure men and women, a recommendatory introduction might be necessary to their ready admission; but they are the Letters of persons high in rank, high in fame, high in every quality which can excite and reward the attention of a nation, of which most of them have been at once the ornaments and the luminaries. Here indeed, like the setting sun, they shine with a softer radiance than in their more studied works; retaining, however, their beauty and magnitude undiminished, though their meridian fervour is abated. Associated in this Compilation, they unite their orbs, and form a galaxy: they charm with a mild, diffusive light; though they may not dazzle, as in their greater works, with a noonday splendour.

But it is time to conclude, since to proceed in recommending those, who recommend themselves, is but an officious ceremony: yet the Editor, before he withdraws himself, begs leave to ask the Reader one question: Would he not think it a pleasure and a happiness, beyond the power of adequate estimation, to be able to sit down, whenever he pleases, and enjoy, at his fire-side, the conversation of Cicero and Pliny, of the noble Sydneys, of the lively Howel, of Pope, of Johnson, of Franklin, of Fox, of Cowper, and of all the other illustrious and excellent persons, whose familiar and unstudied Letters fill the volume before him? That pleasure, and that happiness, however great, he may here actually obtain, in as great perfection as is now possible, since death has silenced their eloquent tongues. By a very slight effort of imagination he may suppose himself, while he revolves these pages, in the midst of the intelligent, cheerful, social circle; and when satisfied with the familiar conversation of one, turn to another, equally excellent and entertaining in his way, though on a different subject, and in a diversified style. Happy intercourse, exempt from care, from strife, from envy! and happy they, who have leisure, sense, and taste to relish it!

That a satisfaction so pure and so exalted may be enjoyed from this attempt is the sincere wish of the Editor; who ventures to express a hope, that if much is done for the Reader's entertainment, he will not complain that more has not been accomplished, but view excellence with due approbation, and defect with good-natured indulgence.

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# ELEGANT EPISTLES.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL.

### *SECTION I.*

FROM THE LETTERS OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, TO SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS, AS TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

### LETTER I.

*To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.*

Brundisium, April 30. [A. U. 695.]

If you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you nor read your letters, without falling into greater grief than I am able to support: for though I am at all times indeed completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. However, if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least of what we have lost, I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—Ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly and for ever abandoned by those gods whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men whom I have so faithfully served, let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

I have spent about a fortnight in this place,* with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rights of friendship and hospitality towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should venture to give me reception.† May I one day have it in my power to make him a return to those generous services, which I shall ever most gratefully remember!

* Brundisium; a maritime town in the kingdom of Naples, now called *Brindisi*. Cicero, when he first withdrew from Rome, intended to have retired into Sicily; but being denied entrance by the governor of that island, he changed his direction, and came to Brundisium in his way to Greece.

† As soon as Cicero had withdrawn from Rome, Clodius procured a law, which among other things enacted, that "no person should presume to harbour or receive him on pain of death."

I am just going to embark, and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum.* And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you under all that weight of pain and sorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile?—But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return: if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourselves must consider; for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose,† or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him for ever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part of your estate, or (what I sadly fear) are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune. I hope Piso‡ will always continue what you represent him to be, entirely ours.—As to the manumission of the slaves, I think you have no occasion to be uneasy. For with regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they should deserve it: but excepting Orpheus, there are none of them that have any great claim to this favour. As to mine, I told them, if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided I could obtain the confirmation of that grant: but if I preserved my estate, that they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

With regard to the advice you give me, of keeping up my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country; I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the mean time, I am greatly miserable, in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place; but the master of the ship on which I am going to embark could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

For the rest, let me conjure you in my turn, to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honourable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues. No, my Terentia, nothing can justly be imputed to me, but that I survived the loss of my dignities. However, if it was more agreeable to our children that I should thus live, let that reflection teach us to submit to our misfortunes with cheerfulness; insupportable as upon all other considerations they would undoubtedly be. But, alas! whilst I am endeavouring to keep up your spirits, I am utterly unable to preserve my own.

I have sent back the faithful Philetærus; as the weakness of his eyes made him incapable of rendering me

* A considerable town in an island of the Propontis, which lay so close to the continent of Asia as to be joined with it by a bridge.

† Tullia was at this time married to Caius Piso Frugi, a young nobleman of one of the best families in Rome.

‡ Cicero's son-in-law.

shall receive from you, or at most the subsequent one, will determine me in what manner to act. In the mean time I desire you will give me a full and faithful information how things go on: though indeed I have now more reason to expect the final result of this affair, than an account of its progress.

Take care of your health I conjure you; assuring yourself that you are, as you ever have been, the object of my fondest wishes. Farewell, my dear Terentia! I see you so strongly before me whilst I am writing, that I am utterly spent with the tears I have shed. Once more, farewell.

## LETTER V.

### *To Marcus Marius.**

[A. U. 698.]

If your general valetudinary disposition prevented you from being a spectator of our late public entertainments,† it is more to fortune than to philosophy that I am to impute your absence. But if you declined our party for no other reason than as holding in just contempt what the generality of the world so absurdly admire, I must at once congratulate you both on your health and your judgment. I say this upon a supposition, however, that you were enjoying the philosophical advantages of that delightful scene, in which, I imagine, you were almost wholly deserted. At the same time that your neighbours, probably, were nodding over the dull humour of our trite farces, my friend, I dare say, was indulging his morning meditations in that elegant apartment from whence you have opened a prospect to Sejanum, through the Stabian hills.‡ And whilst you were employing the rest of the day in those various polite amusements which you have the happy privilege to plan out for yourself; we, alas! had the mortification of tamely enduring those dramatical representations, to which Mætius, it seems, our professed critic, had given his infallible sanction: but as you will have the curiosity, perhaps, to require a more particular account, I must tell you, that though our entertainments were extremely magnificent indeed, yet they were by no means such as you would have relished; at least if I may judge of your taste by my own. Some of those actors who had formerly distinguished themselves with great applause, but had long since retired, I imagined, in order to preserve the reputation they had raised, were now again introduced upon the stage; as in honour, it seems, of the festival. Among these was my old friend Æsopus: but so different from what we once knew him, that the whole audience agreed he ought to be excused from acting any more. For when he was pronouncing the celebrated oath,

> If I deceive, be Jove's dread vengeance hurl'd, &c.

the poor old man's voice failed him; and he had not strength to go through with the speech. As to the other parts of our theatrical entertainments, you know the nature of them so well, that it is scarce necessary to mention

* The person to whom this letter is addressed seems to have been of a temper and constitution that placed him far below the ambition of being known to posterity. But a private letter from Cicero's hand has been sufficient to dispel the obscurity he appears to have loved, and to render his retirement conspicuous.

† They were exhibited by Pompey at the opening of his theatre: one of the most magnificent structures of ancient Rome; and so extensive as to contain no less than 30,000 spectators. It was built after the model of one which he saw at Mitylene, in his return from the Mithridatic war; and adorned with the noblest ornaments of statuary and painting. Some remains of this immense building still subsist.

‡ Sejanum is found in no other ancient author. Stabiæ was a maritime town in Campania, situated upon the bay of Naples, from whence the adjoining hills here mentioned took their name.

them. They had less indeed to plead in their favour than even the most ordinary representations of this kind can usually claim. The enormous parade with which they were attended, and which, I dare say, you would very willingly have spared, destroyed all the grace of the performance. What pleasure could it afford to a judicious spectator, to see a thousand mules prancing about the stage, in the tragedy of Clytæmnestra; or whole regiments accoutred in foreign armour, in that of the *Trojan Horse?* In a word, what man of sense could be entertained with viewing a mock army drawn up on the stage in battle array? These, I confess, are spectacles extremely well adapted to captivate vulgar eyes; but undoubtedly would have had no charm in yours. In plain truth, my friend, you would have received more amusement from the dullest piece that Protogenes could possibly have read to you* (my own orations, however, let me always except), than we meet with at these ridiculous shows. I am well persuaded, at least, you could not regret the loss of our Oscian and Grecian farces.† Your own noble senate will always furnish you with drollery sufficient of the former kind;‡ and as to the latter, I know you have such an utter aversion to every thing that bears the name of Greek, that you will not even travel the Grecian road to your villa. As I remember you once despised our formidable gladiators, I cannot suppose you would have looked with less contempt on our athletic performers: and, indeed, Pompey himself acknowledges, that they did not answer the pains and expense they had cost him. The remainder of our diversions consisted in combats of wild beasts,§ which were exhibited every morning and afternoon during five days successively; and it must be owned, they were magnificent. Yet, after all, what entertainment can possibly arise to an elegant and humanized mind, from seeing a noble beast struck to the heart by its merciless hunter, or one of our own weak species cruelly mangled by an animal of much superior strength? But were there any thing really worth observing in spectacles of this savage kind, they are spectacles extremely familiar to you; and those I am speaking of had not any peculiar novelty to recommend them. The last day's sport was composed entirely of elephants, which, though they made the common people stare indeed, did not seem, however, to afford them any great satisfaction. On the contrary, the terrible slaughter of these poor animals created a general commiseration; as it is a prevailing notion, that these creatures in some degree participate of our rational faculties.

That you may not imagine I had the happiness of being perfectly at my ease during the whole of this pompous festival, I must acquaint you, that while the people were amusing themselves at the plays, I was almost killed with the fatigue of pleading for your friend Gallus Caninus. Were the world as much inclined to favour my retreat, as they showed themselves in the case of

* It was usual with persons of distinction amongst the Romans to keep a slave in their family, whose sole business it was to read to them. Protogenes seems to have attended Marius in that capacity.

† The Oscian farces were so called from the Osci, an ancient people of Campania, from whom the Romans received them. They seem to have been of the same kind with our Bartholomew drolls, and to have consisted of low and obscene humour.

‡ The municipal or corporate towns in Italy were governed by magistrates of their own, who probably made much the same sort of figure in their rural senate, as our burgesses in their town hall.

§ Beasts of the wildest and most uncommon kinds were sent for, upon these occasions, from every corner of the known world: and Dion Cassius relates, that no less than 500 lions were killed at these hunting matches with which Pompey entertained the people.

Æsopus, believe me, I would for ever renounce my art, and spend the remainder of my days with you and some others of the same philosophical turn. The truth of it is, I began to grow weary of this employment, even at a time when youth and ambition prompted my perseverance; and I will add too, when I was at full liberty to exercise it in defence of those only whom I was inclined to assist. But in my present circumstances, it is absolute slavery: for, on the one side, I never expect to reap any advantage from my labours of this kind; and, on the other, in compliance with solicitations which I cannot refuse, I am sometimes under the disagreeable necessity of appearing as an advocate in behalf of those who ill deserve that favour at my hands. For these reasons, I am framing every possible pretence for living hereafter according to my own taste and sentiments; as I highly both approve and applaud that retired scene of life which you have so judiciously chosen. I am sensible at the same time, that this is the reason you so seldom visit Rome. However, I the less regret that you do not see it oftener, as the numberless unpleasing occupations in which I am engaged would prevent me from enjoying the entertainment of your conversation, or giving you that of mine; if mine, indeed, can afford you any. But if ever I should be so fortunate as to disentangle myself, in some degree at least (for I am contented not to be wholly released,) from these perplexing embarrassments, I will undertake to show even my elegant friend, wherein the truest refinements of life consist. In the mean while, continue to take care of your health, that you may be able, when that happy time shall arrive, to accompany me in my litter to my several villas.

You must impute it to the excess of my friendship, and not to the abundance of my leisure, that I have lengthened this letter beyond my usual extent. It was merely in compliance with a request in one of yours, where you intimate a desire that I would compensate in this manner what you lost by not being present at our public diversions. I shall be extremely glad, if I have succeeded; if not, I shall have the satisfaction however to think, that you will for the future be more inclined to give us your company on these occasions, than to rely on my letters for your amusement. Farewell.

## LETTER VI.

### *To Julius Cæsar.**

[A. U. 699.]

I am going to give an instance how much I rely upon your affectionate services, not only towards myself, but in favour also of my friends. It was my intention, if I had gone abroad in any foreign employment, that Trebatius† should have accompanied me: and he would not have returned without receiving the highest and most advantageous honours I should have been able to have conferred upon him. But as Pompey, I find, defers setting out upon his commission longer than I imagined, and I am apprehensive likewise that the doubts you know I entertain in regard to my attending him, may possibly prevent, as they will certainly at least delay, my journey; I take the liberty to refer Trebatius to *your* good offices, for those benefits he expected to have received from mine. I have ventur-

* Cæsar was at this time in Gaul, preparing for his first expedition into Britain.

† This person seems to have been in the number of Cæsar's particular favourites. He appears in this earlier part of his life to have been of a more gay and indolent disposition than is consistent with making a figure in business, but he afterwards, however, became a very celebrated lawyer; and one of the most agreeable satires of Horace is addressed to him under that honourable character.

ed indeed to promise, that he will find you full as well disposed to advance his interest, as I have always assured him he would find me; and a very extraordinary circumstance occurred, which seemed to confirm this opinion I entertained of your generosity. For, in the very instant I was talking with Balbus upon this subject, your letter was delivered to me: in the close of which you pleasantly tell me, that "in compliance with my request, you will make Orfius king of Gaul, or assign him over to Lepta, and advance any other person whom I should be inclined to recommend." This had so remarkable a coincidence with our discourse that it struck both Balbus and myself as a sort of happy omen that had something in it more than accidental. As it was my intention, therefore, before I received your letter, to have transmitted Trebatius to you; so I now consign him to your patronage as upon your own invitation. Receive him, then, my dear Cæsar, with your usual generosity, and distinguish him with every honour that my solicitations can induce you to confer. I do not recommend him in the manner you so justly rallied, when I wrote to you in favour of Orfius: but I will take upon me to assure you, in true Roman sincerity, that there lives not a man of greater modesty and merit. I must not forget to mention also (what indeed is his distinguishing qualification) that he is eminently skilled in the laws of his country, and happy in an uncommon strength of memory. I will not point out any particular piece of preferment, which I wish you to bestow upon him: I will only in general entreat you to admit him into a share of your friendship. Nevertheless, if you should think proper to distinguish him with the tribunate or præfecture,* or any other little honours of that nature, I shall have no manner of objection. In good earnest, I entirely resign him out of my hands into yours, which never were lifted up in battle, or pledged in friendship, without effect. But I fear I have pressed you farther upon this occasion than was necessary: however, I know you will excuse my warmth in the cause of a friend. Take care of your health, and continue to love me. Farewell.

* The military tribunes were next in rank to the lieutenants or commanders in chief under the general; as the *præfectus legionis* was the most honourable post in the Roman armies after that of the military tribunes. The business of the former was, among other articles, to decide all controversies that arose among the soldiers; and that of the latter was to carry the chief standard of the legion.

## LETTER VII.

### *To Marcus Cœlius.*

July 6. [A. U. 702.]

Could you seriously then imagine, my friend, that I commissioned you to send me the idle news of the town; matches of gladiators, adjournments of causes, robberies, and the rest of those uninteresting occurrences, which no one ventures to mention to me, even when I am in the midst of them at Rome? Far other are the accounts which I expect from your hand: as I know not any man whose judgment in politics I have more reason to value. I should esteem it a misemployment of your talents, even were you to transmit to me those more important transactions that daily arise in the republic; unless they should happen to relate immediately to myself. There are other less penetrating politicians, who will send me intelligence of this sort: and I shall be abundantly supplied with it likewise by common fame. In short, it is not an account either of what has lately been transacted, or is in present agitation, that I require in your letters: I expect, as from one whose discernment is capable of looking far into futurity, your opinion

procure a strong guard to defend our house; to which request I must add, that you would engage a proper number of regular couriers, in order to give me the satisfaction of hearing from you every day. But above all, let me conjure you both, to take care of your healths as you wish to preserve mine. Farewell.

## LETTER XIII.

### *To Terentia.*

June 11. [A. U. 704.]

I am entirely free from the disorder in my stomach; which was the more painful, as I saw it occasioned both you and that dear girl, whom I love better than my life, so much uneasiness. I discovered the cause of this complaint the night after I left you, having discharged a great quantity of phlegm. This gave me so immediate a relief, that I cannot but believe I owe my cure to some heavenly interposition; to Apollo, no doubt, and Æsculapius. You will offer up your grateful tributes therefore to these restoring powers, with all the ardency of your usual devotion.

I am this moment embarked;* and have procured a ship which I hope is well able to perform her voyage. As soon as I shall have finished this letter, I propose to write to several of my friends recommending you and our dearest Tullia in the strongest terms to their protection. In the mean time, I should exhort you to keep up your spirits, if I did not know that you are both animated with a more than manly fortitude. And indeed I hope there is a fair prospect of your remaining in Italy without any inconvenience, and of my returning to the defence of the republic, in conjunction with those who are no less faithfully devoted to its interest.

After earnestly recommending to you the care of your health, let me make it my next request, that you would dispose of yourself in such of my villas as are at the greatest distance from the army. And if provisions should become scarce in Rome, I should think you will find it most convenient to remove with your servants to Arpinum.†

The amiable young Cicero most tenderly salutes you. Again and again I bid you farewell.

* In order to join Pompey in Greece; who had left Italy about three months before the date of this letter.

## LETTER XIV.

### *To the same.*‡

[A. U. 704.]

I am informed by the letters of my friends as well as by other accounts, that you have had a sudden attack of a fever. I entreat you, therefore, to employ the utmost care in re-establishing your health.

The early notice you gave me of Cæsar's letter was extremely agreeable to me: and let me desire you would send me the same expeditious intelligence, if any thing should hereafter occur that concerns me to know. Once more I conjure you to take care of your health. Farewell.

## LETTER XV.

### *To the same.*§

[A. U. 704.]

I entreat you to take all proper

† A city in the country of the Volsci: a district of Italy, which now comprehends part of the Campagna di Roma, and of the Terra di Lavoro. Cicero was born in this town, which still subsists under the name of Arpino.

‡ This letter was written by Cicero in the camp at Dyrrachium.

§ This letter was probably written soon after the foregoing, and from the same place.

measures for the recovery of your health. Let me request, likewise, that you would provide whatever may be necessary in the present conjuncture; and that you would send me frequent accounts how every thing goes on. Farewell.

## LETTER XVI.

### *To Terentia.*

July 15. [A. U. 704.]

I have seldom an opportunity of writing; and scarce any thing to say that I choose to trust in a letter. I find by your last, that you cannot meet with a purchaser for any of our farms. I beg therefore, you would consider of some other method of raising money, in order to satisfy that person, who you are sensible I am very desirous should be paid.*

I am by no means surprised that you should have received the thanks of our friend, as I dare say she had great reason to acknowledge your kindness.

If Pollux† is not yet set out, I desire you would exercise your authority, and force the loiterer to depart immediately. Farewell.

## LETTER XVII.

### *To the same.*

Brundisium, Nov. 5. [A. U. 704.]

May the joy you express at my safe arrival in Italy‡ be never interrupted! But my mind was so much discomposed by those atrocious injuries I had received, that I have taken a step, I fear, which may be attended with great difficulties. Let me then entreat your utmost assistance: though I must confess, at the same time, that I know not wherein it can avail me.

I would by no means have you think of coming hither. For the journey is both long and dangerous: and I do not see in what manner you could be of any service. Farewell.

## LETTER XVIII.

### *To the same.*

[A. U. 704.]

The ill state of health into which Tullia is fallen, is a very severe addition to the many and great disquietudes that afflict my mind. But I need say nothing farther upon this subject, as I am sure her welfare is no less a part of your tender concern than it is of mine.

I agree both with you and her in thinking it proper that I should advance nearer to Rome: and I should have done so before now, if I had not been prevented by several difficulties, which I am not yet able to remove. But I am in expectation of a letter from Atticus, with his sentiments upon this subject: and I beg you would forward it to me by the earliest opportunity. Farewell.

* This letter, as well as the two former, was written while Cicero was with Pompey in Greece. The business at which he so obscurely hints has been thought to relate to the payment of part of Tullia's portion to Dolabella.

† It appears by a letter to Atticus, that this person acted as a sort of steward in Cicero's family.

‡ After the battle of Pharsalia Cicero would not engage himself any farther with the Pompeian party; but having endeavoured to make his peace with Cæsar by the mediation of Dolabella, he seems to have received no other answer, than an order to return immediately into Italy. And this he accordingly did a few days before the date of the present letter.

## LETTER XIX.

*To Terentia.*

[A. U. 704.]

In addition to my other misfortunes, I have now to lament the illness both of Dolabella and Tullia. The whole frame of my mind is indeed so utterly discomposed, that I know not what to resolve, or how to act, in any of my affairs. I can only conjure to take care of yourself and of Tullia. Farewell.

## LETTER XX.

*To the same.*

[A. U. 704.]

If any thing occurred worth communicating to you, my letters would be more frequent and much longer. But I need not tell you the situation of my affairs; and as to the effect they have upon my mind, I leave it to Lepta and Trebatius to inform you. I have only to add my entreaties, that you would take care of your own and Tullia's health. Farewell.

## LETTER XXI.

*To Lucius Papirius Pætus.*

[A. U. 706.]

Is it true, my friend, that you look upon yourself as having been guilty of a most ridiculous piece of folly in attempting to imitate the thunder, as you call it, of my eloquence? With reason, indeed, you might have thought so, had you failed in your attempt: but since you have excelled the model you had in view, the disgrace surely is on my side, not on yours. The verse, therefore, which you apply to yourself from one of Trabea's comedies, may with much more justice be turned upon me, as my own eloquence falls far short of that perfection at which I aim. But tell me, what sort of figure do my letters make; are they not written, think you, in the true familiar? They do not constantly, however, preserve one uniform manner, as this species of composition bears no resemblance to that of the oratorical kind; though indeed in judicial matters we vary our style according to the nature of the causes in which we are engaged. Those, for example, in which private interests of little moment are concerned, we treat with a suitable simplicity of diction; but where the reputation or the life of our client is in question, we rise into greater pomp and dignity of phrase. But whatever may be the subject of my letters, they still speak the language of conversation. Farewell.

## LETTER XXII.

*To Varro.*

[A. U. 707.]

Though I have nothing to write, yet I could not suffer Caninius to pay you a visit without taking the opportunity of conveying a letter by his hands. And now I know not what else to say, but that I propose to be with you very soon: an information, however, which I am persuaded you will be glad to receive. But will it be altogether decent to appear in so gay a scene* at a time when Rome is in such a general flame? And shall we not furnish an occasion of

* Varro seems to have requested Cæsar to give him a meeting at Baiæ, a place much frequented by the Romans on account of its hot baths; as the agreeableness of its situation on the bay of Naples rendered it at the same time the general resort of the pleasurable world.

censure to those who do not know that we observe the same sober philosophical life, in all seasons, and in every place? Yet after all, what imports it, since the world will talk of us, in spite of our utmost caution? And indeed whilst our censurers are immersed in every kind of flagitious debauchery, it is much worth our concern, truly, what they say of our innocent relaxations. In just contempt, therefore, of these illiterate barbarians, it is my resolution to join you very speedily. I know not how it is, indeed, but it should seem that our favourite studies are attended with much greater advantages in these wretched times than formerly; whether it be that they are now our only resource; or that we were less sensible of their salutary effects when we were in too happy a state to have occasion to experience them. But this is sending owls to Athens,* as we say; and suggesting reflections which your own mind will far better supply. All that I mean by them, however, is to draw a letter from you in return, at the same time that I give you notice to expect me soon. Farewell.

## LETTER XXIII.

### *To Papirius Pætus.*

[A. U. 707.]

Your letter afforded me a very agreeable instance of your friendship, in the concern it expressed lest I should be uneasy at the report which had been brought hither by Silius.† I was before indeed perfectly sensible how much you were disturbed at this circumstance, by your care in sending me duplicates of a former letter upon the same subject: and I then returned such an answer as I thought would be sufficient to abate at least, if not entirely remove, this your generous solicitude. But since I perceive, by your last letter, how much this affair still dwells upon your mind; let me assure you, my dear Pætus, that I have employed every artifice (for we must now, my friend, be armed with cunning as well as prudence) to conciliate the good graces of the persons you mention; and, if I mistake not, my endeavours have not proved in vain. I received indeed so many marks of respect and esteem from those who are most in Cæsar's favour, that I cannot but flatter myself they have a true regard for me. It must be confessed at the same time, that a pretended affection is not easily discernible from a real one, unless in seasons of distress. For adversity is to friendship what fire is to gold; the only infallible test to discover the genuine from the counterfeit; in all other circumstances they both bear the same common signatures. I have one strong reason, however, to persuade me of their sincerity; as neither their situation nor mine can by any means tempt them to dissemble with me. As to that person‡ in whom all power is now centred, I am not sensible that I have any thing to fear from him; or nothing more, at least, than what arises from that general precarious state in which all things must stand where the fence of laws is broken down; and from its being impossible to pronounce with assurance concerning any event, which depends wholly upon the will, not to say the caprice, of another. But this I can with confidence affirm, that I have not in any

* A proverbial expression of the same import with that of "sending coals to Newcastle." It alludes to the Athenian coin, which was stamped (as Manutius observes) with the figure of an owl.

† Silius, it should seem, had brought an account from the army, that some witticisms of Cicero had been reported to Cæsar, which had given him offence.

‡ Cæsar.

single instance given him just occasion to take offence; and in the article you point out, I have been particularly cautious. There was a time, it is true, when I thought it well became me, by whom Rome itself was free,* to speak my sentiments with freedom: but now that our liberties are no more, I deem it equally agreeable to my present situation, not to say any thing that may disgust either Cæsar or his favourites. But were I to suppress every rising raillery that might pique those at whom it is directed, I must renounce, you know, all my reputation as a wit. And in good earnest, it is a character upon which I do not set so high a value, as to be unwilling to resign it if it were in my power. However, I am in no danger of suffering in Cæsar's opinion, by being represented as the author of any sarcasms to which I have no claim; for his judgment is much too penetrating ever to be deceived by any imposition of this nature. I remember your brother Servius, whom I look upon to have been one of the most learned critics that this age has produced, was so conversant in the writings of the poets, and had acquired such an excellent and judicious ear, that he could immediately distinguish the numbers of Plautus from those of any other author. Thus Cæsar, I am told, when he made his large collection of apophthegms,† constantly rejected any piece of wit that was brought to him as mine, if it happened to be spurious: a distinction which he is much more able to make at present, as his particular friends pass almost every day of their lives in my company. As our conversation generally turns upon a variety of subjects, I frequently strike out thoughts which they look upon as not altogether void, perhaps, of spirit and ingenuity. Now these little sallies of pleasantry, together with the general occurrences of Rome, are constantly transmitted to Cæsar, in pursuance of his own express direction: so that if any thing of this kind be mentioned by others as coming from me, he always disregards it. You see, then, that the lines you quote with so much propriety from the tragedy of Œnomaus,‡ contain a caution altogether unnecessary. For tell me, my friend, what jealousies can I possibly create? Or who will look with envy upon a man in my humble situation? But granting that I were in ever so enviable a state; yet let me observe, that it is the opinion of those philosophers, who alone seem to have understood the true nature of virtue, that a good man is answerable for nothing farther than his own innocence. Now in this respect I think myself doubly irreproachable; in the first place, by having recommended such public measures as were for the interest of the commonwealth; and in the next, that finding I was not sufficiently supported to render my counsels of fectual, I did not deem it adviseable to contend for them by arms against a superior strength. Most certainly, therefore, I cannot justly be accused of having failed in the duty of a good citizen. The only part then that now remains for me, is to be cautious not to expose myself, by any indiscreet word or action, to the resentment of those in power: a part which I hold likewise to be agreeable to the character of true wisdom. As to the rest; what liberties any man may take in imputing words to me which I never spoke; what credit Cæsar may give to such reports; and how far those who court my friendship,

* Alluding to his services in the suppression of Catiline's conspiracy.

† This collection was made by Cæsar when he was very young; and probably it was a performance by no means to his honour. For Augustus, into whose hands it came after his death, would not suffer it to be published.

‡ Written by Accius, a tragic poet, who flourished about the year of Rome 617.

are really sincere; these are points for which it is by no means in my power to be answerable. My tranquillity arises, therefore, from the conscious integrity of my counsels in the times that are past, and from the moderation of my conduct in these that are present. Accordingly, I apply the simile you quote from Accius,* not only to Envy, but to Fortune; that weak and inconstant power, whom every wise and resolute mind should resist, with as much firmness as a rock repels the waves. Grecian story will abundantly supply examples of the greatest men, both at Athens and Syracuse, who have in some sort preserved their independency amidst the general servitude of their respective communities. May I not hope then to be able so to comport myself under the same circumstances, as neither to give offence to our rulers, on the one hand, nor to injure the dignity of my character, on the other?

But to turn from the serious to the jocose part of your letter.—The strain of pleasantry you break into, immediately after having quoted the tragedy of Œnomaus, puts me in mind of the modern method of introducing at the end of those graver dramatic pieces, the buffoon humour of our low mimes, instead of the more delicate burlesque of the old Atellan farces.† Why else do you talk of your paltry polypus,‡ and your mouldy cheese? In pure good-nature, it is true, I formerly submitted to sit down with you to such homely fair: but more refined company has improved me into a better taste. For Hirtius and Dolabella, let me tell you, are my preceptors in the science of the table; as in return, they are my disciples in that of the bar. But I suppose you have already heard, at least if all the town-news be transmitted to you, that they frequently declaim at my house,§ and that I as often sup at theirs. You must not however hope to escape my intended visit, by pleading poverty in bar to the admission of so luxurious a guest. Whilst you were raising a fortune indeed, I bore with your parsimonious humour: but now that you are in circumstances to support the loss of half your wealth, I expect that you receive me in another manner than you would one of your compounding debtors.|| And though your finances may somewhat suffer by my visit, remember it is better they should be impaired by treating a friend, than by lending to a stranger. I do not insist, however, that you spread your table with so unbounded a profusion as to furnish out a splendid treat with the remains; I am so wonderfully moderate, as to desire nothing more than what is perfectly elegant and exquisite in its kind. I remember to have heard you describe an entertainment which was given by Phameas. Let yours be the exact copy of his: only I should be glad not to wait for it quite so long. Should

* The poet mentioned in the preceding remark.

† These Atellan farces, which in the earlier periods of the Roman stage, were acted at the end of the more serious dramatic performances, derived their name from Atella, a town in Italy; from whence they were first introduced at Rome. They consisted of a more liberal and genteel kind of humour than the mimes, a species of comedy which seems to have taken its subject from low life.

‡ A sea-fish so extremely tough, that it was necessary to beat it a considerable time before it could be rendered fit for the table.

§ Cicero had lately instituted a kind of academy for eloquence in his own house; at which several of the leading young men in Rome used to meet, in order to exercise themselves in the art of oratory.

|| This alludes to a law which Cæsar passed in favour of those who had contracted debts before the commencement of the civil war. By this law commissioners were appointed to take an account of the estate and effects of these debtors, which were to be assigned to their respective creditors according to their valuation before the civil war broke out; and whatever sums had been paid for interest, were to be considered as in discharge of the principal. By this ordinance Pætus, it seems, had been a particular sufferer.

you still persist, after all, to invite me, as usual, to a penurious supper, dished out by the sparing hand of maternal economy; even this, perhaps, I may be able to support. But I would fain see that hero bold who should dare to set before me the villanous trash you mention; or even one of your boasted polypuses, with an hue as florid as vermilioned Jove.* Take my word for it, my friend, your prudence will not suffer you to be thus adventurous. Fame, no doubt, will have proclaimed at your villa my late conversion to luxury, long before my arrival: and you will shiver at the sound of her tremendous report. Nor must you flatter yourself with the hope of abating the edge of my appetite, by your cloying sweet wines before supper: a silly custom which I have now entirely renounced: being much wiser than when I used to damp my stomach with your antepasts of olives and Lucanian sausages.—But not to run on any longer in this jocose strain; my only serious wish is, that I may be able to make you a visit. You may compose your countenance, therefore, and return to your mouldy cheese in full security: for my being your guest will occasion you, as usual, no other expense than that of heating your baths. As for all the rest, you are to look upon it as mere pleasantry.

The trouble you have given yourself about Selicius' villa,† is extremely obliging; as your description of it was excessively droll. I believe therefore, from the account you give me, I shall renounce all thoughts of making that purchase: for though the country, it seems, abounds in salt, the neighbourhood, I find, is but *insipid*. Farewell.

* Pliny, the naturalist, mentions a statue of Jupiter erected in the Capitol, which on certain festival days it was customary to paint with vermilion.

† In Naples.

## LETTER XXIV.

### *To Papirius Pætus.*

[A. U. 707.]

Your letter gave me a double pleasure; for it not only diverted me extremely, but was a proof likewise that you are so well recovered as to be able to indulge your usual gayety. I was well contented at the same time to find myself the subject of your raillery; and, in truth, the repeated provocations, I had given you, were sufficient to call forth all the severity of your satire. My only regret is, that I am prevented from taking my intended journey into your part of the world; where I proposed to have made myself, I do not say your guest, but one of your family. You would have found me wonderfully changed from the man I formerly was, when you used to cram me with your cloying antepasts.‡ For I now more prudently sit down to table with an appetite altogether unimpaired, and most heroically make my way through every dish that comes before me, from the egg§ that leads the van, to the roast veal that brings up the rear.‖ The temperate and unexpensive guest whom you were wont to applaud, is now no more. I have bidden a total farewell to all the cares of the patriot; and have joined the professed enemies of my for-

‡ These antepasts seem to have been a kind of collation preparatory to the principal entertainment. They generally consisted, it is probable, of such dishes as were provocatives to appetite: but prudent economists, as may be collected from the turn of Cicero's raillery, sometimes contrived them in such a manner as to damp rather than improve the stomach of their guests.

§ The first dish at every Roman table was constantly eggs; which maintained their post of honour even at the most magnificent entertainments.

‖ It appears by a passage which Manutius cites from Tertullian, that the Romans usually concluded their feasts with broiled or roast meat.

mer principles; in short, I am become an absolute Epicurean. You are by no means however to consider me as a friend to that injudicious profusion, which is now the prevailing taste of our modern entertainments: on the contrary, it is that more elegant luxury I admire, which you formerly used to display when your finances were more flourishing, though your farms were not more numerous than at present. Be prepared therefore for my reception accordingly; and remember you are to entertain a man who has not only a most enormous appetite, but who has some little knowledge, let me tell you, in the science of elegant eating. You know there is a peculiar air of self-sufficiency, that generally distinguishes those who enter late into the study of any art. You will not wonder, therefore, when I take upon me to inform you, that you must banish your cakes and your sweatmeats, as articles that are now utterly discarded from all fashionable bills of fare. I am become indeed such a proficient in this science, that I frequently venture to invite to my table those refined friends of yours, the delicate Virrius and Camillus. Nay I am bolder still, and have presumed to give a supper even to Hirtius himself; though, I must own, I could not advance so far as to honour him with a peacock. To tell you the truth, my honest cook had not skill enough to imitate any other part of his splendid entertainments, except only his smoking soups.

But to give you a general sketch of my manner of life; I spend the first part of the morning in receiving the compliments of several, both of our dejected patriots and our gay victors: the latter of whom treat me with great marks of civility and esteem. As soon as that ceremony is over, I retire to my library; where I employ myself either with my books or my pen. And here I am sometimes surrounded by an audience, who look upon me as a man of most profound erudition, for no other reason, perhaps, than because I am not altogether so ignorant as themselves. The rest of my time I wholly devote to indulgences of a less intellectual kind. I have sufficiently indeed paid the tribute of sorrow to my unhappy country; the miseries whereof I have longer and more bitterly lamented, than ever tender mother bewailed the loss of her only son.

Let me desire you, as you would secure your magazine of provisions from falling into my hands, to take care of your health; for I have most unmercifully resolved that no pretence of indisposition shall preserve your larder from my depredations. Farewell.

## LETTER XXV.

### *To Gallus.*

[A. U. 707.]

I am much surprised at your reproaches; as I am sure they are altogether without foundation. But were they ever so just, they would come with a very ill grace from you, who ought to have remembered those marks of distinction you received from me during my consulate. It seems, however (for so you are pleased to inform me), that Cæsar will certainly restore you. I know you are never sparing of your boasts: but I know too, that they have the ill luck never to be credited. It is in the same spirit you remind me, that you offered yourself as a candidate for the tribunitial office, merely in order to serve me.* Now to show you how much I am in your interest, I wish you were a tribune still: as in that case you could not be at a loss for an

* Probably during Cicero's exile.

*intercessor.** You go on to reproach me with not daring to speak my sentiments. In proof however of the contrary, I need only refer you to the reply I made, when you had the front to solicit my assistance.

Thus (to let you see how absolutely impotent you are, where you most affect to appear formidable) I thought proper to answer you in your own style. If you had made your remonstrances in the spirit of good manners, I should with pleasure, as I could with ease, have vindicated myself from your charge: and in truth, it is not your conduct, but your language that I have reason to resent. I am astonished indeed that you, of all men living, should accuse me of want of freedom, who are sensible it is by my means that there is any freedom left in the republic.† I say *you of all men living:* because, if the informations you gave me concerning Catiline's conspiracy were false; where are the services of which you remind me? If they were true, you yourself are the best judge how great those obligations are which I have conferred upon every Roman in general. Farewell.

## LETTER XXVI.

### *To Cæsar.*

[A. U. 708.]

I very particularly recommend to your favour the son of our worthy and common friend Præcilius: a youth whose modest and polite behaviour, together with his singular attachment to myself, have exceedingly endeared him to me. His father likewise, as experience has now fully convinced me, was always my most sincere well-wisher. For to confess the truth, he was the first and most zealous of those who used both to rally and reproach me for not joining in your cause: especially after you had invited me by so many honourable overtures. But,

> All unavailing prov'd his every art,
> To shake the purpose of my steadfast heart.
> HOM. Odyss. vii. 258.

For whilst the gallant chiefs of our party were on the other side perpetually exclaiming to me,

> Rise thou, distinguish'd midst the sons of fame,
> And fair transmit to times unborn thy name.
> HOM. Odyss. i. 302.

> Too easy dupe of flattery's specious voice,
> Darkling I stray'd from wisdom's better choice. HOM. Odyss. xxiv. 314.

And fain would they still raise my spirits, while they endeavour, insensible as I now am to the charms of glory, to rekindle that passion in my heart. With this view they are ever repeating—

> O let me not inglorious sink in death,
> And yield like vulgar souls my parting breath;
> In some brave effort give me to expire,
> That distant ages may the deed admire!
> HOM. Il. xxii.

But I am immoveable, as you see, by all their persuasions. Renouncing therefore, the pompous heroics of Homer, I turn to the just maxims of Euripides, and say with that poet,

> Curse on the sage, who, impotently wise,
> O'erlooks the paths where humbler prudence lies.

My old friend Præcilius is a great admirer of the sentiment in these lines; insisting, that a patriot may preserve a prudential regard to his own safety, and yet,

> Above his peers the first in honour shine.
> HOM. Il. vi. 208.

* Cicero's witticism in this passage, turns upon the double sense of the word *intercessor:* which, besides its general meaning, has relation likewise to a particular privilege annexed to the tribunitial office. For every tribune had the liberty of interposing his negative upon the proceedings of the senate; which act was called *intercessio,* and the person who executed it was said to be the *intercessor* of the particular law, or other matter in deliberation.

† Alluding to his having suppressed Catiline's conspiracy.

But to return from this digression: you will greatly oblige me by extending to this young man that uncommon generosity which so peculiarly marks your character; and by suffering my recommendation to increase the number of those favours which I am persuaded you are disposed to confer upon him for the sake of his family.

I have not addressed you in the usual style of recommendatory letters, that you might see I did not intend this as an application of common form. Farewell.

## LETTER XXVII.

*To Tiro.*

[A. U. 708.]

Believe me, my dear Tiro, I am greatly anxious for your health: however, if you persevere in the same cautious regimen which you have hitherto observed, you will soon, I trust, be well. As to my library, I beg you would put the books in order, and take a catalogue of them, when your physician shall give you his consent: for it is by his directions you must now be governed. With respect to the garden, I leave you to adjust matters as you shall judge proper.

I think you might come to Rome on the first of next month, in order to see the gladiatorial combats, and return the following day: but let this be entirely as is most agreeable to your own inclinations. In the mean time, if you have any affection for me, take care of your health. Farewell.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*To the same.*

[A. U. 708.]

Why should you not direct your letters to me with the familiar superscription which one friend generally uses to another? However, if you are unwilling to hazard the envy which this privilege may draw upon you, be it as you think proper; though for my own part it is a maxim which I have generally pursued with respect to myself, to treat envy with the utmost disregard.

I rejoice that you found so much benefit by your sudorific; and should the air of Tusculum be attended with the same happy effect, how infinitely will it increase my fondness for that favourite scene! If you love me then (and if you do not, you are undoubtedly the most successful of all dissemblers), consecrate your whole time to the care of your health; which hitherto indeed your assiduous attendance upon myself has but too much prevented. You well know the rules which it is necessary you should observe for this purpose; and I need not tell you that your diet should be light, and your exercises moderate: that you should keep your body open, and your mind amused. Be it your care, in short, to return to me perfectly recovered: and I shall ever afterwards not only love you, but Tusculum so much the more ardently.

I wish you could prevail with your neighbour to take my garden, as it will be the most effectual means of vexing that rascal Helico. This fellow, although he paid a thousand sesterces* for the rent of a piece of cold barren ground, that had not so much as a wall or a shed upon it, or was supplied with a single drop of water, has yet the assurance to laugh at the price I require for mine; notwithstanding all the money I have laid out upon the improvements. But let it be your business to spirit the man into our terms; as it shall be mine to make the same artful attack upon Otho.

Let me know what you have done with respect to the fountain; though

* About $35 of our money.

possibly this wet season may now have oversupplied it with water. If the weather should prove fair, I will send the dial, together with the books you desire. But how happened it that you took none with you? Was it that you were employed in some poetical composition upon the model of your admired Sophocles? If so, I hope you will soon oblige the world with your performance.

Ligurius, Cæsar's great favourite, is dead. He was a very worthy man, and much my friend. Let me know when I may expect you: in the mean time be careful of your health. Farewell.

## SECTION II.

FROM THE LETTERS OF PLINY THE CONSUL,* TO SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS, AS TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

### LETTER I.

*To Caninius Rufus.*

How stands Comum,† that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady planetree walk, the crystal canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake‡ below, that serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm yet soft gestatio,§ the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night?|| Do these enjoy my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? Or do

* Pliny was born in the reign of Nero, about the eight hundred and fifteenth year of Rome, and the sixty-second of the Christian æra. As to the time of his death antiquity has given us no information; but it is conjectured that he died either a little before, or soon after, that excellent prince, his admired Trajan; that is, about the year of Christ one hundred and sixteen.

The elegance of this author's manner adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the most common subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of these letters is by no means their principal recommendation; they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and animating characters in all antiquity. Pliny's whole life seems to have been employed in the exercise of every generous and social affection. To forward modest merit, to encourage ingenious talents, to vindicate oppressed innocence, are some of the glorious purposes to which he devoted his power, his fortune, and his abilities. But how does he rise in our esteem and admiration, when we see him exercising (with a grace that discovers his humanity as well as his politeness) the noblest acts both of public and private munificence, not so much from the abundance of his wealth, as the wisdom of his economy!

† The city where Pliny was born; it still subsists, and is now called Como, situated upon the lake Larius, or Lago di Como, in the duchy of Milan.

‡ The lake Larius, upon the banks of which this villa was situated.

§ A piece of ground set apart for the purpose of exercise, either on horseback, or in their vehicles; it was generally contiguous to their gardens, and laid out in the form of a circus.

|| It was customary among the Romans to sleep in the middle of the day, and they had apartments for that purpose distinct from their bed-chambers.

the affairs of the world, as usual, call you frequently out from this agreeable retreat? If the scene of your enjoyment lies wholly there, you are happy; if not, you are under the common error of mankind. But leave, my friend, (for certainly it is high time,) the sordid pursuits of life to others, and devote yourself, in this calm and undisturbed recess, entirely to pleasures of the studious kind. Let these employ your idle as well as serious hours; let them be at once your business and your amusement, the subjects of your waking and even sleeping thoughts: produce something that shall be really and for ever your own. All your other possessions will pass on from one master to another: *this* alone, when once it is yours, will for ever be so. As I well know the temper and genius of him to whom I am addressing myself, I must exhort you to think as well of your abilities as they deserve: do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too. Farewell.

## LETTER II.

### *To Cornelius Tacitus.*

Certainly you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny!—*Even he.* However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity, and while I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with my spear, but my pen by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved, if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my papers full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised: you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. There is, besides, something in the solemnity of the venerable woods with which one is surrounded, together with that awful silence* which is observed on these occasions, that strongly inclines the mind to meditation. For the future, therefore, let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your basket and bottle; for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana. Farewell.

## LETTER III.

### *To Atrius Clemens.*

If ever polite literature flourished at Rome, it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent instances; I will content myself, however, with naming only Euphrates the philosopher. I first made acquaintance with this excellent person in my youth, when I served in the army in Syria. I had an opportunity of conversing with him familiarly, and took some pains to gain his affection; though that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceedingly open to access, and full of that humanity which he professes. I should think myself extremely happy if I had as much answered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing that I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellences more now than I did then, because I understand them better; if I can with truth say I understand them yet. For as none but those who are skilled

* By the circumstance of silence here mentioned, as well as by the whole air of this letter, it is plain the hunting here recommended was of a very different kind from what is practised amongst us. It is probable the wild boars were allured into their nets by some kind of prey, with which they were baited, while the sportsman watched at a distance in silence and concealment.

in painting, statuary, or the plastic art, can form a right judgment of any performance in those sciences; so a man must himself have made great advances in learning, before he is capable of forming a just notion of the learned. However, as far as I am qualified to determine, Euphrates is possessed of so many shining talents, that he cannot fail to strike the most injudicious observer. He reasons with much force, penetration, and elegance, and frequently launches out into all the sublime and luxuriant eloquence of Plato. His style is rich and flowing, and at the same time so wonderfully sweet, that with a pleasing violence he forces the attention of the most unwilling hearer. His outward appearance is agreeable to all the rest; he has a good shape, a comely aspect, long hair, and a large white beard; circumstances which, though they may probably be thought trifling and accidental, contribute however to gain him much reverence. There is no affected negligence in his habit; his countenance is grave, but not austere; and his approach commands respect without creating awe. Distinguished as he is by the sanctity of his manners, he is no less so by his polite and affable address. He points his eloquence against the vices, not the persons of mankind, and without chastising reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations so captivate your attention, that you hang as it were upon his lips; and even after the heart is convinced, the ear still wishes to listen to the harmonious reasoner. His family consists of three children (two of which are sons), whom he educates with the utmost care. His father-in-law, Pompeius Julianus, as he greatly distinguished himself in every other part of his life, so particularly in this, that though he was himself of the highest rank in his province, yet among many considerable competitors for his daughter, he preferred Euphrates, as first in merit, though not in dignity. But to dwell any longer upon the virtues of a man, whose conversation I am so unfortunate as not to have leisure to enjoy, what would it avail but to increase my uneasiness that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable, indeed, but very troublesome employment; in hearing of causes, answering petitions, passing accounts, and writing of letters: but letters, alas! where genius has no share. I sometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leisure at least for that) of these unpleasing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the service of the public, to hear and determine causes, to explain the laws, and administer justice, is a part, and the noblest part too, of philosophy, as it is reducing to practice what her professors teach in speculation. It may be so: but that it is as agreeable as to spend whole days in attending to his useful conversation—even this rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot therefore but strongly recommend it to you, who have leisure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come, I dare say, so much the sooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined instructions. I am not, you see, in the number of those who envy others the happiness they cannot share themselves: on the contrary, it is a very sensible pleasure to me, when I find my friends in possession of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewell.

## LETTER IV.

*To Septitius Clarus.*

How happened it, my friend, that you did not keep your engagement the other night to sup with me? But

take notice, justice is to be had, and I expect you shall fully reimburse me the expense I was at to treat you; which, let me tell you, was no small sum. I had prepared, you must know, a lettuce apiece, three snails,* two eggs, and a barley cake, with some sweet wine and snow;† the snow most certainly I shall charge to your account, as a rarity that will not keep. Besides all these curious dishes, there were olives of Andalusia, gourds, shalots, and a hundred other dainties equally sumptuous. You should likewise have been entertained either with an interlude, the rehearsal of a poem, or a piece of music, as you liked best; or (such was my liberality) with all three. But the luxurious delicacies‡ and Spanish dancers of a certain——I know not who, were, it seems, more to your taste. However, I shall have my revenge of you, depend upon it—in what manner, shall be at present a secret. In good truth it was not kind thus to mortify your friend, I had almost said yourself;—and upon second thoughts I do say so; for how agreeably should we have spent the evening, in laughing, trifling, and deep speculation! You may sup, I confess, at many places more splendidly; but you can be treated no where, believe me, with more unconstrained cheerfulness, simplicity, and freedom: only make the experiment: and if you do not ever afterwards prefer my table to any other, never favour me with your company again. Farewell.

* A dish of snails was very common at a Roman table. The manner used to fatten them is related by some very grave authors of antiquity; and Pliny the Elder mentions one Fulvius Herpinus, who had studied that art with so much success, that the shells of some of his snails would contain about ten quarts. In some parts of Switzerland this food is still in high repute.

† The Romans used snow not only to cool their liquors, but their stomachs, after having inflamed themselves with high eating. This custom still prevails in Italy, especially in Naples, where they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in fresco, and every body from the highest to the lowest makes use of it; insomuch that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country.

‡ In the original the dishes are specified, viz. oysters, the matrices of sows, and a certain sea shell-fish, prickly like a hedge-hog, called echinus, all in the highest estimation among the Roman admirers of table luxury; as appears by numberless passages in the classic writers. Our own country had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from Sandwich; Montanus, mentioned by Juvenal, was so well skilled in the science of good eating that he could tell by the first taste whether they came from thence or not.

## LETTER V.

### *To Erucius.*

I conceived an affection for my friend Pompeius Saturnius, and admired his genius, even long before I knew the extensive variety of his talents: but he has now taken full and unreserved possession of my whole heart. I have heard him in the unpremeditated, as well as studied speech, plead with no less warmth and energy, than grace and eloquence. He abounds with just reflections; his periods are graceful and majestic; his words harmonious, and stamped with the authority of genuine antiquity. These united qualities infinitely delight you, not only when you are carried along, if I may so say, with the resistless flow of his charming and emphatical elocution; but when considered distinct and apart from the advantage. I am persuaded you will be of this opinion when you peruse his orations, and will not hesitate to place him in the same rank with the ancients, whom he so happily imitates. But you will view him with still higher pleasure in the character of an historian, where his style is at once concise and clear, smooth and sublime; and the same energy of expression, though with more closeness, runs

through his harangues, which so eminently distinguishes and adorns his pleadings. But these are not all his excellences; he has composed several poetical pieces in the manner of my favourite Calvus and Catullus. What strokes of wit, what sweetness of numbers, what pointed satire, and what touches of the tender passion appear in his verses! in the midst of which he sometimes designedly falls into an agreeable negligence in his metre, in imitation too of those admired poets. He read to me, the other day, some letters which he assured me were written by his wife. I fancied I was hearing Plautus or Terence in prose. If they were that lady's (as he positively affirms), or his own (which he absolutely denies), either way he deserves equal applause; whether for writing so politely himself, or for having so highly improved and refined the genius of his wife, whom he married young and uninstructed. His works are never out of my hands; and whether I sit down to write any thing myself, or to revise what I have already written, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author; and as often as I do so, he is still new. Let me strongly recommend him to the same degree of intimacy with you; nor be it any prejudice to his merit that he is a contemporary writer. Had he flourished in some distant age, not only his works, but the very pictures and statues of him, would have been passionately inquired after; and shall we then, from a sort of satiety, and merely because he is present among us, suffer his talents to languish and fade away unhonoured and unadmired? It is surely a very perverse and envious disposition, to look with indifference upon a man worthy of the highest approbation for no other reason but because we have it in our power to see him and to converse with him, and not only to give him our applause, but to receive him into our friendship. Farewell.

## LETTER VI.

### *To Cornelius Tacitus.*

I have frequent debates with a learned and judicious person of my acquaintance, who admires nothing so much in the eloquence of the bar as conciseness. I agree with him, where the cause will admit of this manner, it may be properly enough pursued; but to insist, that to omit what is material to be mentioned, or only slightly to touch upon those points which should be strongly inculcated, and urged home to the minds of the audience, is in effect to desert the cause one has undertaken. In many cases a copious manner of expression gives strength and weight to our ideas, which frequently make impressions upon the mind, as iron does upon the solid bodies, rather by repeated strokes than a single blow. In answer to this he usually has recourse to authorities; and produces Lysias among the Grecians, and Cato and the two Gracchi among our own countrymen, as instances in favour of the concise style. In return, I name Demosthenes, Œschynes, Hisperides, and many others, in opposition to Lysias; while I confront Cato and the Gracchi, with Cæsar, Pollio, Cœlius, and above all Cicero, whose longest oration is generally esteemed the best. It is in good compositions, as in every thing else that is valuable; the more there is of them, the better. You may observe in statues, basso-relievos, pictures, and the bodies of men, and even in animals and trees, that nothing is more graceful than magnitude, if it is accompanied with proportion. The same holds true in pleading; and even in books, a large volume carries something of beauty and au-

thority in its very size. My antagonist, who is extremely dexterous at evading an argument, eludes all this, and much more which I usually urge to the same purpose, by insisting that those very persons, upon whose works I found my opinion, made considerable additions to their orations when they published them. This I deny; and appeal to the harangues of numberless orators; particularly to those of Cicero for Murena and Varenus, where he seems to have given us little more than the general charge. Whence it appears, that many things which he enlarged upon at the time he delivered those orations, were retrenched when he gave them to the public. The same excellent orator informs us, that, agreeably to the ancient custom which allowed only one counsel on a side, Cluentius had no other advocate but himself: and tells us farther, that he employed four whole days in defence of Cornelius: by which it plainly appears that those orations which, when delivered at their full length, had necessarily taken up so much time at the bar, were greatly altered and abridged when he afterwards comprised them in a single volume, though I must confess, indeed, a large one. But it is objected, there is a great difference between good pleading and just composition. This opinion, I acknowledge, has some favourers, and it may be true; nevertheless I am persuaded (though I may perhaps be mistaken), that, as it is possible a pleading may be well received by the audience, which has not merit enough to recommend it to the reader, so a good oration cannot be a bad pleading; for the oration upon paper is, in truth, the original and model of the speech that is to be pronounced. It is for this reason we find in many of the best orations extant, numberless expressions which have the air of unpremeditated discourse; and this even where we are sure they were never spoken at all: as for instance in the following passage from the oration against Verres,—"A certain mechanic—what's his name? Oh, I am obliged to you for helping me to it; yes, I mean Polycletus." It cannot then be denied, that the nearer approach a speaker makes to the rules of just composition, the more perfect he will be in his art; always supposing, however, that he has the necessary indulgence in point of time; for if he be abridged of that, no imputation can justly be fixed upon the advocate, though certainly a very great one is chargeable upon the judge. The sense of the laws is, I am sure, on my side, which are by no means sparing of the orator's time; it is not brevity, but an enlarged scope, a full attention to every thing material, which they recommend. And how is it possible for an advocate to acquit himself of that duty, unless in the most insignificant causes, if he affects to be concise? Let me add what experience, that unerring guide, has taught me: it has frequently been my province to act both as an advocate and as a judge, as I have often assisted as an assessor,* where I have ever found the judgments of mankind are to be influenced by different applications; and that the slightest circumstances often produce the most important consequences. There is so vast a variety in the dispositions and understandings of men, that they seldom agree in their opinions about any one point in debate before them; or if they do, it is generally from the movement of different passions. Besides, as every man naturally favours his own discoveries, and when he hears an argument made use of which had before occurred to him-

* The Prætor was assisted by ten assessors, five of whom were senators, and the rest knights. With these he was obliged to consult before he pronounced sentence.

self, will certainly embrace it as extremely convincing, the orator therefore should so adapt himself to his audience as to throw out something to every one of them, that he may receive and approve as his own peculiar thought. I remember when Regulus and I were concerned together in a cause, he said to me, You seem to think it necessary to insist upon every point; whereas I always take aim at my adversary's throat, and there I closely press him. ('Tis true, he tenaciously holds whatever part he has once fixed upon: but the misfortune is, he is extremely apt to mistake the right place.) I answered, It might possibly happen that what he took for what he called the throat, was in reality some other part. As for me, said I, who do not pretend to direct my aim with so much certainty, I attack every part, and push at every opening; in short, to use a vulgar proverb, I leave no stone unturned. As in agriculture, it is not my vineyards, or my woods alone, but my fields also that I cultivate; and (to pursue the allusion) as I do not content myself with sowing those fields with only one kind of grain, but employ several different sorts: so in my pleadings at the bar, I spread at large a variety of matter like so many different seeds, in order to reap from thence whatever may happen to hit: for the disposition of your judges is as precarious and as little to be ascertained, as that of soils and seasons. I remember the comic writer Eupolis mentions it in praise of that excellent orator Pericles, that

> On his lips persuasion hung,
> And powerful reason rul'd his tongue:
> Thus he alone could boast the art,
> To charm at once and sting the heart.

But could Pericles, without the richest variety of expression, and merely by force of the concise or the rapid style, or both together (for they are extremely different), have exerted that charm and that sting of which the poet here speaks? To delight and to persuade requires time and a great compass of language; and to leave a sting in the minds of his audience is an effect not to be expected from an orator who slightly pushes, but from him, and him only, who thrusts home and deep. Another comic poet,* speaking of the same orator, says,

> His mighty words like Jove's own thunder roll;
> Greece hears and trembles to her inmost soul.

But it is not the concise and the reserved, it is the copious, the majestic, and the sublime orator, who with the blaze and thunder of his eloquence hurries impetuously along, and bears down all before him. There is a just mean, I own, in every thing; but he equally deviates from that true mark, who falls short of it, as he who goes beyond it; he who confines himself in too narrow a compass, as he who launches out with too great a latitude. Hence it is as common to hear our orators condemned for being too barren, as too luxuriant; for not reaching, as well as for overflowing the bounds of their subject. Both, no doubt, are equally distant from the proper medium; but with this difference, however, that in the one the fault arises from an excess, in the other from a deficiency; an error which if it be not a sign of a more correct, yet is certainly of a more exalted genius. When I say this, I would not be understood to approve that everlasting talker† mentioned in Homer, but that other‡ described in the following lines:

> Frequent and soft as falls the winter snow,
> Thus from his lips the copious periods flow.

Not but I extremely admire him too,§ of whom the poet says,

> Few were his words, but wonderfully strong.

* Aristophanes.
† Thersites, Iliad ii. v. 212
‡ Ulysses, Iliad iii. v. 222.
§ Menelaus, ibid.

Yet if I were to choose, I should clearly give the preference to the style resembling winter snow, that is, to the full and diffusive; in short, to that pomp of eloquence which seems all heavenly and divine. But ('tis urged) the harangue of a more moderate length is most generally admired. It is so, I confess; but by whom? By the indolent only; and to fix the standard by the laziness and false delicacy of these would surely be the highest absurdity. Were you to consult persons of this cast, they would tell you, not only that it is best to say little, but that it is best to say nothing.—Thus, my friend, I have laid before you my sentiments upon this subject, which I shall readily abandon, if I find they are not agreeable to yours. But if you should dissent from me, I beg you would communicate to me your reasons. For though I ought to yield in this case to your more enlightened judgment, yet in a point of such consequence, I had rather receive my conviction from the force of argument than authority. If you should be of my opinion in this matter, a line or two from you in return, intimating your concurrence, will be sufficient to confirm me in the justness of my sentiments. On the contrary, if you think me mistaken, I beg you would give me your objections at large. Yet has it not, think you, something of the air of bribery, to ask only a short letter if you agree with me; but enjoin you the trouble of a very long one, if you are of a contrary opinion? Farewell.

## LETTER VII.

*To Nepos.*

We had received very advantageous accounts of Iseus, before his arrival here; but he is superior to all that was reported of him. He possesses the utmost facility and copiousness of expression, and his unpremeditated discourses have all the propriety and elegance of the most studied and elaborate composition. He speaks the Greek language, or rather the genuine Attic. His exordiums are polite, easy, and harmonious; and, when occasion requires, solemn and majestic. He gives his audience liberty to call for any question they please, and sometimes even to name what side of it he shall take; when immediately he rises up in all the graceful attitude of an orator, and enters at once into his subject with surprising fluency. His reflections are solid, and clothed in the choicest expressions, which present themselves to him with the utmost facility. The ease and strength of his most unprepared discourses plainly discover he has been very conversant in the best authors, and much accustomed to compose himself. He opens his subject with great propriety; his style is clear, his reasoning strong, his inferences just, and his figures graceful and sublime. In a word, he at once instructs, entertains, and affects you, and each in so high a degree, that you are at a loss to determine in which of those talents he most excels. His arguments are formed in all the strength and conciseness of the strictest logic; a point not very easy to attain even in studied compositions. His memory is so extraordinary, that he will repeat what he has before spoken extempore without losing a single word. This wonderful faculty he has acquired by great application and practice; for his whole time is so devoted to subjects of this nature, that he thinks and talks of nothing else. Though he is above sixty-three years of age, he still chooses to continue in this profession; than which, it must be owned, none abounds with men of more worth, simplicity, and integri

ty. We, who are conversant in the real contentions of the bar, unavoidably contract a certain artfulness, however contrary to our natural tempers; but the business of the schools, as it turns merely upon matters of imagination, affords an employment as innocent as it is agreeable; and it must, methinks, be particularly so to those who are advanced in years; as nothing can be more desirable at that period of life, than to enjoy those reasonable pleasures, which are the most pleasing entertainments of our youth. I look therefore upon Iseus, not only as the most eloquent, but the most happy of men; as I shall esteem you the most insensible if you appear to slight his acquaintance. Let me prevail with you then to come to Rome, if not upon my account, or any other, at least for the pleasure of hearing this extraordinary person. Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck with the illustrious character of Livy, that he travelled to Rome on purpose to see that great genius; and, as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, returned home again? A man must have a very inelegant, illiterate, and indolent (I had almost said a very mean) turn of mind, not to think whatever relates to a science so entertaining, so noble, and so polite, worthy of his curiosity. You will tell me, perhaps, you have authors in your own study equally eloquent. I allow it; and those authors you may turn over at any time, but you cannot always have an opportunity of hearing Iseus. Besides, we are infinitely more affected with what we hear, than what we read. There is something in the voice, the countenance, the habit,* and the gesture of the speaker, that concur in fixing an impression upon the mind, and gives this method of instruction greatly the advantage of any thing one can receive from books; this at least was the opinion of Æschines, who having read to the Rhodians a speech of Demosthenes, which they loudly applauded: "But how," said he, "would you have been affected, had you heard the orator himself thundering out this sublime harangue?" Æschines, if we may believe Demosthenes, had great dignity of utterance; yet, you see, he could not but confess it would have been a considerable advantage to the oration, if it had been pronounced by the author himself, in all the pomp and energy of his powerful elocution. What I aim at by this, is, to persuade you to come and hear Iseus; and let me again entreat you to do so, if for no other reason, at least that you may have the pleasure to say, you once heard him. Farewell.

## LETTER VIII.

### *To Caninius.*

How is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study, or in those of the field? Or does he unite both together, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius?† The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind; as the woods that surround it will afford you game; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will at the same time dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are entertained with all, or any of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you; but, I must confess, I great-

* The ancients thought every thing that concerned an orator worthy of their attention, even to his very *dress*.

† Now called Lago di Como, in the Milanese. Comum, the place where Pliny was born, and near to which Caninius had a country house, was situated upon the border of this lake.

ly regret that I cannot partake of them too; a happiness I as earnestly long for, as a man in a fever does for drink to allay his thirst, or baths and fountains to assuage his heat. Shall I never break loose (if I may not disentangle myself) from these ties that thus closely withhold me? I doubt, indeed, never; for new affairs are daily increasing, while yet the former remain unfinished; such an endless train of business rises upon me, and rivets my chains still faster! Farewell.

## LETTER IX.

*To Priscus.*

As I know you gladly embrace every opportunity of obliging me, so there is no man to whom I had rather lay myself under an obligation. I apply to you, therefore, preferably to any body else, for a favour which I am extremely desirous of obtaining. You, who are at the head of a very considerable army, have many opportunities of exercising your generosity; and the length of time you have enjoyed that post, must have enabled you to provide for all your own friends. I hope you will now turn your eyes upon some of mine: they are but a few indeed for whom I shall solicit you; though your generous disposition, I know, would be better pleased if the number were greater. But it would ill become me to trouble you with recommending more than one or two; at present I will only mention Voconius Romanus. His father was of great distinction among the Roman knights; and his father-in-law, or, as I might more properly call him, his second father (for his affectionate treatment of Voconius entitles him to that appellation), was still more conspicuous. His mother was one of the most considerable ladies of Upper Spain: you know what character the people of that province bear, and how remarkable they are for the strictness of their manners. As for himself, he has been lately admitted into the sacred order of priesthood. Our friendship began with our studies, and we were early united in the closest intimacy. We lived together under the same roof in town and country, as he shared with me my most serious and my gayest hours: and where, indeed, could I have found a more faithful friend, or more agreeable companion? In his conversation, and even in his very voice and countenance, there is the most amiable sweetness; as at the bar he discovers an elevated genius, an easy and harmonious elocution, a clear and penetrating apprehension. He has so happy a turn for epistolary writing,* that were you to read his letters, you would imagine they had been dictated by the Muses themselves. I love him with a more than common affection, and I know he returns it with equal ardour. Even in the earlier part of our lives, I warmly embraced every opportunity of doing him all the good offices which then lay in my power; as I have lately obtained for him of the emperor,† the privilege granted to those who have three children.‡ A favour which though Cæsar very rarely bestows, and always with great caution, yet he conferred, at my request, in such a manner as to give it the air and grace of being his own choice. The best way of showing that I think he deserves the obligations he has

* It appears from this and some other passages in these letters, that the art of epistolary writing was esteemed by the Romans in the number of liberal and polite accomplishments.

† Trajan.

‡ By a law passed A. U. 762, it was enacted, that whatever citizen of Rome had three children, should be excused from all troublesome offices where he lived. This privilege the emperor sometimes extended to those who were not legally entitled to it.

already received from me, is, by adding more to them, especially as he always accepts my favours with so much gratitude as to merit farther. Thus I have given you a faithful account of Romanus, and informed you how thoroughly I have experienced his worth, and how much I love him. Let me entreat you to honour him with your patronage in a way suitable to the generosity of your heart and the eminence of your station. But above all, admit him into a share of your affection; for though you were to confer upon him the utmost you have in your power to bestow, you can give him nothing so valuable as your friendship. That you may see he is worthy of it, even to the highest degree of intimacy, I have sent you this short sketch of his character. I should continue my intercessions in his behalf, but that I am sure you do not love to be pressed, and I have already repeated them in every line of this letter; for to show a just reason for what one asks, is to intercede in the strongest manner. Farewell.

## LETTER X.

*To Calvisius.*

I never spent my time more agreeably, I think, than I did lately with Spurinna. I am so much pleased with the uninterrupted regularity of his way of life, that if ever I should arrive at old age, there is no man whom I would sooner choose for my model. I look upon order in human actions, especially at that advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies. In youth, indeed, there is a certain irregularity and agitation by no means unbecoming; but in age, when business is unseasonable, and ambition indecent, all should be calm and uniform. This rule Spurinna religiously pursues throughout his whole conduct. Even in those transactions which one might call minute and inconsiderable did they not occur every day, he observes a certain periodical season and method. The first part of the morning he devotes to study; at eight he dresses and walks about three miles, in which he enjoys at once contemplation and exercise. At his return, if he has any friends with him in his house, he enters upon some polite and useful topic of conversation; if he is alone, somebody reads to him; and sometimes too when he is not, if it is agreeable to his company. When this is over he reposes himself, and then again either takes up a book, or falls into some discourse even more entertaining and instructive. He afterwards takes the air in his chariot, either with his wife (who is a lady of uncommon merit) or with some friend: a happiness which lately was mine!—How agreeable, how noble is the enjoyment of him in that hour of privacy! You would fancy you were hearing some worthy of ancient times, inflaming your breast with the most heroic examples, and instructing your mind with the most exalted precepts; which yet he delivers with so modest an air, that there is not the least appearance of dictating in his conversation. When he has thus taken a tour of about seven miles, he gets out of his chariot and walks a mile more, after which he returns home, and either reposes himself, or retires to his study. He has an excellent taste for poetry, and composes in the lyric manner, both in Greek and Latin, with great judgment. It is surprising what an ease and spirit of gayety runs through his verses, which the merit of the author renders still more valuable. When the baths are ready, which in winter is about three o'clock, and in summer about two, he undresses himself; and if there happens to be no wind,

he walks for some time in the sun. After this he plays a considerable time at tennis; for by this sort of exercise too, he combats the effects of old age. When he has bathed, he throws himself upon his couch till supper time,* and in the mean while some agreeable and entertaining author is read to him. In this, as in all the rest, his friends are at full liberty to partake; or to employ themselves in any other manner more suitable to their taste. You sit down to an elegant yet frugal repast, which is served up in pure and antique plate. He has likewise a complete equipage for his side-board, in Corinthian metal,† which is his pleasure, not his passion. At his table he is frequently entertained with comedians, that even his very amusements may be seasoned with good sense; and though he continues there, even in summer, till the night is something advanced, yet he prolongs the feast with so much affability and politeness, that none of his guests ever think it tedious. By this method of living he has preserved all his senses entire, and his body active and vigorous to his seventy-eighth year, without discovering any appearance of old age, but the wisdom. This is a sort of life which I ardently aspire after; as I purpose to enjoy it, when I shall arrive at those years which will justify a retreat from business. In the mean while I am embarrassed with a thousand affairs, in which Spurinna is at once my support and my example. As long as it became him he entered into all the duties of public life. It was by passing through the various offices of the state, by governing of provinces, and by indefatigable toil, that he merited the repose he now enjoys. I propose to myself the same course and the same end; and I give it to you under my hand that I do so. If an ill-timed ambition should carry me beyond it, produce this letter against me, and condemn me to repose, whenever I can enjoy it without being reproached with indolence. Farewell.

* This was the principal meal among the Romans, at which all their feasts and invitations were made; they usually began it about their ninth hour, answering pretty nearly to our three o'clock in the afternoon. But as Spurinna, we find, did not enter upon the exercises which always preceded this meal till the eighth or ninth hour, if we allow about three hours for that purpose, he could not sit down to table till towards six or seven o'clock.

† This metal, whatever it was composed of (for that point is by no means clear), was so highly esteemed among the ancients, that they preferred it even to gold.

## LETTER XI.

### *To Hispulla.*

It is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father: but this is most certain, that in respect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tenderest value for you. Can I fail then to wish (as I shall by every means in my power endeavour) that your son may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? as indeed his father and his uncle will furnish him also with very illustrious examples. The surest method to train him up in the steps of these valuable men, is early to season his mind with polite learning and useful knowledge; and it is of the last consequence from whom he receives these instructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your house, where he is exposed to few, I should rather say to no wrong impressions. But he is now of an age to be sent from home, and it is time to place him with some professor of rhetoric; of whose discipline and method, but above all, of whose morals, you may be well satisfied. Among the many

advantages for which this amiable youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he has that of a most beautiful person: it is necessary, therefore, in this loose and slippery age, to find out one who will not only be his tutor, but his guardian and his guide. I will venture to recommend Julius Genitor to you under that character. I love him, I confess, extremely; but my affection does by no means prejudice my judgment; on the contrary it is, in truth, the effect of it. His behaviour is grave, and his morals irreproachable; perhaps something too severe and rigid for the libertine manners of these times. His qualifications in his profession you may learn from many others; for the art of eloquence, as it is open to all the world, is soon discovered; but the qualities of the heart lie more concealed, and out of the reach of common observation; and it is on *that* side I undertake to be answerable for my friend. Your son will hear nothing from this worthy man, but what will be for his advantage to know, nor learn any thing of which it would be happier he should be ignorant. He will represent to him as often, and with as much zeal as you or I should, the virtues of his family, and what a glorious weight of characters he has to support. You will not hesitate then to place him with a tutor whose first care will be to form his manners, and afterwards to instruct him in eloquence; an attainment ill acquired if with the neglect of moral improvements. Farewell.

## LETTER XII.

*To Proculus.*

You desire me to read your poems in my retirement, and to examine whether they are fit for public view; and after requesting me to turn some of my leisure hours from my own studies to yours, you remind me that Tully was remarkable for his generous encouragement and patronage of poetical geniuses. But you did not do me justice, if you supposed I wanted either entreaty or example upon this occasion, who not only honour the Muses with the most religious regard, but have also the warmest friendship for yourself: I shall therefore do what you require, with as much pleasure as care. I believe I may venture to declare beforehand, that your performance is extremely beautiful, and ought by no means to be suppressed; at least that was my opinion when I heard you recite it: if indeed your manner did not impose upon me: for the skill and harmony of your elocution is certainly enchanting. I trust, however, the charming cadence did not entirely overcome the force of my criticism; it might possibly a little soften its severity, but could not totally, I imagine, disarm me of it. I think therefore I may now safely pronounce my opinion of your poems in general; what they are in their several parts I shall judge when I read them.

## LETTER XIII.

*To Fabatus.*

You have long desired a visit from your grand-daughter* and myself. Nothing, be assured, could be more agreeable to us both; for we equally wish to see you, and are determined to delay that pleasure no longer. For this purpose, our baggage is actually making ready, and we are hastening to you with all the expedition the roads will permit. We shall stop only once, and that for a short time, intending to turn a little out

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

of the way in order to go into Tuscany; not for the sake of looking upon our estate and into our family concerns, for that we could defer to another opportunity; but to perform an indispensable duty. There is a town near my estate, called Tifernum-upon-the-Tiber,* which put itself under my patronage when I was yet a youth. These people enter extremely into my interest, celebrate my arrival among them, express the greatest concern when I leave them, and, in short, give every proof of an affection towards me, as strong as it is undeserved. That I may return their good offices (for what generous mind can bear to be excelled in acts of friendship?) I have built a temple in this place, at my own expense; and as it is finished, it would be a sort of impiety to omit the dedication of it any longer. We design, therefore, to be there on the day that ceremony is to be performed, and I have resolved to celebrate it with a grand feast. We may possibly continue there all the next day, but we shall make so much the more expedition upon the road. May we have the happiness to find you and your daughter in good health! as I am sure we shall in good spirits, if you see us safely arrived. Farewell.

## LETTER XIV.

*To Clemens.*

Regulus has lost his son, and it is perhaps the only undeserved misfortune which could have befallen him; for I much doubt whether he thinks it one. The boy was of a sprightly but ambiguous turn; however, he seemed capable enough of steering right, if he could have avoided splitting upon his father's example. Regulus gave him his freedom,† in order to entitle him to the estate left him by his mother; and when he got into possession of it, endeavoured (as the character of the man made it generally believed) to wheedle him out of it, by the most singular and indecent complaisance. This perhaps you will scarce think credible; but if you consider Regulus, you will not be long of that opinion. However, he now expresses his concern for the loss of this youth in a most outrageous manner. The boy had a great number of little coach and saddle horses; dogs of different sorts, together with parrots, blackbirds, and nightingales‡ in abundance; all these Regulus slew§ round the funeral pile of his son, in the ostentation of an affected grief. He is visited upon this occasion by a surprising number of people, who though they secretly detest and abhor him, yet are as assiduous in their attendance upon him, as if they were influenced by a principle of real esteem and affection: or, to speak my sentiments in few words, they endeavour to recommend themselves to his favour by following his example. He has retired to his villa across the Tiber; where he has covered a vast extent of ground with his porticos, and crowded all the shore

* Now Citta di Castello.

† The Romans had an absolute power over their children, of which no age or station of the latter deprived them.

‡ This bird was much esteemed among nice eaters, and was sold at a high price. Horace mentions, as an instance of great extravagance, two brothers who used to dine upon them:

*Quinti progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum—*
*Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coëmtas.*
L. 2. Sat. 3.

A noble pair of brothers—
On nightingales of monstrous purchase din'd.
FRANCIS.

§ From an unaccountable notion that prevailed among the ancients, that the ghosts delighted in blood, it was customary to kill a great number of beasts, and throw them on the funeral pile. In the more ignorant and barbarous ages, men were the unhappy victims of this horrid rite.

with his statues: for he blends prodigality with covetousness, and vainglory with infamy. By his continuing there, he lays his visitors under the great inconvenience of coming to him at this unwholesome season; and he seems to consider the trouble they put themselves to, as a matter of consolation. He gives out, with his usual absurdity, that he designs to marry. You must expect, therefore, to hear shortly of the wedding of a man oppressed with sorrow and years; that is, of one who marries both too soon and too late. Do you ask me why I conjecture thus? Certainly, not because he affirms it himself (for never was there so infamous a liar), but because there is no doubt that Regulus will do every thing he ought not. Farewell.

## LETTER XV.

*To Antoninus.*

That you have twice enjoyed the dignity of consul, with a conduct equal to that of our most illustrious ancestors; that few (your modesty will not suffer me to say none) ever have, or ever will come up to the integrity and wisdom of your Asiatic administration: that in virtue, in authority, and even in years, you are the first of Romans; these, most certainly, are shining and noble parts of your character; nevertheless, I own it is in your retired hours that I most admire you. To season the severity of business with the sprightliness of wit, and to temper wisdom with politeness, is as difficult as it is great: yet these uncommon qualities you have most happily united in those wonderful charms, which not only grace your conversation, but particularly distinguish your writings. Your lips, like the venerable old man's in Homer,* drop honey, and one would imagine the bee had diffused her sweetness over all you compose. These were the sentiments I had when I lately read your Greek epigrams and satires. What elegance, what beauties shine in this collection! how sweetly the numbers flow, and how exactly are they wrought up in the true spirit of the ancients! What a vein of wit runs through every line, and how conformable is the whole to the rules of just criticism! I fancied I had got in my hands Callimachus or Hesiod; or, if possible, some poet even superior to these; though indeed neither of those authors excelled, as you have, in both those species of poetry. Is it possible, that a Roman can write Greek in so much perfection? I protest I do not believe Athens herself can be more Attic. To own the truth, I cannot but envy Greece the honour of your preference. And since you can write thus elegantly in a foreign language, it is past conjecture what you could have performed in your own. Farewell.

## LETTER XVI.

*To Naso.*

A storm of hail, I am informed, has destroyed all the produce of my estate in Tuscany; whilst that which I have on the other side the Po, though it has proved extremely fruitful this season, yet from the excessive cheapness of every thing, turns to small account. Laurentinum is the single possession which yields me any advantage. I have nothing there, indeed, but a house and gardens; all the rest is barren sands; still, however, my best pro-

* Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.
POPE.

ductions rise at Laurentinum. It is there I cultivate, if not my lands, at least my mind, and form many a composition. As in other places I can show you full barns, so there I can entertain you with good store of the literary kind. Let me advise you then, if you wish for a never-failing revenue, to purchase something upon this contemplative coast. Farewell.

## LETTER XVII.

*To Cornelius Tacitus.*

I rejoice that you are safely arrived in Rome; for though I am always desirous to see you, I am more particularly so now. I purpose to continue a few days longer at my house at Tusculum, in order to finish a work which I have upon my hands. For I am afraid, should I put a stop to this design now that it is so nearly completed, I shall find it difficult to resume it. In the mean while, that I may lose no time, I send this letter before me, to request a favour of you, which I hope shortly to ask in person. But before I inform you what my request is, I must let you into the occasion of it. Being lately at Comum, the place of my nativity, a young lad, son to one of my neighbours, made me a visit. I asked him whether he studied oratory, and where? He told me he did, and at Mediolanum.* And why not here? Because (said his father, who came with him) we have no masters. "No! (said I,) surely it nearly concerns you who are fathers (and very opportunely several of the company were so) that your sons should receive their education here, rather than any where else. For where can they be placed more agreeably than in their own country, or instructed with more safety and less expense than at home and under the eye of their parents? Upon what very easy terms might you, by a general contribution, procure proper masters, if you would only apply towards the raising a salary for them, the extraordinary expense it costs you for your sons' journeys, lodgings, and whatever else you pay for upon account of their being abroad; as pay, indeed, you must in such a case for every thing. Though I have no children myself, yet I shall willingly contribute to a design so beneficial to (what I look upon as a child or parent) my country; and therefore I will advance a third part of any sum you shall think proper to raise for this purpose. I would take upon myself the whole expense, were I not apprehensive that my benefaction might hereafter be abused and perverted to private ends; as I have observed to be the case in several places where public foundations of this nature have been established. The single means to prevent this mischief is, to leave the choice of the masters entirely in the breast of the parents, who will be so much the more careful to determine properly, as they shall be obliged to share the expense of maintaining them. For though they may be careless in disposing of another's bounty, they will certainly be cautious how they apply their own; and will see that none but those who deserve it shall receive my money, when they must at the same time receive theirs too. Let my example then encourage you to unite heartily in this useful design; and be assured the greater the sum my share shall amount to, the more agreeable it will be to me. You can undertake nothing that will be more advantageous to your children, nor more acceptable to your country. They will by this means receive their education where they receive their birth, and be accustomed from their

* Milan.

infancy to inhabit and affect their native soil. May you be able to procure professors of such distinguished abilities, that the neighbouring towns shall be glad to draw their learning from hence; and as you now send your children to foreigners for education, may foreigners in their turn flock hither for their instruction."

I thought proper thus to lay open to you the rise of this affair, that you might be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, if you undertake the office I request. I entreat you, therefore, with all the earnestness a matter of so much importance deserves, to look out, amongst the great numbers of men of letters which the reputation of your genius brings to you, proper persons to whom we may apply for this purpose; but without entering into any agreement with them on my part. For I would leave it entirely free to the parents to judge and choose as they shall see proper: all the share I pretend to claim is, that of contributing my care and my money. If, therefore, any one shall be found who thinks himself qualified for the undertaking, he may repair thither; but without relying upon any thing but his merit. Farewell.

## LETTER XVIII.

*To Valerius Paulinus.*

Rejoice with me, my friend, not only upon my account, but your own, and that of the public; for eloquence is still held in honour. Being lately engaged to plead in a cause before the Centumviri, the crowd was so great that I could not get to my place, but in passing by the tribunal where the judges sat. And I have this pleasing circumstance to add farther, that a young nobleman, having lost his robe in the press, stood in his vest to hear me for seven hours together: for so long I was speaking; and with a success equal to my great fatigue. Come on then, my friend, and let us earnestly pursue our studies, nor screen our own indolence under pretence of that of the public. Never, we may rest assured, will there be wanting hearers and readers, so long as we can supply them with orators and authors worthy of their attention. Farewell.

## LETTER XIX.

*To Hispulla.*

As you are an exemplary instance of tender regard to your family in general, and to your late excellent brother in particular, whose affection you returned with an equal warmth of sentiment; and have not only shown the kindness of an aunt, but supplied the loss of a tender parent to his daughter,* you will hear, I am well persuaded, with infinite pleasure, that she behaves worthy of her father, her grandfather, and yourself. She possesses an excellent understanding, together with a consummate prudence, and gives the strongest testimony of the purity of her heart by her fondness of me. Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises.

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructer for her guide. From these happy circumstances I draw my most assured hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs; it is my reputation and my glory of which she is enamoured. But what less could be expected from one who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions; who was early familiarized under your roof with all that is worthy and amiable, and was first taught to conceive an affection for me, by the advantageous colours in which you were pleased to represent me? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my infancy, presaging of me from that early period all that my wife now fondly imagines I really am. Accept therefore of our mutual thanks, that you have thus, as it were designedly, formed us for each other. Farewell.

## LETTER XX.

*To Nepos.*

The request you make me to supervise the correction of my works, which you have taken the pains to collect, I shall most willingly comply with; as indeed there is nothing I ought to do with more readiness, especially at your instance. When a man of such dignity, learning, and eloquence, deeply engaged in business, and entering upon the important government of a province, has so good an opinion of my works as to think them worth taking with him, how am I obliged to endeavour that this part of his baggage may not seem an useless embarrassment! My first care therefore shall be, that they may attend you with all the advantages possible; and my next, to supply you at your return with others, which you may not think undeserving to be added to them; for I can have no stronger encouragement to enter upon some new work, than being assured of finding a reader of your taste and discernment. Farewell.

## LETTER XXI.

*To Licinius.*

I have brought you as a present out of the country, a query which well deserves the consideration of your extensive erudition. There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and running among the rocks is received into a little banqueting-room, from whence, after being detained a short time, it falls into the Larian lake. The nature of this spring is extremely surprising: it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. This increase and decrease is plainly visible, and very entertaining to observe. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and whilst you are taking a repast, and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring, or any thing else at the bottom when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degrees till it is entirely covered, and then again gently retires from it; and this you may see it do for three times successively. Shall we say, that some secret current of air stops and opens the fountain-head, as it advances to or recedes from it; as we see in bottles and other vessels of that nature, where there is not a free and open passage, though you turn their necks downwards, yet the outward air obstructing the vent, they discharge their contents as it were by starts? Or may it not be accounted for upon the same principle as the flux and re-

flux of the sea? or, as those rivers, which discharge themselves into the sea, meeting with contrary winds and the swell of the ocean, are forced back in their channels; so may there not be something that checks this fountain, for a time, in its progress? or is there rather a certain reservoir that contains these waters in the bowels of the earth, which while it is recruiting its discharges, the stream flows more slowly and in less quantity, but when it has collected its due measure, it runs again into its usual strength and fulness? or lastly, is there not I know not what kind of subterraneous poise, that throws up the water when the fountain is dry, and repels it when it is full? You, who are so well qualified for the inquiry, will examine the reasons of this wonderful appearance;* it will be sufficient for me if I have given you a clear description of it. Farewell.

## LETTER XXII.

### *To Capito.*

You are not singular in the advice you give me to undertake the writing of history; it is a work which has been frequently pressed upon me by several others of my friends; and what I have some thoughts of engaging in. Not that I have any confidence of succeeding in this way; that would be too rashly presuming upon the success of an experiment which I have never yet made; but because it is a noble employment to rescue from oblivion those who deserve to be eternally remembered, and extend the reputation of others at the same time that we advance our own. Nothing, I confess, so strongly affects me as the desire of a lasting name: a passion highly worthy of the human breast, especially of one who, not being conscious to himself of any ill, is not afraid of being known to posterity. It is the continual subject therefore of my thoughts,

> By what fair deed I too may raise my name;†

for to that I moderate my wishes; the rest,

> And gather round the world immortal fame,

is much beyond my hopes:

"Though yet"‡——However, the first is sufficient, and history perhaps is the single means that can ensure it to me. Oratory and poetry, unless carried to the highest point of eloquence, are talents but of small recommendation to those who possess them; but history, however executed, is always entertaining. Mankind are naturally inquisitive, and are so fond of having this turn gratified, that they will listen with attention to the plainest matter of fact, and the most idle tale. But besides this, I have an example in my own family that inclines me to engage in this study, my uncle and adoptive father having acquired great reputation as a very accurate historian; and the philosophers, you know, recommend it to us to tread in the steps of our ancestors, when they have gone before us in the right path. If you ask me then, why I do not immediately enter upon the task? my reason is this: I have pleaded some very important causes, and (though I am not

* There are several of these periodical fountains in different parts of the world: as we have some in England. Lay-well near Torbay is mentioned in the Philosophical Transactions (No. 104. p. 909.) to ebb and flow several times every hour.

† Virgil. 1 Georg. sub. init.

‡ Part of a verse from the fifth Æneid, where Mnestheus, one of the competitors in the naval games, who was in some danger of being distanced, exhorts his men to exert their utmost vigour to prevent such a disgrace.

extremely sanguine in my hopes concerning them) I have determined to revise my speeches, lest, for want of this remaining labour, all the pains they cost me should be thrown away, and they with their author be buried in oblivion; for with respect to posterity, the work that was never finished was never begun. You will think, perhaps, I might correct my pleadings and write history at the same time. I wish indeed I were capable of doing so; but they are both such great undertakings, that either of them is abundantly sufficient. I was but nineteen when I first appeared at the bar; and yet it is only now at last I understand (and that in truth but imperfectly) what is essential to a complete orator. How then shall I be able to support the weight of an additional burthen? It is true indeed, history and oratory have in many points a general resemblance; yet in those very things in which they seem to agree, there are several circumstances wherein they differ. Narration is common to them both, but it is a narration of a distinct kind: the former contents itself frequently with low and vulgar facts; the latter requires every thing splendid, elevated, and extraordinary; strength and nerves are sufficient in *that*, but beauty and ornament are essential to *this*: the excellency of the one consists in a strong, severe, and close style; of the other, in a diffusive, flowing, and harmonious narration: in short, the words, the emphasis, and the whole turn and structure of the periods, are extremely different in these two arts; for, as Thucydides observes, there is a wide distance between compositions which are calculated for a present purpose, and those which are designed to remain as lasting monuments to posterity; by the first of which expressions he alludes to oratory, and by the other to history. For these reasons I am not inclined to blend together two performances of such distinct natures, which, as they are both of the highest rank, necessarily therefore require a separate attention; lest, confounded by a crowd of different ideas, I should introduce into the one what is only proper to the other. Therefore (to speak in our language of the bar) I must beg leave the cause may be adjourned some time longer. In the mean while, I refer it to your consideration from what period I shall commence my history. Shall I take it up from those remote times which have been treated of already by others? In this way, indeed, the materials will be ready prepared to my hands, but the collating of the several historians will be extremely troublesome; or shall I write only of the present times, and those wherein no other author has gone before me? If so, I may probably give offence to many, and please but few. For, in an age so overrun with vice, you will find infinitely more to condemn than approve; yet your praise, though ever so lavish, will be thought too reserved; and your censure, though ever so cautious, too profuse. However, this does not at all discourage me; for I want not sufficient resolution to bear testimony to truth. I expect then that you prepare the way which you have pointed out to me, and determine what subject I shall fix upon for my history, that when I am ready to enter upon the task you have assigned me, I may not be delayed by any new difficulty. Farewell.

## LETTER XXIII.

*To Spurinna.*

Knowing, as I do, how much you admire the polite arts, and what satisfaction you take in seeing young men of quality pursue the steps of

their ancestors, I seize this earliest opportunity of informing you, that I went to-day to hear Calpurnius Piso read a poem he has composed upon a very bright and learned subject, entitled the Constellations. His numbers, which were elegiac, were soft, flowing, and easy, at the same time that they had all the sublimity suitable to such a noble topic. He varied his style from the lofty to the simple, from the close to the copious, from the grave to the florid, with equal genius and judgment. These beauties were extremely heightened and recommended by a most harmonious voice, which a very becoming modesty rendered still more pleasing. A confusion and concern in the countenance of a speaker throws a grace upon all he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which, I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the assured and self-sufficient air of confidence. I might mention several other circumstances to his advantage, which I am the more inclined to take notice of, as they are most striking in a person of his age, and most uncommon in a youth of his quality; but not to enter into a farther detail of his merit, I will only tell you, that when he had finished his poem, I embraced him with the utmost complacency; and being persuaded that nothing is a greater encouragement than applause, I exhorted him to persevere in the paths he had entered, and to shine out to posterity with the same glorious lustre which reflected from his ancestors to himself. I congratulated his excellent mother, and his brother, who gained as much honour by the generous affection he discovered upon this occasion, as Calpurnius did by his eloquence, so remarkable a concern he showed for him when he began to recite his poem, and so much pleasure in his success. May the gods grant me frequent occasions of giving you accounts of this nature! for I have a partiality to the age in which I live, and should rejoice to find it not barren of merit. To this end I ardently wish our young men of quality would not derive all their glory from the images of their ancestors.* As for those which are placed in the house of these excellent youths, I now figure them to myself as silently applauding and encouraging their pursuits, and (what is a sufficient degree of honour to them both) as owning and confessing them to be their kindred. Farewell.

## LETTER XXIV.

### *To Quintilian.*

Though your desires, I know, are extremely moderate, and the education which your daughter has received is suitable to your character, and that of Tutilius her grandfather; yet as she is going to be married to a person of so great distinction as Nonius Celer, whose station requires a certain splendour of living, it will be necessary to consider the rank of her husband in her clothes and equipage; circumstances which, though they do not augment our real dignity, yet certainly adorn and grace it. But as I am sensible your fortune is not equal to the greatness of your mind, I claim to myself a part in your expense, and like another father, present the young lady with fifty thousand sesterces.† The sum should be larger, but that I am well persuaded the smallness of the present is the only consideration that can prevail with your modesty not to refuse it. Farewell.

* None had the right of using family pictures or statues, but those whose ancestors or themselves had borne some of the highest dignities. So that the *jus imaginis* was much the same thing among the Romans, as the right of bearing a coat of arms among us.

† About 400*l.* sterling.

## LETTER XXV.

*To Calphurnia.**

It is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return; such is the tenderness of my affection for you, and so unaccustomed am I to a separation! I lie awake the greatest part of the night in thinking of you, and (to use a very common, but very true expression) my feet carry me of their own accord to your apartment at those hours I used to visit you; but not finding you there, I return with as much sorrow and disappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermission my anxiety knows, is when I am engaged at the bar, and in the causes of my friends. Judge how wretched must his life be, who finds no repose but in business, no consolation but in a crowd. Farewell.

## LETTER XXVI.

*To Tuscus.*

You desire my sentiments concerning the method of study you should pursue in that retirement to which you have long since withdrawn. In the first place then, I look upon it as a very advantageous practice (and it is what many recommend) to translate either from Greek into Latin or from Latin into Greek. By this means you will furnish yourself with noble and proper expressions, with variety of beautiful figures, and an ease and strength of style. Besides, by imitating the most approved authors, you will find your imagination heated, and fall insensibly into a similar turn of thought, at the same time that those things which you may possibly have overlooked in a common way of reading, cannot escape you in translating; and this method will open your understanding and improve your judgment. It may not be amiss, after you have read an author, in order to make yourself master of his subject and argument, from his reader to turn, as it were, his rival, and attempt something of your own in the same way; and then make an impartial comparison between your performance and his, in order to see in what point either you or he most happily succeeded. It will be a matter of very pleasing congratulation to yourself, if you should find in some things that you have the advantage of him, as it will be a great mortification if he should rise above you in all. You may sometimes venture in these little essays to try your strength upon the most shining passages of a distinguished author. The attempt, indeed, will be something bold; but as it is a contention which passes in secret, it cannot be taxed with presumption. Not but that we have seen instances of persons, who have publicly entered this sort of lists with great success, and while they did not despair of overtaking, have gloriously advanced before those whom they thought it sufficient honour to follow. After you have thus finished a composition, you may lay it aside, till it is no longer fresh in your memory, and then take it up in order to revise and correct it. You will find several things to retain, but still more to reject; you will add a new thought here, and alter another there. It is a laborious and a tedious task, I own, thus to reinflame the mind after the first heat is over, to recover an impulse when its force has been checked and spent; in a word, to interweave new parts into the texture of a composition without disturbing or confounding the original plan; but the advantage attending this method will overbalance the difficulty. I know the bent of your present attention is directed to-

* His wife.

wards the eloquence of the bar; but I would not for that reason advise you never to quit the style of dispute and contention. As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies. I would recommend it to you, therefore, sometimes to single out a fine passage of history; sometimes to exercise yourself in the epistolary style, and sometimes the poetical. For it frequently happens, that in pleading one has occasion to make use not only of historical, but even poetical descriptions; as by the epistolary manner of writing you will acquire a close and easy expression. It will be extremely proper also to unbend your mind with poetry; when I say so, I do not mean that species of it which turns upon subjects of great length (for that is fit only for persons of much leisure), but those little pieces of the epigrammatic kind, which serve as proper reliefs to, and are consistent with employments of every sort. They commonly go under the title of Poetical Amusements; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a more serious nature. In this manner the greatest men, as well as the greatest orators, used either to exercise or amuse themselves, or rather indeed did both. It is surprising how much the mind is entertained and enlivened by these little poetical compositions, as they turn upon subjects of gallantry, satire, tenderness, politeness, and every thing, in short, that concerns life and the affairs of the world. Besides, the same advantage attends these, as every other sort of poems, that we turn from them to prose with so much the more pleasure, after having experienced the difficulty of being constrained and fettered by numbers. And now, perhaps, I have troubled you upon this subject longer than you desired; however, there is one thing which I have omitted, I have not told you what kind of authors you should read, though indeed that was sufficiently implied when I mentioned what subjects I would recommend for your compositions. You will remember, that the most approved writers of each sort are to be carefully chosen; for, as it has been well observed, "though we should read much, we should not read many books." Who those authors are is so clearly settled, and so generally known, that I need not point them out to you: besides, I have already extended this letter to such an immoderate length, that I have interrupted, I fear, too long those studies I have been recommending. I will here resign you therefore to your papers, which you will now resume: and either pursue the studies you were before engaged in, or enter upon some of those which I have advised. Farewell.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *To Romanus.*

Have you ever seen the source of the river Clitumnus?* as I never heard you mention it, I imagine not; let me therefore advise you to do so immediately. It is but lately indeed I had that pleasure, and I condemn myself for not having seen it sooner. At the foot of a little hill, covered with venerable and shady cypress-trees, a spring issues out, which, gushing in different and unequal streams, forms itself, after several windings, into a spacious bason, so extremely clear that you may see the

* Now called Clitumno: it rises a little below the village of Campello in Ombria. The inhabitants near this river still retain a notion that its waters are attended with a supernatural property, imagining it makes the cattle white that drink of it: a quality for which it is likewise celebrated by many of the Latin poets. See Addison's Travels.

pebbles and the little pieces of money which are thrown into it,* as they lie at the bottom. From thence it is carried off not so much by the declivity of the ground, as by its own strength and fulness. It is navigable almost as soon as it has quitted its source, and wide enough to admit a free passage for vessels to pass by each other, as they sail with or against the stream. The current runs so strong, though the ground is level, that the large barges which go down the river have no occasion to make use of their oars; while those which ascend find it difficult to advance, even with the assistance of oars and poles; and this vicissitude of labour and ease is exceedingly amusing when one sails up and down merely for pleasure. The banks on each side are shaded with the verdure of great numbers of ash and poplar trees, as clearly and distinctly seen in the stream, as if they were actually sunk in it. The water is cold as snow, and as white too. Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, wherein is placed the river-god Clitumnus, clothed in a robe whose immediate presence the prophetic oracles here delivered sufficiently testify. Several little chapels are scattered round, dedicated to particular gods, distinguished by different names, and some of them too presiding over different fountains. For, besides the principal one, which is as it were the parent of all the rest, there are several other lesser streams, which, taking their rise from various sources, lose themselves in the river: over which a bridge is built, that separates the sacred part from that which lies open to common use. Vessels are allowed to come above this bridge, but no person is permitted to swim except below it.† The Hispalletes,‡ to whom Augustus gave this place, furnish a public bath, and likewise entertain all strangers at their own expense. Several villas, attracted by the beauty of this river, are situated upon its borders. In short, every object that presents itself will afford you entertainment. You may also amuse yourself with numberless inscriptions, that are fixed upon the pillars and walls by different persons, celebrating the virtues of the fountain, and the divinity that presides over it. There are many of them you will greatly admire, as there are some that will make you laugh; but I must correct myself when I say so: you are too humane, I know, to laugh upon such an occasion. Farewell.

* The heads of considerable rivers, hot springs, large bodies of standing water, &c. were esteemed holy among the Romans, and culti ated with religious ceremonies. "Magnorum fluminum," says Seneca, "capita reveremur; subita et ex abdito vasti amnis eruptio aras habet; coluntur aquaram calentium fontes, et stagna quædam, vel opacitas, vel immensa altitudo sacravit."* Ep. 41. It was customary to throw little pieces of money into those fountains, lakes, &c., which had the reputation of being sacred, as a mark of veneration for those places, and to render the presiding deities propitious. Suetonius mentions this practice in the annual vows which he says the Roman people made for the health of Augustus.

* "We reverence the heads of great rivers: the sudden eruption of a large stream from the earth has its altars; warm springs are worshipped, and some ponds are sacred either from their great depth or their darkness."

† The touch of a naked body was thought to pollute these consecrated waters, as appears from a passage in Tacitus, l. 14. an. c. 22

‡ Inhabitants of a town in Ombria, now called Spello.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *To Minutianus.*

I beg you would excuse me this one day: Titinius Capito is to recite a performance of his, and I know not whether it is most my inclination or my duty to attend him. He is a man of a most amiable disposition, and justly to be numbered

among the brightest ornaments of our age: he studiously cultivates the polite arts himself, and generously admires and encourages them in others. To several who have distinguished themselves by their compositions, he has been the defence, the refuge, and the reward; as he affords a glorious model and example to all in general. In a word, he is the restorer and reformer of learning, now, alas! well nigh grown obsolete and decayed. His house is open to every man of genius who has any works to rehearse; and it is not there alone that he attends these assemblies with the most obliging good nature. I am sure, at least, he never once excused himself from mine, if he happened to be at Rome. I should therefore with a more than ordinary ill grace refuse to return him the same favour, as the occasion of doing it is peculiarly glorious. Should not I think myself obliged to a man, who, if I were engaged in any law-suit, generously attended the cause in which I was interested? And am I less indebted, now that my whole care and business is of the literary kind, for his assiduity in my concerns of this sort? A point which, if not the only, is however the principal instance wherein I can be obliged. But though I owed him no return of this nature; though I were not engaged to him by the reciprocal tie of the same good offices he has done me; yet not only the beauty of his extensive genius, as polite as it is severely correct, but the dignity of his subject would strongly incite me to be of his audience. He has written an account of the deaths of several illustrious persons, some of which were my particular friends. It is a pious office then, it should seem, as I could not be present at their obsequies, to attend, at least, this (as I may call it) their funeral oration; which, though a late, is, however, for that reason, a more unsuspected tribute to their memories. Farewell.

## LETTER XXIX.

*To Fuscus.*

You desire to know in what manner I dispose of my time in my summer villa at Tuscum. I rise just when I find myself in the humour, though generally with the sun; sometimes indeed sooner, but seldom later. When I am up, I continue to keep the shutters of my chamber windows closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any composition upon my hands, this is the time I choose to consider it, not only with respect to the general plan, but even the style and expression, which I settle and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compose more or less as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. Then I call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, I dictate to him what I have composed, after which I dismiss him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk upon my terrace, or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this

changing of the scene preserves and enlivens my attention. At my return home, I repose myself; then I take a walk; and after that, repeat aloud some Greek or Latin oration, not so much for the sake of strengthening my elocution, as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time finds its account in this practice. Then I walk again, am anointed, take my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without some persons of literature. Thus we pass our evenings in various conversation; and the day, even when it is at the longest, steals away imperceptibly. Upon some occasions, I change the order in certain of the articles abovementioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading an oration or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I take as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighbouring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuse myself with sporting, but always take my tablets into the field, that though I should not meet with game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time too (though not so much as they desire) is allotted to my tenants; and I find their rustic complaints give a zest to my studies and engagements of the politer kind. Farewell.

## LETTER XXX.

*To Fuscus.*

You are much pleased, I find, with the account I gave you in my former letter, of the manner in which I spend the summer season at Tuscum; and desire to know what alteration I make in my method, when I am at Laurentinum in the winter. None at all, except abridging myself of my sleep at noon, and employing part of the night in study: and if any cause requires my attendance at Rome (which in winter very frequently happens), instead of having interludes or music after supper, I meditate upon what I have dictated, and by often revising it in my own mind, fix it in my memory. Thus I have given you my scheme of life in summer and winter; to which you may add the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn. As at those times I lose nothing of the day, so I study but little in the night. Farewell.

# BOOK THE SECOND.

# MODERN AND MISCELLANEOUS,

# OF EARLY DATE.

## SECTION I.

### LETTER I.

*Queen Anne Bullen to King Henry.*

Sir,

Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I know, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame); then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an un

lawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies the instruments thereof: and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife.

## LETTER II.

### *A Letter from Lady More to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.*

Right honourable and my especial good master secretary: in my most humble wise I recommend me unto your good mastership, acknowledging myself to be most deeply bound to your good mastership for your manifold goodness and loving favour, both before this time and yet daily, now also shown towards my poor husband and me. I pray Almighty God continue your goodness so still, for thereupon hangeth the greatest part of my poor husband's comfort and mine. The cause of my writing at this time is to certify your especial good mastership of my great and extreme necessity; which, on and besides the charge of mine own house, do pay weekly fifteen shillings for the board wages of my poor husband and his servant; for the maintaining whereof I have been compelled, of very necessity, to sell part of my apparel, for lack of other substance to make money of. Wherefore my most humble petition and suit to your mastership at this time is, to desire your mastership's favourable advice and counsel, whether I may be so bold to attend upon the king's most gracious highness. I trust there is no doubt in the cause of my impediment; for the young man being a ploughman, had been diseased with the ague by the space of three years before that he departed. And besides this, it is now five weeks since he departed, and no other person diseased in the house since that time; wherefore I most humbly beseech your especial good mastership (as my only trust is, and else know not what to do, but utterly in this world to be undone) for the love of God to consider the premises, and thereupon, of your most abundant goodness, to show your most favourable help to the comforting of my poor husband and me, in this our great heaviness, extreme age, and necessity. And thus we and all ours shall daily, during our lives, pray to God for the prosperous success of your right honourable dignity. By your poor continual oratrix.

## LETTER III.

### *Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.*

Master Secretary, after my poor recommendations, which are little to be regarded of me that am a poor banished creature, this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and to me. I am sure it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have both of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by the reason of our marriage without their knowledge, wherein we both do yield ourselves faulty, and do acknowledge that we did not well to be so hasty or so bold without their knowledge. But one thing, good master secretary, consider, that he was young, and love overcame reason; and for my part, I saw so much honesty in him that I loved him as well as he did me, and was in bondage, and glad I was to be at liberty: so that for my part, I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him and to forsake all other ways, and live a poor honest life with him; and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the king's gracious favour and the queen's. For well I might have had a greater man of birth, and a higher; but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man. And besides that, he is both come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his grace's pleasure) to do the king service as any young gentleman in his court. Therefore, good master secretary, this shall be my suit to you, that for the love that well I know you do bear to all my blood, though for my part I have not deserved it but little, by the reason of my vile conditions, as to put my husband to the king's grace, that he may do his duty as all other gentlemen do. And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness, which ever was wont to take pity, to have pity on us: and that it would please his grace of his goodness, to speak to the queen's grace for us; for as far as I can perceive, her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that without the king be so good lord to us as to withdraw his rigour and sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us, for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again: wherefore there is the more need to help. But if I were at my liberty, and might choose, I assure you, master secretary, for my little time, I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I would rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest queen christened; and I believe verily he is in the same case with me, for I believe verily he would not forsake me to be a king; therefore, good master secretary, being we are so well together, and do intend to live so honest a life, though it be but poor, show part of your goodness to us, as well as you do to all the world besides; for I promise you ye have the name to help all them that have need; and amongst all your suitors, I dare be bold to say that you have no matter more to be pitied than ours; and therefore for God's sake be good to us, for in you is all our trust; and I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord my father, and my lady, to be good to us, and to let me have their blessings, and my husband their good will, and I will never desire more of them. Also I pray you desire my lord of Norfolk, and my lord my brother to be good to us; I dare not write to them,

they are so cruel against us; but if with any pain that I could take with my life, I might win their good wills, I promise you there is no child living would venture more than I: and so I pray you to report by me, and you shall find my writing true; and in all points which I may please them in, I shall be ready to obey them nearest my husband, whom I am most bound to, to whom I most heartily beseech you to be good unto, which for my sake is a poor banished man, for an honest and a godly cause; and being that I have read in old books that some for as just causes have by kings and queens been pardoned by the suit of good folks, I trust it shall be our chance, through your good help, to come to the same, as knoweth the God who sendeth you health and heart's ease. Scribbled with her ill hand, who is your poor humble suitor always to command.

## LETTER IV.

### *Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.*

From a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted in passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or proscription in the cursedest of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebels' pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Your majesty's exiled servant.

## LETTER V.

### *Lord Chancellor Egerton to the Earl of Essex.*

It is often seen, that he that stands by seeth more than he that playeth the game; and, for the most part, every one in his own cause standeth in his own light, and seeth not so clearly as he should. Your lordship hath dealt in other men's causes, and in great and weighty affairs, with great wisdom and judgment; now your own is in hand, you are not to contemn or refuse the advice of any that love you, how simple soever. In this order I rank myself among others that love you, none more simple, and none that love you with more true and honest affection; which shall plead my excuse if you shall either mistake or mistrust my words or meaning. But, in your lordship's honourable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect the one nor the other. I will not presume to advise you, but shoot my bolt and tell you what I think. The beginning and long continuance of this so unseasonable discontentment you have seen and proved, by which you aim at the end; if you hold still this course, which hitherto you find to be worse and worse (and the longer you go the farther you go out of the way), there is little hope or likelihood the end will be better: you are not yet gone so far but that you may well return: the return is safe, but the progress is dangerous and desperate in this course you hold. If you have any enemies, you do that for them which they could never do for themselves. Your friends you leave to scorn and contempt: you forsake yourself and overthrow your fortunes, and ruin your honour and reputation: you give that comfort and courage to the foreign enemies, as greater they cannot have; for what can be more welcome and pleasing news than to

hear that her majesty and the realm are maimed of so unworthy a member, who hath so often and so valiantly quelled and daunted them? You forsake your country when it hath most need of your counsel and aid; and, lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty which you owe unto your most gracious sovereign, a duty imposed upon you not by nature and policy only, but by the religious and sacred bond wherein the divine majesty of Almighty God hath by the rule of Christianity obliged you.

For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but being well weighed, they are not light, nor lightly to be regarded. And for the four last, it may be that the clearness of your own conscience may seem to content yourself; but that is not enough; for these duties stand not only in contemplation or inward meditation, and cannot be performed but by external actions, and where that faileth the substance also faileth. This being your present state and condition, what is to be done? What is the remedy, my good lord? I lack judgment and wisdom to advise you, but I will never want an honest true heart to wish you well; nor, being warranted by a good conscience, will fear to speak that I think. I have begun plainly, be not offended if I proceed so. *Bene credit qui cedit tempori:** and Seneca saith, *Cedendum est fortunæ.*† The medicine and remedy is not to contend and strive, but humbly to yield and submit. Have you given cause, and ye take a scandal unto you? then all you can do is too little to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given unto you? Yet policy, duty, and religion enforce you to sue, yield, and submit to our sovereign, between whom and you there can be no equal proportion of duty, where God requires it as a principal duty and care to himself, and when it is evident that great good may ensue of it to your friends, yourself, your country, and your sovereign, and extreme harm by the contrary. There can be no dishonour to yield; but in denying, dishonour and impiety. The difficulty, my good lord, is to conquer yourself, which is the height of true valour and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable actions have tended. Do it in this, and God will be pleased, her majesty (no doubt) well satisfied, your country will take good, and your friends comfort by it; and yourself (I mention you last, for that of all these you esteem yourself least) shall receive honour; and your enemies (if you have any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet hope.

I have delivered what I think simply and plainly: I leave you to determine according to your own wisdom. If I have erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris.*‡ Construe and accept it, I beseech you, as I meant it; not as an advice, but as an opinion to be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I might conveniently have conferred with yourself in person, I would not have troubled you with so many idle blots. Whatsoever you judge of this my opinion, yet be assured my desire is to further all good means that may tend to your lordship's good. And so wishing you all happiness and honour, I cease. Your lordship's most ready and faithful, though unable poor friend.

* He does well who yields to circumstances.
† We must yield to fortune.

‡ The error of love and not the love of error.

## LETTER VI.

### *The Earl's Answer.*

My very good lord, though there is

not that man this day living whom I would sooner make judge of any question that might concern me than yourself; yet you must give me leave to tell you, that in some cases I must appeal from all earthly judges; and if in any, then surely in this, when the highest judge on earth hath imposed upon me the heaviest punishment, without trial or hearing. Since then I must either answer your lordship's arguments, or else forsake mine own just defence, I will force mine aking head to do me service for an hour. I must first deny my discontentment (which was forced to be an humorous discontent); and in that it was unseasonable, or is so long continuing, your lordship should rather condole with me than expostulate; natural seasons are expected here below, but violent and unseasonable storms come from above; there is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince, nor yet at any time so unseasonable as when it lighteth on those that might expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours. He that is once wounded must needs feel smart till his hurt be cured, or the part hurt become senseless. But cure I expect none, her majesty's heart being obdurate; and be without sense I cannot, being of flesh and blood. But you may say, I aim at the end; I do more than aim, for I see an end of all my fortunes, I have set an end to all my desires. In this course do I any thing for mine enemies? When I was present I found them absolute, and therefore I had rather they should triumph alone, than have me attendant upon their chariots. Or do I leave my friends? When I was a courtier I could sell them no fruit of my love, and now that I am an hermit, they shall bear no envy for their love to me. Or do I forsake myself, because I do not enjoy myself? Or do I overthrow my fortunes, because I build not a fortune of paper walls, which every puff of wind bloweth down? Or do I ruinate mine honour, because I leave following the pursuit, or wearing the false mark or the shadow of honour? Do I give courage or comfort to the enemies, because I neglect myself to encounter them, or because I keep my heart from business, though I cannot keep my fortune from declining? No, no, I give every one of those considerations his due right, and the more I weigh them, the more I find myself justified from offending in any of them. As for the two last objections, that I forsake my country when it hath most need of me, and fail in that indissoluble duty which I owe to my sovereign; I answer, That if my country had at this time any need of my public service, her majesty that governeth it would not have driven me to a private life. I am tied to my country by two bonds; one public, to discharge carefully and industriously that trust which is committed to me; the other private, to sacrifice for it my life and carcass, which hath been nourished in it. Of the first I am free, being dismissed by her majesty: of the other, nothing can free me but death, and therefore no occasion of performance shall sooner offer itself, but I will meet it half way. The indissoluble duty I owe unto her majesty, the service of an earl and of marshal of England, and I have been content to do her the service of a clerk, but I can never serve her as a villain or a slave. But you say I must give way to time. So I do; for now that I see the storm come, I have put myself into harbour. Seneca saith, We must give way to fortune: I know that fortune is both blind and strong, and therefore I go as far as I can out of the way. You say the remedy is not to strive: I neither strive nor seek for remedy. But you say, I must yield and submit: I can neither yield myself to be guilty, nor this my impri-

sonment, lately laid upon me, to be just: I owe so much to the Author of truth, as I can never yield truth to be falsehood, nor falsehood to be truth. Have I given cause, you ask, and yet take a scandal? No, I gave no cause to take up so much as Fimbria his complaint: for I did *totum telum corpore accipere*;* I patiently bear and sensibly feel all that I then received when this scandal was given me. Nay, when the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? Doth God require it? Is it impiety not to do it? Why? Cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes, show to have no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, that do not believe an absolute infiniteness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, I feel it; my cause is good, I know it; and whatsoever comes, all the powers on earth can never show more strength or constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering whatsoever can or shall be imposed upon me. Your lordship in the beginning of your letter makes me a player, and yourself a looker-on; and me a player of my own game, so you may see more than I; but give me leave to tell you, that since you do but see, and I do suffer, I must of necessity feel more than you. I must crave your lordship's patience to give him that hath a crabbed fortune leave to use a crooked style. But whatsoever my style is, there is no heart more humble, nor more affected, towards your lordship, than that of your lordship's poor friend.

* Receive the whole dart in my body.

## LETTER VII.

*Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Philip Sidney, at School at Shrewsbury, an.* 1566, 9 *Eliz. then being of the age of twelve years.*

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it will be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing

that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty; and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth, for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think, that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip), this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

## LETTER VIII.

*Sir Henry Sidney to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.*

My dearest lord,

Since this gentleman, Sir Nicholas Arnold, doth now repair into England to render account of his long and painful service, lest my silence might be an argument of my condemnation of him, I thought good to accompany him with these my letters, certifying your lordship, by the same, that I find he hath been a marvellous painful man, and very diligent in inquiry for the queen's advantage, and in proceeding in the same more severe than I would have wished him, or would have been myself in semblable service; but he saith he followed his instructions

Doubtless the things which he did deal in are very dark and intricate, by reason of the long time passed without account; and he greatly impeached, for lack of an auditor, as I take it. In truth, what will fall out of it, I cannot say; but I fear he hath written too affirmatively upon Birmingham's information: it is reported by some of his adversaries, that he should triumph greatly upon a letter, supposed to be sent him lately from your lordship, as though, by the same, he should be encouraged to proceed more vehemently against the earl of Sussex, and to make his abode longer here than else he would. And that he should use this bravery, either by showing this letter, or by speech to me and to others. My lord, I believe the whole of this to be untrue; and, for so much as concerneth myself, I assure your lordship is a stark lie; for albeit he hath showed me, as I believe, all the letters your lordship hath sent him, since my arrival here, and a good many sent before, yet in none of them is there any such matter contained; neither yet did he to me, or to my knowledge to any other, of any letter sent by your lordship, make any such bravery, or like construction, as is reported.

My dearest lord and brother, without any respect of me, or any brotherlike love borne me by you, but even for our natural country's cause (whereunto, of late, not a little to your far spreading fame, you show yourself most willingly to put your indefatigable and much helping hand), help to revoke me from this regiment, for being not credited, this realm will ruin under my rule, perhaps to my shame, but undoubtedly to England's harm: yea, and will under any man whom the queen shall send, though he have the force of Hercules, the magnanimity of Cæsar, the diligence of Alexander, and the eloquence of Tully; her highness withdrawing her gracious countenance. Yea if it be but thought that her highness hath not a resolute and unremoveable liking of him; as for no tale she will direct him to sail by any other compass than his own; his ship of regiment, whosoever he be, shall sooner rush on a rock, than rest in a haven. I write not this, as though I thought governors here could not err, and so err, as they should be revoked. For I know and confess, that any one may so err, yea, without any evil intent to her highness's crown or country, as it shall be convenient and necessary to revoke him; but let it be done then with speed. Yet if it be but conceived, that he be insufficient to govern here, I mean of the sovereign, or magistrates, retire him, and send a new man to the helm. *Episcopatum ejus accipiat alter:** so as my counsel is (and you shall find it the soundest) that the governor's continuance here, and his continuance there, be concurrent and correlative. For while her highness will employ any man here, all the countenance, all the credit, all the commendation, yea, and most absolute trust that may be, is little enough. Cause once appearing to withdraw that opinion, withdraw him, too, if it be possible, even in that instant. Of this I would write more largely and more particularly, and to the queen's majesty, and to all my lords, were it not that my many letters in this form already written, together with sundry arguments of my crazy credit there, did put me in hope of a speedy redemption from this my miserable thraldom. A resolution of which my hope, my dearest lord, procure me with speed: I have no more, but *sub umbra alarum tuarum protegat me Deus.*† In haste I take my leave of

* His bishopric let another take.

† May God protect me under the shadow of thy wings.

your lordship, wishing to the same present, increasing, and immortal felicity. From Kilmainham, the 28th of June, 1566. Your lordship's bounden, fast, and obedient brother.

P. S. I assure your lordship I do know that sir Nicholas Arnold hath spent, above all his entertainment, 500*l.* sterling in this realm. I mean he hath spent so much in this realm.

## LETTER IX.

*Sir Henry Sidney to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.*

My dearest lord,

I received not your letter of the 25th of November until the 24th of this January, by James Prescot, who was seven times at the sea, and put back again, before he could recover this coast.

I trust I have satisfied your lordship with my writing, and others by my procurement, sent by Pakenham, touching the false and malicious bruit of the earl of Essex's poisoning. If not, what you will have more done, shall be done. I am sorry I hear not how you like of that I have done, and the more, for that I am advertised of Pagnaney's arrival there. I would not have doubted to have made Knell to have retracted his inconsiderate and foolish speech and writing; but God hath prevented me by taking him away, dying of the same disease that the earl died, which, most certainly, was free from any poison, and a mere flux; a disease appropriated to this country, and whereof there died many in the latter part of the last year, and some out of mine own household; and yet free from any suspicion of poison.

And for my lord of Ormond's causes, I humbly beseech your lordship be my pawn, that I will to him justice as indifferently and speedily as I will to any man, considering the cause and necessary circumstances incident to the same; but for love and loving offices, I will do as I find cause. I crave nothing at his hand, but that which he oweth to the queen, and that which her great liberality, beside natural duty, bindeth him to. And if he will have of me that I owe him not, as he hath had, he cannot win it by crossing me, as I hear he doth in the court; and as I have cause to deem he doth in this country. In fine, my lord, I am ready to accord with him; but, my most dear lord and brother, be you upon your keeping for him, for if Essex had lived, you should have found him as violent an enemy, as his heart, power, and cunning, would have served him to have been; and for that their malice, I take God to record, I could brook nothing of them both.

Your lordship's latter written letter I received the same day I did the first, together with one from my lord of Pembroke to your lordship; by both which I find, to my exceeding great comfort, the likelihood of a marriage between his lordship and my daughter, which great honour to me, my mean lineage and kin, I attribute to my match in your noble house; for which I acknowledge myself bound to honour and serve the same, to the uttermost of my power; yea, so joyfully have I at heart, that my dear child's so happy an advancement as this is, as, in truth, I would lie a year in close prison rather than it should break. But, alas! my dearest lord, mine ability answereth not my hearty desire. I am poor; mine estate, as well in livelihood and moveable, is not unknown to your lordship, which wanteth much to make me able to equal that, which I know my lord of Pembroke may have. Two thousand pounds I confess I have bequeathed her, which your lord-

ship knoweth I might better spare her when I were dead, than one thousand living; and in truth, my lord, I have it not, but borrow it I must, and so I will: and if your lordship will get me leave, that I may feed my eyes with that joyful sight of their coupling, I will give her a cup worth five hundred pounds. Good my lord, bear with my poverty, for if I had it, little would I regard any sum of money, but willingly would give it, protesting before the Almighty God, that if he, and all the powers on earth, would give me my choice for a husband for her, I would choose the earl of Pembroke. I writ to my lord of Pembroke, which herewith I send your lordship; and thus I end, in answering your most welcome and honourable letter, with my hearty prayer to Almighty God to perfect your lordship's good work, and requite you for the same, for I am not able. For myself, I am in great despair to obtain the fee farm of my small leases, which grieveth me more for the discredit, during mine own time, than the lack of the gain to my succession, be it as God will.

I find, by divers means, that there is great expectation of my wishing her majesty's treasure appointed for the service of this country; and, in truth, no man living would fainer nourish it than I; and, in proof thereof, I will abate one thousand pounds of the quarterage due the last of March, so as I may have the other four thousand due, then delivered to the treasurer's assign, together with that due the last of December last; and, if I can, I will abate every quarter one thousand pounds. The actual rebellion of the Clanricardines, the O'Connors, and O'Mores, the sums of money delivered in discharge of those soldiers which were of my lord of Essex's regiment, and the great sums impressed in the beginning of my charge, well considered; it may and will appear a good offer; and, I pray your lordship, let it have your favourable recommendation.

Now, my dearest lord, I have a suit unto you for a necessary and honest servant of mine, Hercules Rainsford, whose father, and whole lineage, are devout followers to your lordship and family. My suit is, that whereas by composition with James Wingfield, he is constable of the castle of Dublin, and therein both painfully and carefully serveth, that it would please your lordship to obtain it for him during his life. Truly, my lord, like as you should bind the poor gentleman, and all his honest friends, always to serve you, for your bounty done to him; so shall I take it as a great mercy done to myself; for truly I have found him a faithful and profitable servant, and beside, he hath married a good and old servant of my wife's. Good my lord, send Philip to me; there was never father had more need of his son, than I have of him. Once again, good my lord, let me have him.

For the state of this country, it may please you to give credit to Prescot.

I am now, even now, deadly weary of writing, and therefore I end, praying to the Almighty to bless you with all your noble heart's desires. From Dundalk, this 4th of February, 1576. Your most assured brother at commandment.

## LETTER X.

*Sir Henry Sidney to Queen Elizabeth.*

May it please your most excellent majesty,

To understand, that of late it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy the bishop of Ossory, and so the room of that see is become void, and to be now by your highness con-

ferred. I have therefore thought it my duty, moved in zeal for the reformation of the country and good of the people, humbly to beseech your majesty, that good care were had, that the church might be supplied with a fit man, and such a person as is acquainted with the language and manners of this country people might be promoted to succeed in the place; of which number I humbly recommend unto your excellent majesty Mr. Davy Cleere, one that hath been long bred and brought up in the University of Oxford, a master of arts of good continuance, a man esteemed not meanly learned, besides well given in religion, and of a modest discreet government, and commendable conversation, being a man specially noted unto me, by the good report of the lord archbishop of Dublin, for his sufficiency to the place, with a very earnest desire that (the same being the place of a suffragan under him) the said Cleere might be preferred unto it. The bishopric is but a mean living, yet a sufficient finding for an honest man. And because the sooner the place shall be full of an able man (such a one for his integrity as this man is esteemed), the greater fruit will thereby grow to the church, honour to your majesty, and no small hope to be conceived of good to the people; whereof, as it becometh me (having the principal charge of this realm under your majesty), I have a special care. I write not only to your majesty in this case, by a report of others, but partly by knowledge and experience I have had of the man myself. And therefore am the more desirous that your majesty should graciously allow of my commendation and choice, and give order for his admission and consecration, when it shall be your majesty's pleasure to signify the same. And even so, with my most earnest and humble hearty prayer to the Almighty, long and happily to preserve your highness to reign over us, your majesty's humble and obedient subjects, to our inestimable comforts, I humbly take my leave. From your majesty's castle of Athlone, the 4th of September, 1576. Your majesty's most humble, faithful, and obedient servant.

## LETTER XI.

*Sir Henry Sidney to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, concerning the Reports of the Earl of Essex's Death.*

Sir,

Immediately upon my return out of Connaught to this city, which was the 13th of this present October, and knowing of the death of the earl of Essex, which I did not certainly till I came within thirty miles of this town, and that his body was gone to be buried at Carmarthen, and hearing besides, that letters had been sent over, as well before his death as after, that he died of poison, I thought good to examine the matter as far as I could learn, and certify you, to the end you might impart the same to the lords, and both satisfy them therein, and all others whom it might please you to participate the same unto, and would believe the truth. For, in truth, there was no appearance or cause of suspicion that could be gathered that he died of poison. For the manner of his disease was this; a flux took him on the Thursday at night, being the 30th of August last past, in his own house, where he had that day both supped and dined; the day following he rode to the archbishop of Dublin's, and there supped and lodged the next morning following he rode to the viscount of Baltinglass, and there did lie one night, and from thence returned back to this city; all these days he travelled hastily, fed

three times a day, without finding any fault, either through inflammation of his body or alteration of taste; but often he would complain of grief in his belly, and sometimes say, that he had never hearty grief of mind, but that a flux would accompany the same. After he returned from this journey he grew from day to day sicker and sicker, and having an Irish physician sent to him by the earl of Ormond, doctor Trevor, an Oxford man, and my physician, Mr. Chaloner, secretary of this state, and not unlearned in physic, and one that often, for good will, giveth counsel to his friends in cases of sickness, and one Mr. Knell, an honest preacher in this city, and a chaplain of his own, and a professor of physic, continually with him, they never ministered any thing to him against poison. The Irish physician affirmed before good witnesses that he was not poisoned; what the others do say of that matter, by their own writings, which herewith I send you, you shall perceive. And drawing towards his end, being especially asked by the archbishop of Dublin whether he thought that he was poisoned or no, constantly affirmed that he thought he was not; nor that he felt in himself any cause why he should conjecture so to be: in his sickness his colour rather bettered than impaired; no hair of his body shed, no nail altered, nor tooth loosed, nor any part of his skin blemished. And when he was opened it could not appear that any entrail within his body, at any time, had been infected with any poison. And yet I find a bruit there was that he was poisoned; and that arose by some words spoken by himself, and yet not originally at the first conceived of himself, as it is thought by the wisest here, and those that were continually about him; but one that was very near him at that time, and whom he entirely trusted, seeing him in extreme pain with flux and gripings in his belly, by reason of the same, said to him, By the mass, my lord, you are poisoned; whereupon the yeoman of his cellar was presently sent for to him, and mildly and lovingly he questioned with him, saying, that he sent not for him to burden him, but to excuse him. The fellow constantly answered, that if he had taken any hurt by his wine he was guilty of it; for, my lord (saith he), since you gave me warning in England to be careful of your drink, you have drank none but it passed my hands. Then it was bruited, that the boiled water which he continually drank with his wine should be made of water wherein flax or hemp should be steeped, which the yeoman of his cellar flatly denied, affirming the water which he always boiled for him was perfect good. Then it was imputed to the sugar; he answered, he could get no better at the steward's hands, and fair though it were not, yet wholesome enough, or else it had been likely that a great many should have had a shrewd turn; for my household and many more have occupied of the same almost these twelve months. The physicians were asked what they thought, that they spoke doubtfully, saying it might be that he was poisoned, alleging that this thing or that thing might poison him, since they never gave him medicine for it; they constantly affirm that they never thought it but for argument's sake, and partly to please the earl. He had two gentlewomen that night at supper with him that the disease took him, and they coming after to visit him, and he hearing that they were troubled with some looseness, said that he feared that they and he had tasted of one drug, and his page (who was gone with his body over before I returned). The women upon his words were afraid, but never sick, and are in as good a state of health as they were before

they supped with him. Upon suspicion of his being poisoned, Mr. Knell (as it was told to me) gave him sundry times of unicorn's horns, upon which sometimes he vomited, as at other times he did, when he took it not. Thus I have delivered unto you as much as I can learn of the sickness and death of this noble peer, whom I left when I left Dublin, in all appearance a lusty, strong, and pleasant man; and before I returned his breath was out of his body, and his body out of this country, and undoubtedly his soul in heaven; for in my life I never heard of a man to die in such perfectness; he was sick twenty or twenty-one days, and most of those days tormented with pangs intolerable; but in all that time, and all that torture, he was never heard speak an idle or angry word; after he yielded to die, he desired much to have his friends come to him, and to abide with him, which they did of sundry sorts, unto whom he showed such arguments of hearty repentance of his life passed, so sound charity with all the world, such assurance to be partaker of the joys of heaven through the merits of Christ's passion, such a joyful desire, speedily to be dissolved, and to enjoy the same, which he would sometimes say, That it pleased the Almighty to reveal unto him that he should be partaker of (as was to the exceeding admiration of all that heard it). He had continually about him folks of sundry degrees, as men of the clergy, gentlemen, gentlewomen, citizens, and servants, unto all which he would use so godly exhortations and grave admonitions, and that so aptly for the persons he spake unto, as in all his life he never seemed to be half so wise, learned, nor eloquent, nor of so good memory as at his death. He forgot not to send weighty warnings to some of his absent friends by message. Oft-times, when grievous pangs had driven him out of slumbers, he would make such show of comfort in spirit, and express it with such words, as many about him thought he saw and heard some heavenly voice and vision. Many times after bitter pangs he would with cheerful countenance cry, Courage! courage! I have fought a good fight, and thus ought every true soldier to do, that fighteth under the standard of his captain and patron Jesus Christ. About eleven of the clock before noon, on the 22d of September, with the name of Jesus issuing out of his mouth, he left to speak any more, and shortly after lifting up his hand to the name of Jesus, when he could not speak it himself; he ceased to move any more, but sweetly and mildly his ghost departed, by all Christians to be hoped into heavenly bliss. The Almighty grant that all professing Christ in their life, may at their death make such testimony of Christianity as this noble earl did. And thus ending my tedious letter, with the doleful (and yet comfortable) end of this noble man, I wish you from the bottom of my heart, good life and long; and the joy of heaven at the end. From the castle of Dublin this 20th day of October, 1576. Your assured loving friend.

## LETTER XII.

*Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.*

Robin,

Your several letters of the 17th of September and the 9th of November I have received; but that sent by Carolus Clusius I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you, of the virtuous course you hold in this your juvenile age, and how much you profit in the same, and what excellent

parts God hath already planted in you, doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more, or can be more, to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from and of you. Our Lord bless you, my sweet boy. *Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself, and to the loving direction of your most loving brother.

I like very well of your being at Prague, and of your intention to go to Vienna. I wish you should curiously look upon the fortification of that; and considering the state of Christendom, I cannot tell how to design your travel into Italy. I would not have you to go specially, for that there is perpetual war between the pope and us. I think the princes and potentates of that region are confederated with him; and for some other respects, I would not have you go thither. Yet from Spain we are as it were under an inhibition; France in endless troubles; the Low Country in irrecoverable misery. So I leave it to your brother and yourself, whether Vienna being seen, you will return into England, or spend the next summer in those parts; which if you do, I think best (you being satisfied with Vienna) you see the principal cities of Moravia and Silesia, and so to Cracow; and if you can have any commodity, to see the court of the king of that realm: and from thence through Saxony, to Holst, and Pomerland, seeing the princes' courts by the way; and then into Denmark and Sweden, and see those kings' courts. Acquaint you somewhat with the estate of the free States; and so at Hamburgh to embark, and to winter with me. But what do I blunder at these things? follow the direction of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions; he is a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth, I speak it without flattery of him, or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels these documents I will give you, not as mine but his practices. Seek the knowledge of the estate of every prince, court, and city, that you pass through. Address yourself to the company, to learn this of the elder sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge, by the other acquaintance, languages, and exercise. This he effectually observed with great gain of understanding. Once again I say imitate him. I hear you are fallen into concert and fellowship with Sir Harry Nevell's son and heir, and one Mr. Savell. I hear of singular virtues of them both. I am glad of your familiarity with them.

The 21st of this present I received your letter of the 12th of the same, and with it a letter from Mr. Languet, who seemeth as yet to mislike nothing in you; for which I like you a great deal the better; and I hope I shall hear further of your commendation from him, which will be to my comfort. I find by Harry White that all your money is gone, which with some wonder displeaseth me; and if you cannot frame your charges according to that proportion I have appointed you, I must and will send for you home. I have sent o der to Mr. Languet for one hundred pounds for you, which is twenty pounds more than I promised you; and this I look and order that it shall serve you till the last of March, 1580. Assure yourself I will not enlarge one groat, therefore look well to your charges.

I hope by that time you shall receive this letter you will be at or near Strasburgh, from which resolve not to depart till the middle of April come twelve-month; nor then I will not that you do, unless you so apply your study, as by that time you do conceive feelingly rhetoric and logic, and have the tongues of Latin, French, and Dutch; which I know you may have, if you will apply your will and wit to it. I am sure you cannot but find what lack in learning you have by your often departing from Oxford; and the like, and greater loss shall you find, if you resolve not to remain continually for the time appointed in Strasburgh. Write to me monthly, and of your charges particularly; and either in Latin or French. I take in good part that you have kept promise with me; and on my blessing I charge you to write truly to me from time to time, whether you keep it or no; and if you break it in some dark manner, how.

Pray daily; speak nothing but truly. Do no dishonest thing for any respect. Love Mr. Languet with reverence, unto whom in most hearty manner commend me; and to Doctor Lubetius, and Mr. Doctor Sturmius. Farewell. If you will follow my counsel you shall be my sweet boy. From Baynard's Castle in London, this 25th of March, 1578. Your loving father.

## LETTER XIII.

*Sir Philip Sidney to his Father Sir Henry Sidney.*

Right honourable my singular good lord and father,

So strangely and diversely goes the course of the world by the interchanging humours of those that govern it, that though it be most noble to have always one mind and one constancy, yet can it not be always directed to one point: but must needs sometimes after his course, according as the force of other changes drives it. As now in your lordship's case to whom of late I wrote, wishing your lordship to return as soon as conveniently you might, encouraged thereunto by the assurance the best sort had given me, with what honourable considerations your return should befal, particularly to your lot: it makes me change my style, and write to your lordship, that keeping still your mind in one state of virtuous quietness, you will yet frame your course according to them. And as they delay your honourable rewarding, so you by good means do delay your return, till either that ensue, or fitter time be for this.

Her majesty's letters prescribed you a certain day, I think; the day was past before Pagnam came unto you, and enjoined to do some things, the doing whereof must necessarily require some longer time. Hereupon your lordship is to write back, not as though you desired to tarry, but only showing that unwillingly you must employ some days thereabouts; and if it please you to add, that the chancellor's presence shall be requisite; for by him your lordship shall either have honourable revocation, or commandment of further stay at least till Michaelmas, which in itself shall be a fitter time; considering that then your term comes fully out, so that then your enemies cannot glory it is their procuring. In the mean time, your friends may labour here to bring to a better pass such your reasonable and honourable desires, which time can better bring forth than speed. Among which friends, before God there is none proceeds either so thoroughly or so wisely as my lady my mother. For mine own part I have had only light from her. Now rests it in your lordship to weigh the particularities of

your own estate, which no man can know so well as yourself; and accordingly to resolve. For mine own part (of which mind your best friends are here) this is your best way. At least whatsoever you resolve, I beseech you with all speed I may understand, and that if it please you with your own hand; for truly, sir, I must needs impute it to some great dishonesty of some about you, that there is little written from you, or to you, that is not perfectly known to your professed enemies. And thus much I am very willing they should know, that I do write it unto you: and in that quarter you may, as I think, look precisely to the saving of some of those overplussages, or at least not to go any further; and then the more time passes, the better it will be blown over. Of my being sent to the queen, being armed with good accounts, and perfect reasons for them, &c.

25th April, 1578.

## LETTER XIV.

*Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Waterhouse, Esq. Secretary of Ireland.*

My good Ned,

Never since you went, that ever you wrote to me, and yet I have not failed to do some friendly offices for you here. How know I that? say you. I cannot tell. But I know that no letters I have received from you. Thus doth unkindness make me fall to a point of kindness. Good Ned, either come or write. Let me either see thee, hear thee, or read thee. Your other friends that know more will write more fully. I, of myself, thus much. Always one, and in one case. *Me solo exultans totus teres atque rotundus.* Commend me to my lord president; to the noble sir Nicholas, whom I bear special good-will to; to my cousin Harry Harrington, whom I long to see in health; sir Nicholas Bagnol: Mr. Agarde's daughter; my cousin Spikman for your sake; and whosoever is mayor of Dublin for my sake. And even at his house when you think good. I bid you farewell. From Court, this 28th April, 1578. Your very loving friend.

## LETTER XV.

*Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Molineux, Esq. Secretary to his Father as Lord Deputy.*

Mr. Molineux,

Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time farewell. From Court, this last day of May, 1578.

## LETTER XVI.

*Edward Molineux, Esq. to Philip Sidney, in answer to the abovesaid letter.*

Sir,

I have received a letter from you, which, as it is the first, so the same is the sharpest that I ever received from any: and therefore it amazeth me the more to receive such a one from you, since I have (the world can be judge) deserved better some-

where, howsoever it pleaseth you to condemn me now. But since it is (I protest to God) without cause, or yet just ground of suspicion you use me thus, I bear the injury more patiently for a time; and mine innocency, I hope, in the end shall try mine honesty; and then I trust you will confess you have done me wrong. And since your pleasure so is expressed, that I shall not henceforth read any of your letters; although I must confess I have heretofore taken both great delight and profit in reading some of them: yet upon so hard a condition (as you seem to offer) I will not hereafter adventure so great a peril, but obey you herein. Howbeit, if it had pleased you, you might have commanded me in a far greater matter, with a far less penalty. From the Castle of Dublin, the 1st of July, 1578. Yours, when it shall please you better to conceive of me, humbly to command.

## LETTER XVII.

*Sir Philip Sidney to William Lord Burleigh.*

Right honourable, my singular good lord,

I have from my childhood been much bound to your lordship, which as the means of my fortune keeps me from ability to requite, so gives it me daily cause to make the bond greater, by seeking and using your favour towards me.

The queen, at my lord of Warwick's request, hath been moved to join me in his office of ordnance; and, as I learn, her majesty yields gracious hearing unto it. My suit is, your lordship will favour and further it; which I truly affirm unto your lordship, I much more desire, for the being busied in a thing of some serviceable experience, than for any other commodity, which I think is but small, that can arise of it.

I conclude your lordship's trouble with this, that I have no reason to be thus bold with your lordship, but the presuming of your honourable goodwill towards me, which I cannot deserve, but I can and will greatly esteem. I humbly take my leave, and pray for your long and prosperous life. At Court, this 27th of January, 1582. Your lordship's most humble at commandment.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Edward Stafford.*

Sir,

The cause of my sending at this time this bearer, Mr. Burnham will tell you. Only let me salute you in the kindest manner that one near friend can do another.

I would gladly know how you and your noble lady do, and what you do in this absence of the king's.

We are here all *solito*. Methinks you should do well to begin betimes to demand something of her majesty as might be found fit for you. And let folks chafe as well when you ask, as when you do not. Her majesty seems affected to deal in the Low Country matters, but I think nothing will come of it. We are half persuaded to enter into the journey of sir Humphrey Gilbert very eagerly; whereunto your Mr. Hackluit hath served for a very good trumpet.

I can write no more, but that I pray for your long and happy life. And so I commit you both to the giver of it. At Court, this 21st of July, 1584. Yours assuredly.

## LETTER XIX.

*Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Sir Philip Sidney.*

Philip,

By the letters you sent me by Sackford, you have discovered unto me your intention to go over into the Low Countries, to accompany duke Cassimier, who hath with so noble offers and by so honourable means invited you: which disposition of your virtuous mind, as I must needs much commend in you, so when I enter into the consideration of mine own estate, and call to mind what practices, informations, and malicious accusations are devised against me; and what an assistance in the defence of those causes your presence would be unto me, reposing myself so much both upon your help and judgment, I strive betwixt honour and necessity, what allowance I may best give of that motion for your going: howbeit, if you think not my matters of that weight and difficulty (as I hope they be not), but that they may be well enough by myself, without your assistance or any other, be brought to an honourable end, I will not be against your determination. Yet would wish you, before your departure, that you come to me to the water-side* about the latter end of this month, to take your leave of me, and so from thence to depart towards your intended journey. You must now bear with me, that I write not this unto you with mine own hand, which I would have done, if the indisposition of my body had not been such I could not. God prosper you in that you shall go about, and send you to win much credit and honour. And I send you my daily blessing. Your very loving father.

The 1st of August, 1578.

* His house was at Baynard's Castle, by the water side near St. Paul's.

## LETTER XX.

*Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.*

Molineux,

I thought good to put you in remembrance to move my lord chamberlain, in my lord's name, to have some other room than my chamber, for my lord to have his resort unto, as he was wont to have; or else my lord will be greatly troubled when he shall have any matters of dispatch; my lodging, you see, being very little, and myself continually sick, and not able to be much out of my bed. For the night time one roof, with God's grace, shall serve us; for the day time the queen will look to have my chamber always in a readiness for her majesty's coming thither; and though my lord himself can be no impediment thereto by his own presence, yet his lordship, trusting to no place else to be provided for him, will be, as I said before, troubled for want of a convenient place for the dispatch of such people as shall have occasion to come to him. Therefore I pray you, in my lord's own name, move my lord of Sussex for a room for that purpose, and I will have it hanged and lined for him with stuff from hens. I wish you not to be unmindful hereof: and so for this time I leave you to the Almighty. From Chiswick, this 11th of October, 1578. Your very assured loving mistress and friend.

## LETTER XXI.

*Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.*

Robin,

I hear well of you, and the company you keep, which is of great comfort to me. To be of noble parentage

usually raises an emulation to follow their great examples. There can be no greater love than of long time hath been, and yet is, between sir Harry Nevell and me; and so will continue till our lives end. Love you thus we have done, and do. One thing I warn you of; arrogate no precedency neither of your countrymen nor of strangers; but take your place promiscuous, with others, according to your degree and birthright, with aliens. Follow your discreet and virtuous brother's rule, who with great discretion, to his great commendation, won love, and could variously ply ceremony with ceremony. I hear you have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whereof I am glad. You may therefore save money and discharge your Dutchman; and do it indeed, and send for Mr. White; he is an honest young man, and is fairly honest, and good and sound to me and my friends. I send you now by Stephen 30*l.* which you call arrearages: term it as you will, it is all I owe you till Easter; and 20*l.* of that, as Griffin Madox telleth me, is Harry White's. I will send you at or before Frankfort mart 60*l.*, either to bring you home or to find you abroad, as you and your brother shall agree, for half a year ending at Michaelmas; so Harry White neither hath nor shall have cause to think that I am offended with him; for I cannot look for, nor almost wish to hear better of a man than I hear of him; and how I intend to deal with him, you may see by the letter I send him. He shall have his 20*l.* yearly, and you your 100*l.*, and so be as merry as you may. I thank you, my dear boy, for the martern skins you write of. It is more than ever your elder brother sent me; and I will thank you more if they come, for yet I hear not of them, nor ever saw Cassymyre's picture. The messenger (of the picture I mean) played the knave with you and me; and after that sort you may write to him: but if your tokens come I will send you such a suit of apparel as shall beseem your father's son to wear in any court in Germany. Commend me to the doctor Simeon's father. I love the boy well. I have no more; but God bless you, my sweet child, in this world and for ever; as I in this world find myself happy by my children. From Ludlow Castle, this 28th of October, 1578. Your very loving father.

## LETTER XXII.

*Thomas Lord Buckhurst, to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney.*

My very good lord,

With great grief do I write these lines unto you, being thereby forced to renew to your remembrance the decease of that noble gentleman your nephew, by whose death not only your lordship, and all other his friends and kinsfolks, but even her majesty and the whole realm besides do suffer no small loss and detriment. Nevertheless, it may not bring the least comfort unto you, that as he hath both lived and died in fame of honour and reputation to his name, in the worthy service of his prince and country, and with as great love in his life, and with as many tears for his death, as ever any had; so hath he also by his good and godly end so greatly testified the assurance of God's infinite mercy towards him, as there is no doubt but that he now liveth with immortality, free from the cares and calamities of mortal misery; and in place thereof, remaineth filled with all heavenly joys and felicities, such as cannot be expressed: so as I doubt not, but that your lordship in wisdom, after you have yielded some while to the imperfection of man's nature, will yet in time remember how happy in truth he is, and

how miserable and blind we are, that lament his blessed change. Her majesty seemeth resolute to call home your lordship, and intendeth presently to think of some fit personage that may take your place and charge. And in my opinion, her majesty had never more cause to wish you here than now; I pray God send it speedily. I shall not need to enlarge my letter with any other matters, for that this messenger, your lordship's wholly devoted, can sufficiently inform you of all. And so wishing all comfort and contentation unto your lordship, I rest your lordship's wholly for ever, to use and command as your own. From the Court, this 3d of November, 1586. Your lordship's most assured to command.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Robert Earl of Leicester, to his Daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the Death of the Earl her Husband, who lost his Life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the Battle of Newberry, 20th September, 1643.*

My dear Doll,

I know it is no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention; for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently by a nature so tender and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppresseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer no diminution; and wherein, though he knew your sufferings, he could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that beside the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he looks upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted, by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then! Will you do any thing that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue, and affection to your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do; that is but an accident; neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief, are not such testimonies of your affection as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself, and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, re-

posed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one, especially, whose life, as yet, doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in this life again: but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you. It is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorize the present passion which possesseth you: and you may say, that our Saviour himself did weep for the death of one he loved; that is true; but we must not adventure too far after his example in that, no more than a child should run into a river, because he saw a man wade through; for neither his sorrow, nor any other passion could make him sin; but it is not so with us. He was pleased to take our infirmities, but he hath not imparted to us his power to limit or restrain them; for if we let our passions loose they will grow headstrong, and deprive us of the power which we must reserve to ourselves, that we may recover the government which our reason and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to him, that he will be pleased to give his grace to you, to your mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to his pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you; it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10th October, 1643.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Robert Earl of Leicester to the Queen, at Oxford, desiring to know why he was dismissed from the Office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*

Madam,

Suffer yourself, I beseech you, to receive from a person, happy heretofore in your majesty's good opinion, this humble petition: That whereas the king hath conferred a great honour upon me, which now he hath taken from me, after a long and expenseful attendance for my dispatch; and after his majesty had divers times signified, not only to me, but to my lord Percy also, his intention to send me into Ireland; since which, I cannot imagine what I have done to alter his majesty's just and gracious purpose towards me.

And whereas it hath pleased the king to tell me lately that he had both acquainted your majesty at the first, with his intention to give me that employment, and since, that he would deprive me of it; I humbly conceive it to be very likely, that the king hath also told your majesty the cause that moved him to it; for I presume, that upon a servant of his and yours, recommended to his favour by your majesty, he would not put such a disgrace without telling your ma

jesty the reason why he did it; but, as I could never flatter myself with any conceit that I had deserved that honour, so I cannot accuse myself neither of having deserved to be dispossessed of it in a manner so extraordinary, and so unusual to the king, to punish without showing the causes of his displeasure.

In all humility, therefore, I beseech your majesty to let me know my fault, which I am confident I shall acknowledge, as soon as I may see it; for though it be too late to offer such satisfaction as, being graciously accepted, might have prevented the misfortune which has fallen upon me; yet I may present the testimonies of my sorrow for having given any just cause of offence to either of your majesties.

I seek not to recover my office, madam, but your good opinion; or to obtain your pardon, if my fault be but of error; and that I may either have the happiness to satisfy your majesties that I have not offended, and so justify my first innocence, or gain repentance, which I may call a second innocence. I must confess, this is a great importunity; but, I presume, your majesty will forgive it, if you please to consider how much I am concerned in that which brings instant destruction to my fortune, present dishonour to myself, and the same, for ever, to my poor family; for I might have passed away unregarded and unremembered. But now, having been raised to an eminent place, and dispossessed of it otherwise than I think any of my predecessors in that place have been, the usual time being not expired, no offence objected, nor any recompense assigned; I shall be transmitted to the knowledge of following times with a mark of distrust, which I cannot but think an infamy, full of grief to myself, and of prejudice to my posterity.

For these reasons I humbly beseech your majesty to make my offence to appear, that I may undeceive myself, and see that it was but a false integrity which I have boasted and presumed upon, that others may know that which yet they can but suspect; and that I may no longer shelter myself under the vain protection of a pretended affection to the king and your majesty's service, nor under the excuse of ignorance or infirmity: but let me bear the whole burden of disloyalty and ingratitude, which admits no protection nor excuse. And I humbly promise your majesty, that if either of those crimes be proved against me, I never will be so impudent as to importune you for my pardon. But if I be no otherwise guilty than a misinformation, or misfortune, many times makes men in this world; then I beg leave to think still, that I have been a faithful subject and servant to the king. And though I renounce all other worldly contentments, whilst the miseries of these times endure, wherein the king, your majesty, and the whole kingdom suffer so much that it would be a shame for any private man to be happy, and a sin to think himself so; yet there is one happiness that I may justify; therefore I aspire unto it, and humbly desire it of your majesty, that you will be pleased to think of me as of your majesty's most faithful and most obedient creature.

9th December, 1643.

## LETTER XXV.

*Algernon Sidney to his Father Robert Earl of Leicester.*

My lord,

The passage of letters from England hither is so uncertain, that I did not, until within these very few days, hear the sad news of my mother's death. I was then with the king of

Sweden at Nycopin in Falster. This is the first opportunity I have had, of sending to condole with your lordship, a loss that is so great to yourself and your family; of which my sense was not so much diminished in being prepared by her long, languishing, and certainly incurable sickness, as increased by the last words and actions of her life. I confess, persons in such tempers are most fit to die, but they are also most wanted here; and we that for a while are left in the world are most apt, and perhaps with reason, to regret most the loss of those we most want. It may be, light and human passions are most suitably employed upon human and worldly things, wherein we have some sensible concernment; thoughts, absolutely abstracted from ourselves, are more suitable unto that steadiness of mind that is much spoken of, little sought, and never found, than that which is seen amongst men. It were a small compliment for me to offer your lordship to leave the employment in which I am, if I may in any thing be able to ease your lordship's solitude. If I could propose that to myself, I would cheerfully leave a condition of much more pleasure and advantage than I can with reason hope for.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham; with Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Army at Tilbury Fort.*

I remember, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the earl of Leicester at Tilbury camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble master, the earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your grace.

The queen, lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old lord treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by sir Francis Drake, which examination the earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:

Don Pedro being asked, what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the lords, What, but to subdue your nation, and root it out?

Good, said the lords; and what meant you then to do with the Catholics. He answered, We meant to send them (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to Hell. Yea, but said the lords, What meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire? (whereof they had great store in their ships). What? said he; we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our Catholic king and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L. for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris, then lord marshal, and divers other great lords, where she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure I was commanded to redeliver to all the army together, to keep a public fast. Her words were these:—

"My loving people, we have been

persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour, and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince in Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject: not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

This I thought would delight your grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *Lord Bacon to James I.*

It may please your most excellent majesty,

I do many times with gladness, and for a remedy of my other labours, revolve in my mind the great happiness which God (of his singular goodness) hath accumulated upon your majesty every way; and how complete the same would be, if the state of your means were once rectified and well ordered; your people military and obedient, fit for war, used to peace; your church enlightened with good preachers, as in heaven with stars; your judges learned, and learning from you; just, and just by your example; your nobility in a right distance between crown and people, no oppressors of the people, no overshadowers of the crown; your council full of tributes of care, faith, and freedom; your gentlemen and justices of peace willing to apply your royal mandates to the nature of their several counties, but ready to obey; your servants in awe of your wisdom, in hope of your goodness; the fields growing every day, by the improvement and recovery of grounds, from the desert to the garden; the city grown from wood to brick; your sea-walls, or *pomerium* of your island surveyed, and in edifying; your merchants embracing the whole compass of the world, east, west, north, and south; the times giving you peace, and yet offering you opportunities of action abroad; and, lastly, your excellent royal issue entailing these blessings and favours of God to descend to all posterity. It resteth, therefore, that God having done so great things for your majesty, and you for others, you would do so much for yourself as to go through (according to your good beginnings

with the rectifying and settling of your estate and means, which only is wanting. *Hoc rebus defuit unum.* I, therefore, whom only love and duty to your majesty and your royal line hath made a financier, do intend to present unto your majesty a perfect book of your estate, like a perspective glass, to draw your estate near to your sight; beseeching your majesty to conceive, that if I have not attained to that that I would do in this which is not proper for me, nor in my element, I shall make your majesty amends in some other thing in which I am better bred. God ever preserve, &c.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *Sir Walter Raleigh to James I.*

It is one part of the office of a just and worthy prince to hear the complaints of his vassals, especially such as are in great misery. I know not, amongst many other presumptions gathered against me, how your majesty hath been persuaded that I was one of them who were greatly discontented, and therefore the more likely to prove disloyal. But the great God so relieve me in both worlds as I was the contrary; and I took as great comfort to behold your majesty, and always learned some good, and bettering my knowledge by hearing your majesty's discourse. I do most humbly beseech your sovereign majesty not to believe any of those in my particular, who, under pretence of offences to kings, do easily work their particular revenge. I trust no man, under the colour of making examples, should persuade your majesty to leave the word *merciful* out of your style; for it will be no less profit to your majesty, and become your greatness, than the word *invincible*. It is true, that the laws of England are no less jealous of the kings than Cæsar was of Pompey's wife; for notwithstanding she was cleared for having company with Claudius, yet for being suspected he condemned her. For myself, I protest before Almighty God, and I speak it to my master and sovereign, that I never invented treason against him; and yet I know I shall fall *in manibus eorum, a quibus non possum evadere,** unless by your majesty's gracious compassion I be sustained. Our law therefore, most merciful prince, knowing her own cruelty, and knowing that she is wont to compound treason out of presumptions and circumstances, doth give this charitable advice to the king her supreme, *Non solum sapiens esse sed et misericors,* &c. *Cum tutius sit reddere rationem misericordiæ quam judicii.*† I do, therefore, on the knees of my heart beseech your majesty, from your own sweet and comfortable disposition, to remember that I have served your majesty twenty years, for which your majesty hath yet given me no reward: and it is fitter I should be indebted unto my sovereign lord, than the king to his poor vassal. Save me therefore, most merciful prince, that I may owe your majesty my life itself, than which there cannot be a greater debt. Limit me at least, my sovereign lord, that I may pay it for your service when your majesty shall please. If the law destroy me, your majesty shall put me out of your power, and I shall have none to fear but the King of kings.

## LETTER XXIX.

### *Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Car.*

Sir,

After many losses and many years'

* Into the hands of those from whom I cannot escape.

† Not only to be wise but merciful, &c. Since it is easier to give a reason for mercy than for justice.

sorrows, of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in their ends, it is come to my knowledge, that yourself (whom I know not but by an honourable favour) hath been persuaded to give me and mine my last fatal blow, by obtaining from his majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life. His majesty, whom I never offended (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness), staid me at the grave's brink; not that I thought his majesty thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king that knoweth the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established.

And for you, sir, seeing your fair day is but in the dawn, mine drawn to the setting; your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many fortunes and much honour; I beseech you begin not your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and let not mine and their sorrows attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces, as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty; against whom had I been malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions: neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects (especially of your nation) to bewail his overthrow that had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless; which, if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you (being six gentlemen not base in birth and alliance which have interest therein); and myself, with my uttermost thankfulness, will remain ready to obey your commandments.

## LETTER XXX.

*Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, Son of James I.*

May it please your highness,

The following lines are addressed to your highness from a man who values his liberty and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father, God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations: but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of Heaven

Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince, let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common-places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive. I am, sir, your highness's most faithful servant.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

## LETTER XXXI.

*Lord Bacon to James I. after his disgrace.*

It may please your most excellent Majesty,

In the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that since the time I had the first vote of the commons house of parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, by this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty; and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can any wise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years' prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same

nature, which is, that in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your majesty, otherwise than as all faults are; so my fall was not your majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your majesty's own princely thoughts a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time, far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfulest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts, if I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for any thing arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services, save that the same, your majesty's goodness, that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And, indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your majesty; but contrariwise, often overjoyed when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches, of affections and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished, but only the better to express my downfal?

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half* old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty are either in

* Therefore this was written near the middle of the year 1622.

question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty so far as to say, *Si tu deseris, perimus.**

But as I can offer to your majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened: so looking up to your majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault, if I should despair. Your majesty is a king whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. You are creator-like, factive not destructive: you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against any thing that favoured of an hard heart: as on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your majesty near hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot the name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God (of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me.† And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do farther presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin: for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they know they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies: not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness) your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your majesty. Your majes

* If you leave us, we perish.

† Vouchsafe to express towards me.

ty's poor ancient servant and bedsman.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Lord Wentworth to Archbishop Laud.*

May it please your grace,

I am gotten hither to a poor house I have, having been this last week almost feasted to death at York. In truth, for any thing I can find, they were not ill pleased to see me. Sure I am, it much contented me to be amongst my old acquaintance, which I would not leave for any other affection I have, but to that which I both profess and owe to the person of his sacred majesty. Lord! with what quietness in myself could I live in comparison of that noise and labour I met with elsewhere; and I protest put up more crowns in my purse at the year's end too. But we'll let that pass. For I am not like to enjoy that blessed condition upon earth. And therefore my resolution is set, to endure and struggle with it so long as this crazy body will bear it; and finally drop into the silent grave, where both all these (which I now could, as I think, innocently delight myself in) and myself are to be forgotten; and fare them well. I persuade myself *exuto lepido* I am able to lay them down very quietly, and yet leave behind me, as a truth not to be forgotten, a perfect and full remembrance of my being your grace's most humbly to be commanded.

Gawthorp, the 17th of Aug. 1636.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Charles I. to Lord Wentworth.*

Wentworth,

Certainly I should be much to blame not to admit so good a servant as you are to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against; yet I must freely tell you that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies; for, if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say No, they will make you leave to care for any thing in a short while but for your fears. And, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers, and the willing ear I give to my servants; this is, not to disparage those favours (for envy flies most at the fairest mark), but to show their use; to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service; it being truly so, when the master without the servant's importunity does it; otherwise men judge it more to proceed from the servant's wit, than the master's favour. I will end with a rule, that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, or a lover: Never make a defence or apology before you be accused. And so I rest your assured friend.

Lindhurst, 3d Sept. 1636.

For my lord marshal, as you have armed me, so I warrant you.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford.*

Strafford,

The misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times being such, that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience, without assuring you (now in the midst of your troubles) that, upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and

able a servant as you have showed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being your constant faithful friend.

Whitehall, April 23, 1641.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Earl of Strafford to his Son.*

My dearest Will,

These are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself; therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it to her also both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel; for, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of a man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively, for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church, the proper teachers, therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out; for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king, I trust, will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure you avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me; and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart; but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen. Your most loving father.

Tower, this 11th of May, 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my lady Clare, your grand-mother, with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, Amen.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Charles II. to the Duke of York.*

Dear brother,

I have received yours without a date, in which you mention that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say, that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed, that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuit's college, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared will have the advantage of any body that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from, dear brother, your most affectionate brother.

Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Oliver Cromwell to his Son Henry Cromwell.*

Son,

I have seen your letter written un

to Mr. secretary Thurloe, and do find thereby that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you towards yourself and the public affairs. I do believe there may be some particular persons who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to show their discontent as they have opportunity; but this should not make too great impressions on you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that which for the present seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways towards you: which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour all that lies in you, whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some further addition to the council as soon as men can be found out who are fit for that trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person, who may command the north of Ireland, which I believe stands in great need of one, and am of your opinion, that Trevor and Colonel Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion; and therefore I would have you move the council, that they be secured in some very safe place, and the farther out of their own countries the better. I commend you to the Lord, and rest your affectionate father.

21 Nov. 1655.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell.*

Dear brother,

Your kind letters do so much engage my heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writing the true affection and value I have of you, who truly I think none that knows you but you may justly claim it from. I must confess myself in a great fault in the omitting of writing to you and your dear wife so long a time; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause, which is this business of my sister Frances and Mr. Rich. Truly I can truly say it, for these three months I think our family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor family can be in; the Lord tell us his * * * * in it, and settle us, and make us what he would have us to be. I suppose you heard of the breaking off the business, and according to your desire in your last letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it, which is this; After a quarter of a year's admissions, my father and my lord Warwick began to treat about the estate, and it seems my lord did not offer that that my father expected. I need not name particulars, for I suppose you may have had it from better hands; but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate as some private reasons, that my father discovered to none but my sister Frances, and his own family, which was a dislike to the young person, which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play and such like things, which office was done by some that had a mind to break off the match. My sister, hearing these things, was resolved to know the truth of it, and truly did find all the reports to be false that were raised of him; and to tell you the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before this, that she could not think of breaking of it off; so that my sister engaged me, and all the friends she had, who truly were

very few, to speak in her behalf to my father; which we did, but could not be heard to any purpose; only this my father promised, that if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate should not break it off, which she was satisfied with; but after this there was a second treaty, and my lord Warwick desired my father to name what it was he demanded more, and to his utmost he would satisfy him; so my father upon this made new propositions, which my lord Warwick has answered as much as he can; but it seems there is five hundred pounds a year in my lord Rich's hands, which he has power to sell; and there are some people that persuaded his highness, that it would be dishonourable for him to conclude of it without these five hundred pounds a year be settled upon Mr. Rich after his father's death, and my lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not as bad as himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my father, it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms; it would show, that he was made a fool on by my lord Rich; which the truth is, how it should be, I cannot understand, nor very few else; and truly I must tell you privately, that they are so far engaged, as the match cannot be broke off. She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution when she did it. Dear brother, this is as far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do; and all I think ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing, which I must say truly, she was put upon by the * * * * of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my sister for not writing my best respects to her. Pardon this trouble, and believe me, that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear brother, your affectionate sister and servant.

June 23, 1656.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*Henry Cromwell to Lord Faulconberg.*

Sept. 8, 1658.

My lord,

Although the last letters brought a very sad memento of mortality, yet I was not well enough prepared to receive yours by this post, without (it may be) too much consternation. I know the highest griefs arising from my natural affection to my dear father ought so far to give way, as to let me remember my present station; but I see more of this kind than I am able to practise; and truly when I recollect myself, and consider the desperate distractions which so nearly threaten us, I am quite lost in the way to the remedy. For I may truly tell your lordship, that either through the design or unfaithfulness of my friends, or through their ignorance and incompetency for a work of that nature, I have never been acquainted with the inside either of things or persons, but fobbed off with intelligence about as much differing from Mabbot, as he from a Diurnall; so that I can contribute little to prevent our danger, more than by my prayers, and keeping the army and people under my charge in a good frame. I wish yours may be so kept in England. Methinks some begin their meetings very early. It may be they intend to give the law; but if they do not keep to what is honest, they may meet with disappointments. I do heartily thank your lordship for your freedom and confidence in me. I am sure I cannot plead merit, but shall be glad to cherish that sympathy, or whatever else it is that makes me yours. I hope I shall always be just to your lordship. Some late letters do a little revive us, and give hopes of his highness's recovery; yet my trouble is exceeding great. I remain, &c.

## LETTER XL.

*Henry Cromwell to Richard Cromwell, Protector.*

Sept. 21, 1658.

May it please your highness,

I received a letter from your highness by Mr. Underwood, who, according to your commands, hath given me a particular account of the sickness and death of his late highness, my dear father, which was such an amazing stroke that it did deeply affect the heart of every man, much more may it do those of a nearer relation. And indeed, for my own part, I am so astonished at it, that I know not what to say or write upon this so sad and grievous occasion. I know it is our duties upon all accounts to give submission to the will of God, and to be awakened by this mighty noise from the Lord to look into our own hearts and ways, and to put our mouths in the dust, acknowledging our own vileness and sinfulness before him; that so, if possible, we may thereby yet obtain mercy from him for ourselves and these poor nations. As this stroke was very stupendous, so the happy news of his late highness leaving us so hopeful a foundation for our future peace, in appointing your highness his successor, coming along with it to us, did not a little allay the other. For my part I can truly say I was relieved by it, not only upon the public consideration, but even upon the account of the goodness of God to our poor family, who hath preserved us from the contempt of our enemy. I gave a late account to Mr. secretary Thurloe of what passed about the proclaiming your highness here, which, I may say without vanity, was with as great joy and general satisfaction, as I believe in the best affected places in England. I doubt not but to give your highness as good an account of the rest of the places in Ireland, so soon as the proclamations are returned. I did also give some account of the speedy compliance of the army, whose obedience your highness may justly require at my hands. Now, that the God and Father of your late father and mine, and your highness's predecessor, would support you, and by pouring down a double portion of the same spirit which was so eminently upon him, would enable you to walk in his steps, and to do worthily for his name, cause, and people, and continually preserve you in so doing, is and shall be the fervent and daily prayer of yours, &c.

## LETTER XLI.

*The Hon. Algernon Sidney to his Friend.*

Sir,

I am sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends; if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine; and I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood; but when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now likely to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed, all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness set up in its height; instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would

have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, the people enslaved, all things vendible, and no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition! Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions.—Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is past, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life, but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man, and a few of his followers; let them rejoice in their subtilty, who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preserved but advanced themselves in those dangerous changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the king's glory is their shame, his plenty the people's misery; and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which if it were to be preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world! and that others may find they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery: a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it. The honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it, to satisfy the lusts of one man. Miserable nation! that, from so great a height of glory, is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! Cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffic, equal almost in guilt to that of Judas! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty, the sure defenders of the oppressed: they who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us; they themselves, led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means: when the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be over-passed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have

been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live when they are put to death? If I might live, and employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own peace, by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased the imprisonment of those three men; and turning out of all the officers of the the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions not to return.

To conclude; the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in his time, will have mercy on his people; he will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish, upon the heads of those who, in their pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c. (So sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's death.) Farewell. My thoughts as to king and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you a most affectionate servant.

## LETTER XLII.

*Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.*

My dear sister,

If I were of those scribblers' humour who love to put themselves to one trouble, to put their friends to another; and who weekly break their silence, only to acquaint us with their unwillingness to keep it; I must confess I had much oftener written you letters not worth the reading. But having ever looked upon silence and respect as things as near of kin as importunity and affection, I elected rather to trust to your good opinion, to your good-nature, than your patience with my letters: for which to suppose a welcome, must have presumed a greater kindness, than they could have exprest. For I am grown so perfect a villager, and live so removed, not only from the roads, but from the very bye-paths of intelligence; that to entertain you with our country discourse, would have extremely puzzled me, since your children have not the rickets nor the measles; and as for news, I could not have sent you so much as that of my being well. To beseech you not to forget me, were but a bad compliment to your constancy; and to tell you I remember you, were a worse to my own judgment; and compliments of the other nature it were not easy for me to write from Stalbridge, and less easy to write to you: so that wanting all themes and strains, that might enable me to fill my letters with any thing that might pay the

patience of reading them, I thought it pardonabler to say nothing by a respectuous silence, than by idle words. But the causes being just so many excuses of that silence, I should have more need to apologize for my letters, if these seemed not necessary to prevent the misconstruction of their unfrequency; and if I did not send up the antidote with them, in the company of my brother Frank; by whom it were equally incongruous and unseasonable to send you no epistle, and to send you a long one; which (latter) that this may not prove, I must hasten to assure you, that though I have not very lately written you any common letters, it is not long since I was writing you a dedicatory one, which may (possibly) have the happiness to convey your name to posterity; and having told you this, I shall next take post to beseech you to believe, that whensoever you shall please to vouchsafe me the honour of your commands, my glad and exact obedience shall convince you, that though many others may oftener renew their bonds, I can esteem myself, by a single note under my hand, equally engaged to you for all the services that may become the relation, and justify the professions, that style me, my dear sister, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant, R. B.

Stalbridge, this 13th Nov. 1646.

## LETTER XLIII.

*Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.*

My sister,

I have ever counted it amongst the highest infelicities of friendship, that it increasingly reflects upon us our imparted griefs; for if our friends appear unconcerned in them, that indifference offends us, and if they resent them, sympathy afflicts us. This consideration, concurring with my native disposition, has made me shy of disclosing my afflictions, where I could not expect their redress; being too proud to seek a relief in the being thought to need it, and too good a friend to find a satisfaction in their griefs I love, or to remit of the ill-natured consolation of seeing others wretched as well as I. This humour may in part inform you of the cause of my silence, and, I hope, in part excuse it; but I am not now at leisure to make apologies, though I will assure you I decline the employment for want of time, not justice. Since I wrote to you last, I was unlikely enough ever to be in a condition to write to you again; and my danger was so sudden and unexpected, that nothing could transcend it, except theirs, whose dilatory conversion makes them trust eternity to the uncertain improvement of a future contingent minute of a life obnoxious to numerous casualties, as impossible (almost) to be numbered as avoided. What God has decreed of me, himself best knows; for my part, I shall still pray for a perfect resignation to his blessed will, and a resembling acquiescence in it; and I hope his Spirit will so conform me to his dispensations, that I may cheerfully, by his assignment, either continue my work, or ascend to receive my wages. And in this I must implore the assistance of your fervent prayers, dear sister, which I am confident will both find a shorter way to heaven, and be better welcomed there. These three or four weeks I have been troubled with the visits of a quotidian ague, which yet had not the power to hinder me from three or four journeys to serve Frank, and wait upon my dear Broghill, nor from continuing my Vulcanian feet; and, in the intervals of my fits, I both began and made some progress in the promised discourse of Public Spiritedness; but now truly weakness, and

the doctor's prescription, have cast my pen into the fire; though, in spite of their menaces, I sometimes presume to snatch it out a while, and blot some paper with it. My present employment is, the reviewing some consolatory thoughts on the loss of friends, which my poor lady Susan's death obliged me to entertain myself with, and which I am now recruiting. If ever I finish them, I shall trouble you to read them; and if I do not, beseech you to make use of them. The melancholy, which some have been pleased to misrepresent to you as the cause of my distemper, is certainly much more the effect of them: neither is it either of that quality or that degree you apprehend, but much more just than dangerous: yet, to obey you, I shall endeavour a divorce; and, as the properest means, endeavour to wait upon you; in order to which, I came this night in a litter to this town, whence I intend not to dislodge, till God's blessing upon the remedies enable me to do it on horseback. The kindness you expressed, in the letter I received this morning, has brought me so high a consolation, that I should think it cheaply purchased by the occasion of it, if I had ignored that the sole want of suitable opportunities restrained the frequency of resembling strains; and if I were not too well acquainted with the greatness of your goodness, not to derive a higher joy from your obliging proffers, as they are effects of your friendship, than testimonies of it. But though I value the blessing of your company at the rate of having the happiness of more than an indifferent acquaintance with you, I cannot consent to purchase my felicity (if such a thing could be done) by your disquiet: for your remove will not more certainly discompose your family, than it will be useless or unnecessary to me; the nature of my disease being such, that it will either frustrate your visit, or allow me to do so; for if in a very short time it destroy not, it will leave me strength enough to fetch a perfect cure of it at London, whither in spite of my present distempers, which are not small, nor (I fear) very fugitive, the physicians would persuade me that, by God's assistance, I may be able to crawl in a short time. I shall beseech you therefore not to stir, until you hear further either from me, or of me; and to believe, that though your visits are favours of too precious a quality to be fully receivable from your intention only, yet my concern in your quiet will make me (in the purposed journey) more welcomely resent your design than your presence. I hope you will pardon the disorder of this scribble to that of the writer, who is not only weary of his journey, but is at present troubled with a fit of his ague, which yet being but a sickness, cannot impair an affection, which will be sure to keep me really and unalterably till death, my dearest, dearest, dearest sister, your most affectionate brother and humble servant, R. B.

Bath, August 2, 1649, late at night.

## LETTER XLIV.

*Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.*

My sister,

I must confess that I should be as much in debt for your letters, though I had answered every one of yours, as he is in his creditor's, who for two angels has paid back but two shillings: for certainly, if any where, it is in the ductions of the mind, that the quality ought to measure extent, and assign number and equity to multiply excellency, where wit has contracted it. I could easily evince this truth, and the justness of the application too,

did I not apprehend that your modesty would make you mind me, that the nature of my disease forbids all strains. I am here, God be praised, upon the mending hand, though not yet exempted from either pain or fears; the latter of which I could wish (but believe not) as much enemies to my reason, as I find the former to my quiet. I intend notwithstanding, by God's blessing, as soon as I have here recruited and refreshed my purse and self, to accomplish my designed removal to London: my hoped arrival at which I look on with more joy, as a fruit of my recovery, than a testimony of it. Sir William and his son went hence this morning, having by the favour (or rather charity) of a visit, made me some compensation for the many I have lately received from persons, whose visitations (I think I may call them), in spite of my averseness to physic, make me find a greater trouble in the congratulations, than the instruments of my recovery. You will pardon, perhaps, the bitterness of this expression, when I have told you, that having spent most of this week in drawing (for my particular use) a quintessence of wormwood, those disturbers of my work might easily shake some few drops into my ink. I will not now presume to entertain you with those moral speculations, with which my chemical practices have entertained me; but if this last sickness had not diverted me, I had before this presented you with a discourse (which my vanity made me hope would not have displeased you) of the theological use of natural philosophy, endeavouring to make the contemplation of the creatures contributory to the instruction of the prince, and to the glory of the author of them. But my blood has so thickened my ink, that I cannot yet make it run; and my thoughts of improving the creatures have been very much displaced by those of leaving them. Nor has my disease been more guilty of my oblivion, than my employment since it has begun to release me: for Vulcan has so transported and bewitched me, that as the delights I taste in it make me fancy my laboratory a kind of Elysium, so as if the threshold of it possessed the quality the poets ascribed to that Lethe, their fictions made men taste of before their entrance into those seats of bliss, I there forget my standish and my books, and almost all things, but the unchangeable resolution I have made of continuing till death, sister, your R. B.

Stalb. Aug. the last, 1649.

## LETTER XLV.

### *Mr. Boyle to Lord Broghill.*

My dearest governor,

I receive in our separation as much of happiness as is consistent with it, in hearing of you in so glorious, and from you in so obliging a way; and in being assured, by your letters and your actions, how true you are to your friendship and your gallantry. I am not a little satisfied to find, that since you were reduced to leave your Parthenissa, your successes have so happily emulated or continued the story of Artabanes; and that you have now given romances as well credit as reputation. Nor am I moderately pleased, to see you as good at reducing towns in Munster as Assyria, and to find your eloquence as prevalent with masters of garrisons as mistresses of hearts; for I esteem the former both much the difficulter conquest, and more the usefuller. Another may lawfully exalt your bold attempts and fortunate enterprizes; but, for my part, I think that such a celebration would extremely misbecome a friendship, to which your goodness and my affection flatter me into a belief that our relation has ra-

ther given the occasion than degree Besides that I have so great a concern in all things wherein you have any, that the presumption of my own modesty does, as well as the greatness of yours, silence my praises. And truly that which most endears your acquisitions to me is, that they have cost you so little blood. For besides that the glory is much more your own to reduce places by your own single virtue, and the interest it has acquired you, than if you had I know not how many thousand men to help you, and share as much the honour of your successes as they contribute to them; besides this consideration, I say, certainly though a laurel crown were more glorious amongst the Romans, the myrtle coronet (that crowned bloodless victories) ought to be acceptabler to a Christian, who is tied by the bindingest principles of his religion to a peculiar charity towards those that profess it; to use towards delinquents as much gentleness as infringes not the just rights of the innocent: and to be very tender of spilling their blood, for whom Christ shed his. But I am less delighted to learn your successes in the world, than to find (by your letter to my sister Ranelagh) that you mean not that they shall tie you to it: and are resolved, as soon as your affairs and reputation will permit you, to divest your public employment, and retire to a quiet privacy, where you may enjoy yourself, and have leisure to consider the vanity of that posthume glory, which has nothing in it of certain but the uselessness. That, in the hurry of businesses that distract you, you could find leisure to bless me with your letters, is a favour, which, though it amaze me not, does highly satisfy me. The kindness they express is welcomer to me for what it argues, than for what it promises; and I am much more pleased to see you in a condition of making promises, than I should be with their accomplishment. I shall only, in general, desire your countenance for those that manage my fortune in your province, whither I should wait upon my dearest lady M. if black Betty did not; and seriously, the jade arrived very seasonably to save me a journey; for which I was but slenderly provided; for having not yet been able to put off my L. Goring's statute, I am kept in this town, to do penance for my transgression of that precept, "My son, put money in thy purse." But the term assigned my expiation is, I hope, near expired; and I despair not to see myself shortly in a condition to make you a visit, that shall prevent the spring's. I shall implore, for my lady Pegg, the selfsame passage I shall wish for myself, and solemnize the first easterly gale with a

Farewell, fair saint, may not the seas and wind, &c.

But I am so entirely taken up with the contemplation of her and you, that I had forgot that I have to write this night more letters than the four-and-twenty of the alphabet. My next shall give you an account of my transactions, my studies, and my amours; of the latter of which, black Betty will tell you as many lies as circumstances; but hope you know too well what she is, and whence she comes, not to take all her stories for fictions, almost as great as is the truth that styles me, my dearest brother, your most affectionate brother, and humble servant, R. B.

London, this 20th of Dec. 1649.

## LETTER XLVI.

*Sir William Temple to Sir William Coventry.*

Sir,

I am to acknowledge both the honour and obligation I received by

yours of November the 9th; the last of which seems so great in that light you give it, and by those circumstances I now see attend it, that had it come from any other hands I should have wished a thousand time never to have received it; for, there are very few I desire much to be obliged to; having always thought that a sort of debt which ought as duly to be paid as that of money, with more interest, and much greater difficulty of casting up. But knowing that all generous persons are apt to favour and esteem their own, rather such whom they oblige, than such as serve them; I am extremely glad to have my name enter into the knowledge of his royal highness, by his bounty and favour in the grant of those passports, rather than any other way I could have taken; and beg of you, that with my humble thanks, his royal highness may know I enter into his service with this advance of wages, which it shall be always my endeavour, as it is my duty, to deserve it. I owe, and should say a great deal to yourself upon this occasion, but that with my thanks for the thing itself, I am to join my complaints for the manner of it: I mean, that you should trouble yourself to reason me out of any custom or action you would have me leave off, or say any thing upon such a subject, besides, that you wish it had been otherwise; which, I desire you to believe, shall in far greater matters be from your hand persuasion and command enough to me. My presumptions may be great with my friends, but they are the easiliest checked of any man's alive; which is all I shall say upon this occasion as to the future; and for the past, I will only assure you that I should not in the least have offered at what I did, had it not been at the earnest instance of the prince of Munster's resident here; and I am to make it my business abroad, to enter as far as I can into the secrets, and for that end, into the affections of such ministers as I have to deal with; and as some men are to be gained directly by their heart, so are others by their hands: but another fault were easier to be borne than a long excuse; I will not add to it by our news, since, of all I write, I am sure you know as much as you please: only in general, our bishop loses not courage nor strength upon all the great preparations of enemies, or disappointment of friends. The Dutch seem to be plagued by their own God, and to grow unhappy in their own element, the sea having done them in the last storms most extravagant harms; some letters from Amsterdam say to the value of thirty, and others of sixty millions; their case may grow harder yet, if the frosts do so from the Munster side. Our court here is passionate towards the league between the two crowns; as I am in the desires of growing in your friendship and favour, and deserving it by any testimonies I can give of being, sir, your most faithful humble servant.

Brussels, Dec. 15, S. N. 1665.

## LETTER XLVII.

### *From Sir William Temple to Dame Augustine Cary.*

Madam,

I know not whether the shame of having been so long in your debt, be greater than that of paying it so ill at last, but I am sure it is much harder to be excused, and therefore shall not attempt it, but leave it to father Placid's oratory, though having failed in the substantial part of your business, I have little reason to hope he will succeed better in the ceremonial part of mine. The truth is, there is so great a difference in common sound

between, It is done, and, It will be done, that I was unwilling to acknowledge the honour of having received your ladyship's commands, before I had compassed that of obeying them, which the marquis here hath so often assured me would suddenly fall to my share, that I thought we had both equal reason, his excellency to do it, and I to believe it. This right I must yet do him, that I never pressed him in this concern of your ladyship's, but he told me all my arguments were needless, for the thing should be done; and how to force a man that yields, I never understood: but yet I much doubt that till the result be given upon the gross of this affair, which is and has been sometime under view, your part in particular will hardly be thought ripe for either his justice or favour, which will be rather the style it must run in, if it be a desire of exemption from a general rule given in the case: whatever person (after the father's return) shall be appointed to observe the course of this affair, and pursue the lady's pretensions here, will be sure of all the assistance I can at any time give him; though I think it would prove a more public service to find some way of dissolving your society, and by that means dispersing so much worth about the world, than, by preserving you together, confine it to a corner, and suffer it to shine so much less, and go out so much sooner, than otherwise it would. The ill effects of your retreat appear too much in the ill success of your business; for I cannot think any thing could fail that your ladyship would solicit: but, I presume, nothing in this lower scene is worthy either that, or so much as your desire or care, which are words that enter not your gates, to disturb that perfect quiet and indifferency, which I will believe inhabit there; and by your happiness decide the long dispute, whether the greater lies in wanting nothing, or possessing much.

I cannot but tell you it was unkindly done to refresh the memory of your brother Da Cary's loss, which was not a more general one to mankind, than it was particular to me: but if I can succeed in your ladyship's service, as well as I had the honour once to do in his friendship, I shall think I have lived to good purpose here; and for hereafter, shall leave it to Almighty God, with a submission as abandoned as you can exercise in the low common concernments of this worthless life, which I can hardly imagine was intended us for so great a misery as it is here commonly made, or to betray so large a part of the world to so much greater hereafter as is commonly believed. However, I am obliged to your ladyship for your prayers, which I am sure are well intended me, and shall return you mine, that no ill thoughts of my faith may possess your ladyship with an ill one of my works too; which I am sure cannot fail of being very meritorious, if ever I reach the intentions I have, of expressing myself upon all occasions, madam, your ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant.

Brussels, Feb. 16th, S. N. 1666.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Earl of Clarendon to the Duchess of York, on her turning Catholic.*

You have much reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble you, or displease you, especially in an argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to myself; but as no distance of a place that is between us, in respect of our re-

sidence, or the greater distance in respect of the high condition you are in, can make me less your father, or absolve me from performing those obligations which that relation requires from me; so when I receive any credible advertisement of what reflects upon you, in point of honour, conscience, or discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or administering such advice to you as to my understanding seems reasonable; and which I must still hope will have some credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you wrote to me many months since, upon those reproaches which I told you were generally reported concerning your defection in religion, gave me so much satisfaction, that I believed them to proceed from that ill spirit of the times that delights in slander and calumny. But I must tell you, that the same report increases of late very much, and I myself saw the last week a letter from Paris, from a person who said the English ambassador assured him the day before, that the Duchess was become a Roman Catholic; and, which makes greater impressions upon me, I am assured that many good men in England, who have great affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible than that there should be such a change in you, are at present under much affliction, with the observation of a great change in your course of life, and that constant exercise of that devotion which was so notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent discourses, that you have not the same reverence and veneration that you used to have for the Church of England; the church in which you was baptized, and the church the best constituted, and the most free from errors of any christian church this day in the world; and that some persons by their insinuations have prevailed with you to have a better opinion of that which is most opposite to it, the church of Rome, than the integrity thereof deserves.

It is not yet in my power to believe, that your wit and understanding (with God's blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken farther than with melancholy reflections upon the iniquity and wickedness of the age we live in; which discredits all religion, and which with equal license breaks into the professors of all, and prevails upon the members of all churches, and whose manners will have no benefit from the faith of any church.

I presume you do not entangle yourself in the particular controversies between the Romanists and us, or think yourself a competent judge of all difficulties which occur therein: and therefore it must be some fallacious argument of antiquity and universality, confidently urged by men who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any doubts and scruples in you; and if you will with equal temper hear those who are well able to instruct you in those particulars, it is not possible for you to suck in that poison which can only corrupt and prevail over you by stopping your own ears, and shutting your own eyes. There are but two persons in the world who have greater authority with you than I can pretend to; and am sure they both suffer more in this rumour, and would suffer much more if there were ground for it, than I can do; and truly I am as unlikely to be deceived myself, or to deceive you, as any man that endeavours to pervert you in your religion. And therefore, I beseech you, let me have so much credit with you, as to persuade you to communicate any doubts or scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an impression upon you.

The common argument that there is no salvation out of the church, and

that the church of Rome is that only true church, is both irrational and untrue; there are many churches in which salvation may be attained, as well as in any one of them; and were many, even in the Apostles' time; otherwise they would never have directed their epistles to so many several churches, in which there were different opinions received, and very different doctrines taught. There is indeed but one faith in which we can be saved, the stedfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith is in a state of salvation. If the apostles preached true doctrine, the reception and retention of many errors does not destroy the essence of a church; if it did, the church of Rome would be in as ill, if not in a worse condition, than most other christian churches; because its errors are of a greater magnitude, and more destructive to religion. Let not the canting discourses of the universality and extent of the church, which has as little truth as the rest, prevail over you: they who would imitate the greatest part of the world, must turn heathens; for it is generally believed, that above one half of the world is possessed by them, and that the Mahometans possess above one half of the remainder. There is as little question, that of the rest, which is inhabited by christians, one part of four is not of the communion of the church of Rome; and God knows in that very communion there is as great discord in opinion, and in matters of as great moment, as is between the other christians.

I hear you do in public discourses dislike some things in the church of England, as the marriage of the clergy, which is a point which no Roman catholic will pretend to be of the essence of religion, and is in use in many places which are of the communion of the church of Rome; as in Bohemia, and those parts of the Greek church which submit to the Roman: and all men know, that in the late council of Trent, the sacraments of both kinds, and liberty of the clergy to marry, were very passionately pressed both by the emperor and king of France for their dominions; and it was afterwards granted to Germany, though under such conditions as made it ineffectual; which however shows that it was not, nor even can be looked upon as a matter of religion. Christianity was many hundred years old before such a restraint was ever heard of in the church; and when it was endeavoured, it met with great opposition, and was never submitted to. And as the positive inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, so the inconveniences which result from thence, will upon a just disquisition be found superior to those which attend the liberty which the christian religion permits. Those arguments which are not strong enough to draw persons from the Roman communion into that of the church of England, when custom and education, and a long stupid resignation of all their faculties, to their teachers, usually shuts out all reason to the contrary; may yet be abundant to retain those who have been baptized, and bred, and instructed in the grounds and principles of that religion; which are, in truth, not only founded upon the clear authority of the scriptures, but upon the consent of antiquity, and the practice of the primitive church: and men who look into antiquity, know well by what corruption and violence, and with what constant and continual opposition, those opinions, which are contrary to ours, crept into the world, and how warrantably the authority of the bishop of Rome, which alone supports all the rest, came to prevail; which has no more pretence of authority and power in England, than the bishop

of Paris, or Toledo, can as reasonably lay claim to; and is so far from being matter of catholic religion, that the pope has so much, and no more, to do in France or Spain, or any other catholic dominion, than the crown and laws, and constitutions of several kingdoms give him leave; which makes him so little (if at all) considered in France, and so much in Spain; and therefore the English catholics, which attribute so much to him, make themselves very unwarrantably of another religion than the catholic church professes: and without doubt those who desert the church of England, of which they are members, and become thereby disobedient to the ecclesiastical and civil laws of their country, and therein renounce their subjection to the state, as well as to the church (which are grievous sins), had need of a better excuse, than the meeting with some doubts which they could not answer; and less than a manifest evidence, that their salvation is desperate in that communion, cannot serve their turn: and they who imagine they have such an evidence, ought rather to suspect that their understanding has forsaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the church, which is replenished with all learning and piety requisite, can betray them to perdition.

I beseech you to consider (which I hope will over-rule those ordinary doubts and objections which may be infused into you), that if you change your religion, you renounce all obedience and affection to your father, who loves you so tenderly that such an odious mutation would break his heart; you condemn your father and your mother (whose incomparable virtues, and piety, and devotion, have placed her in heaven) for having impiously educated you; you declare the church and state, to both which you owe reverence and subjection, to be, in your judgment, antichristian: you bring irreparable dishonour, scandal, and prejudice, to the duke your husband, to whom you ought to pay all imaginable duty; and who, I presume, is much more precious to you than your own life; and all possible ruin to your children, of whose company and conversation you must look to be deprived; for God forbid, that after such an apostacy you should have any power in the education of your children. You have many enemies, whom you would here abundantly gratify, and some friends whom you will thereby (at least as far as in you lies) perfectly destroy; and afflict many others who have deserved well of you.

I know you are not inclined to any part of this mischief, and therefore offer these considerations as all those particulars would be infallible consequences of such a conclusion. It is to me the saddest circumstance of my banishment, that I may not be admitted, in such a season as this, to confer with you, when I am confident I would satisfy you in all doubts, and make it appear to you, that there are many absurdities in the Roman religion, inconsistent with your judgment and understanding; and many impieties inconsistent with your conscience; so that before you can submit to the obligations of faith, you must divest yourself of your natural reason and common sense, and captivate the dictates of your conscience, to the impositions of an authority which has not any pretence to oblige or advise you. If you will not with freedom communicate the doubts which occur to you, to those near you, of whose learning and piety you have had such experience, let me conjure you to impart them to me, and to expect my answer before you suffer them to prevail over you. God bless you and yours.

## LETTER XLIX.

*The Duchess of York to the Earl of Clarendon.*

Whereas I have been ever from my infancy bred up in the English protestant religion, and have had very able persons to instruct me in the grounds thereof, and I doubt not but I am exposed to the censure of an infinite number of persons, who are astonished at my quitting it, to embrace the religion of the Roman catholics (for which I have ever professed a great aversion); and therefore I have thought fit to give some satisfaction to my friends, by declaring unto them the reasons upon which I have been moved to do it; without engaging myself in long and unprofitable disputes touching the matter.

I protest therefore, before God, that since my coming into England, no person, either man or woman, hath at any time persuaded me to alter my religion, or hath used any discourses to me upon that subject. It hath been only a particular favour from God, who hath been graciously pleased to hear the prayers I daily made unto him, both in France and Flanders whilst I was there, that he would vouchsafe to bring me into the true church before I died, in case I was not in the right; and it was the devotion I observed in the catholics there, which induced me to make that prayer; although my own devotion during all that time was very slender. I did notwithstanding, all the time I was in those countries, believe I was in the true religion; neither had I the least scruple of it until November last, at which time reading Dr. Heylin's History of the Reformation, which had been highly recommended to me, I was so far from finding the satisfaction I expected, that I found nothing but sacrileges; and looking over the reasons therein set down, which caused the separation of the church of England from that of Rome, I read three there, which to me were great impieties. The first was, That Henry VIII. had cast off the pope's authority, because he would not permit him to quit his wife and marry another.

The second, That during the minority of Edward VI. his uncle, the duke of Somerset, who then governed all, and was the principal in that alteration, did greatly enrich himself with the goods of the church, which he engrossed.

And the third consisted in this, That queen Elizabeth, not being rightful heir to the crown, could not keep it, but by renouncing a church which would never have allowed of such injustice. I could not be persuaded the Holy Ghost would ever have made use of such motives as these were to change religion, and was astonished that the bishops, if they had no other intention than to establish the doctrine of the primitive church, had not attempted it before the schism of Henry VIII. which was grounded upon such unjustifiable pretences.

Being troubled with these scruples, I began to make some reflections upon the points of doctrine wherein we differed from the catholics; and to that purpose had recourse to the Holy Scripture, and though I pretend not to be able perfectly to understand it, I found notwithstanding several points which seemed to me very plain; and I cannot but wonder that I staid so long without taking notice of them. Amongst these were, the real presence of our Saviour in the sacraments, the infallibility of the church, confession, and prayers for the dead. I treated of these particulars severally, with two of the most learned bishops of England; and advising upon these subjects, they told me, that it was to be wished that the

church of England had retained several things it altered: as, for example, confession, which without doubt is of divine institution. They told me also, that prayer for the dead had been in use in the primitive church, during the first centuries; and that they themselves did daily observe those things, though they desired not publicly to own those doctrines. And having pressed one of them something earnestly touching these things, he frankly told me, that if he had been bred up in the catholic religion, he should not have left it; but now being a member of that church which believed all the articles necessary to salvation, he thought he should do ill to quit it, because he was beholden to that church for his baptism, and he should thereby give occasion of great scandal to others.

All these discourses were a means to increase the desire I had to embrace the Roman catholic religion, and added much to the inward trouble of my mind; but the fear I had to be hasty in a matter of that importance, made me act warily, with all precautions necessary in such a case. I prayed incessantly to God, that he would be pleased to inform me in the truth of these points whereof I doubted. Upon Christmas-day, going to receive at the king's chapel, I found myself in greater trouble than ever I had been in; neither was it possible for me to be at quiet, until I had discovered myself to a certain catholic, who presently brought me a priest. He was the first of them with whom I ever conversed, and the more I conversed with him, the more I found myself to be confirmed in the resolution I had taken. It was, I thought, impossible to doubt of these words, "This is my body;" and I am verily persuaded that our Saviour, who is truth itself, and hath promised to continue with his church to the world's end, would never suffer these holy mysteries to the laity, only under one kind, if it was inconsistent with his institution of that sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these things with any body, and if I were, I would not go about to do it, but I content myself to have wrote this to justify the change I have made of my religion; and I call God to witness, I had not done it, had I believed I could have been saved in that church whereof till then I was a member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this, by any worldly interests or motives; neither can the truth of this my protestation be rationally doubted by any person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all my friends, and very much prejudiced my reputation; but having seriously considered with myself, whether I ought to renounce my portion in the other world, to enjoy the advantages of my present being here, I assure you I found it no difficulty at all to resolve the contrary, for which I render thanks to God, who is the author of all goodness.

My only prayer to him is, that the poor catholics of this kingdom may not be persecuted upon my account, and I beseech God to grant me patience in my afflictions, and that what tribulations soever his goodness has appointed for me, I may so go through with them, as that I may hereafter enjoy a happiness for all eternity.

Given at St. James's, the 20th of August, 1670.

# BOOK THE SECOND.

# MODERN AND MISCELLANEOUS,

## OF EARLY DATE, CONTINUED.

## SECTION II.

### LETTER I.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Francis Mansell, since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.*

London, 26th March, 1618.

Sir,

Being to take leave of England and to launch into the world abroad, to breathe foreign air awhile, I thought it very handsome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured mother, Oxford; otherwise both of you might have just grounds to exhibit a bill of complaint, or rather a protest against me, and cry me up; you for a forgetful friend; she for an ungrateful son, if not some spurious issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together: you with the best of my most candid affections; her with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap: yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to connect it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books. The small time I supervised the glass-house, I got among those Venetians some smatterings of the Italian tongue, which besides the little I have, you know, of school-language, is all the preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to Gravesend, and so embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, Rome and St. Omers excepted. I pray let me retain some room, though never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our souls meet sometimes by intercourse of letters; I promise you that yours shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your friendship at a very high rate. So with apprecation of as much happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever your friend to serve you.

### LETTER II.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Daniel Caldwell, Esq. from Amsterdam.*

Amsterdam, 10th April, 1619.

My dear Dan.,

I have made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment

of my life, that happiness itself would be but a kind of infelicity without it; it is as needful to me as fire and water, as the very air I take in and breathe out: it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas:* therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first league of love, you knew, was contracted among the Muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you; I became her son, and your friend, at one time: you know I followed you then to London, where our love received confirmation in the Temple, and elsewhere. We are now far asunder, for no less than a sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German Ocean; distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it; it much enhances the value of it, and makes it more precious. Let this be verified in us; let that love which formerly used to be nourished by personal communication and the lips, be now fed by letters; let the pen supply the office of the tongue: letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art-like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet, though millions of paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore among your civil speculations, I pray let your thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self), and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Browyer, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully among our friends at the inns of court; let Jack Toldervy have my kind commends, with this caveat, that the pot which goes often to the water, comes home cracked at last: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy and love his, &c.

## LETTER III.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. Richard Altham, at his Chamber in Gray's Inn.*

Hague, 30th May, 1619.

Dear sir,

Though you be now a good way out of my reach, yet you are not out of my remembrance; you are still within the horizon of my love. Now the horizon of love is large and spacious, it is as boundless as that of the imagination; and where the imagination rangeth, the memory is still busy to usher in, and present the desired object it fixes upon; it is love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest sphere whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear to me often in these foreign travels; and that you may believe me the better, I send you these lines as my ambassadors (and ambassadors must not lie) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like Plowden; I heard it often said, that there is no study requires patience and constancy more than the common law; for it is a good while before one comes to any known perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful practice. This (I think) made Jack Chaundler throw away his Littleton, like him that, when he could not catch the hare, said, A pox upon her, she is but dry tough meat, let her go: it is not so with you, for I know you are of that disposition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten you in

making constant pursuit after it till you have obtained it; for if the mathematics, with their crabbedness and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midst of them, and arrived to so excellent a perfection; I believe it is not in the power of Plowden to dastardize or cow your spirits, until you have overcome him, at leastwise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and pressing disputant in logic and philosophy; which makes me think your genius is fit for law (as the Baron your excellent father was), for a good logician makes always a good lawyer: and hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to that study and profession; and you know as well as I, that logicians, who went under the name of Sophisters, were the first lawyers that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain removes hence, until I come to Rouen in France, and there I mean to cast anchor a good while; I shall expect your letters there with impatience. I pray present my service to sir James Altham, and to my good lady your mother, with the rest to whom it is due in Bishopsgate-street, and elsewhere: so I am yours in the best degree of friendship.

## LETTER IV.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Capt. Francis Bacon, from Paris.*

Paris, 30th March, 1620.

Sir,

I received two of yours in Rouen, with the bills of exchange there inclosed; and according to your directions I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to Paris, this huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom, and rendezvous of all foreigners. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets generally foul of all four seasons of the year; which I impute first to the position of the city, being built upon an isle (the isle of France, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river of Seine), and having some of her suburbs seated high, the filth runs down the channel, and settles in many places within the body of the city, which lies upon a flat; as also for a world of coaches, carts, and horses of all sorts, that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts, and horses, that can move neither forward nor backward, by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a crossway: so that often-times it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop the great Henry was so fatally slain by Ravillac. Hence comes it to pass, that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and an university) is always dirty, and it is such a dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into such black, unctuous oil, that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper comparison to say, that an ill name is like the *crot* (the dirt) of Paris, which is indelible; besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent, that may be smelt many miles off, if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country: this may be one cause why the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city, which may be called, as once Scythia was, *vagina populorum*, or (as mankind was called by a great philosopher) a great mole-hill of ants; yet I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about,

and meet oftener than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed; so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. It is under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings; for her houses were mean, until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth, and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first: but being pulleyed up with the open air, it receives a crusty kind of hardness, and so becomes perfect free-stone; and before it is sent up from the pit, they can reduce it to any form: of this stone the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge 3000 men; which, some told me, was the end for which the last king made it so big; that, lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should rise, the king might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort: for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. In my next, I shall impart unto you what state-news France affords; in the interim, and always, I am your humble servant.

## LETTER V.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Richard Altham, Esq. from Paris.*

Paris, 1st May, 1620.

Dear sir,

Love is the marrow of friendship, and letters are the elixir of love; they are the best fuel of affection, and cast a sweeter odour than any frankincense can do: such an odour, such an aromatic perfume, your late letter brought with it, proceeding from the fragrancy of those dainty flowers of eloquence, which I found blossoming as it were in every line; I mean those sweet expressions of love and wit, which in every period were intermingled with so much art, that they seemed to contend for mastery which was the strongest. I must confess, that you put me to hard shifts to correspond with you in such exquisite strains and raptures of love, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the motions, from the diastole and systole of a heart truly affected; certainly your heart did dictate every syllable you writ, and guided your hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that not a dram, nor a dose, nor a scruple of this precious love of yours is lost, but is safely treasured up in my breast, and answered in like proportion to the full: mine to you is as cordial, it is passionate and perfect as love can be.

I thank you for the desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad; I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of life a while; I never enjoyed my health better, but I was like to endanger it two nights ago; for being in some jovial company abroad, and coming late to our lodging, we were suddenly surprised by a crew of *filous*, or night rogues, who drew upon us; and as we had exchanged some blows, it pleased God the Chevalier du Guet, an officer, who goes up and down the streets all night on horseback to prevent disorders, passed by, and so rescued us, but Jack White was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my cloak. There is never a night passes but some robbing or murder is committed in this

town; so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, specially about the Pont-Neuf (the New Bridge), though Henry the Great himself lies sentinel there in arms, upon a huge Florentine horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth, an improper posture methinks to a king on horseback. Not long since, one of the secretaries of state (whereof there are always four), having been invited to the suburbs of St. Germains to supper, left order with one of his lacqueys to bring him his horse about nine; it so happened that a mischance befel the horse, which lamed him as he went a-watering to the Seine, insomuch that the secretary was put to beat the hoof himself, and foot it home; but as he was passing the Pont-Neuf, with his lacquey carrying a torch before him, he might overhear a noise of clashing of swords, and fighting, and looking under the torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bade his lacquey to go on; they had not made many paces, but two armed men, with their pistols cocked and swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a paper in his hand, which he said he had casually took up in the streets, and the difference between them was about that paper; therefore they desired the secretary to read it, with a great deal of compliment; the secretary took out his spectacles and fell a-reading of the said paper, whereof the substance was, That it should be known to all men, that whosoever did pass over that bridge after nine o'clock at night in winter, and ten in summer, was to leave his cloak behind him, and in case of no cloak, his hat. The secretary starting at this, one of the comrades told him, that he thought that paper concerned him; so they unmantled him of a new plush cloak, and my secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en curpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal government of our city of London, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the night, if he gives good words to the watch. There is a gentle calm of peace now throughout all France, and the king intends to make a progress to all the frontier towns of the kingdom, to see how they are fortified. The favourite Luines strengtheneth himself more and more in his minionship; but he is much murmured at, in regard the access of suitors to him is so difficult: which made a lord of this land say, That three of the hardest things in the world were, to quadrate a circle, to find out the philosopher's stone, and to speak with the duke of Luines.

I have sent you by Vacandary, the post, the French beaver and tweeses you writ for: beaver hats are grown dearer of late, because the Jesuits have got the monopoly of them from the king.

Farewell, dear child of virtue and minion of the Muses, and continue to love yours, &c.

## LETTER VI.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Sir James Crofts, from Paris.*

Paris, 12th May, 1620.

I am to set forward this week for Spain, and if I can find no commodity of embarkation at St. Maloes, I must be forced to journey it all the way by land, and clamber up the huge Pyrenee hills; but I could not bid Paris adieu, till I had conveyed my true and constant respects to you by this letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir Herbert Crofts at St. Germains, where I met with a French gentleman, who, amongst other curiosities which he pleased to show me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late king was slain, and to that where the marquis

of Ancre was shot; and so made me a punctual relation of all the circumstances of those two acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest accidents that ever happened in France, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a truce betwixt Spain and the Hollanders), was in a profound peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when Henry IV. fell upon some great martial design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the Bastile a mount of gold that was as high as a lance), he levied a huge army of 40,000 men, whence came the song, "The King of France with forty thousand men;" and upon a sudden he put his army in perfect equipage, and some say he invited our Prince Henry to come to him to be a sharer in his exploits. But going one afternoon to the Bastile, to see his treasure and ammunition, his coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some colliers and other carts that were in that narrow street; whereupon one Ravillac, a lay jesuit (who had a whole twelve-month watched an opportunity to do the act), put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the coach, and with a long knife stretched himself over their shoulders who were in the boot of the coach, and reached the king at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the heart, and pulling out the fatal steel he doubled his thrust, the king with a ruthful voice cried out, *Je suis blessé* (I am hurt), and suddenly the blood gushed out at his mouth. The regicide villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the law, and some exquisite torture. The queen grew half distracted hereupon, who had been crowned queen of France the day before in great triumph; but in a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch, her sorrow; for according to St. Lewis's law, she was made queen-regent of France, during the king's minority, who was then but about ten years of age. Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last a constant torment for three days; but he escaped only with this, his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again; and so he was carried in a cart, standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder, and in the place where the act was done it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump to staunch the blood; whereat he gave a doleful shriek: then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling oil; then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes. In all the extremity of this torture he scarce showed any sense of pain; but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arm, to staunch the flux at that time of reeking blood, he gave a shriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was, That he thought to have done God good service, to take away that king which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war.

A fatal thing it was that France should have three of her kings come to such violent deaths in so short a revolution of time. Henry II., running at tilt with M. Montgomery, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye: Henry III. not long after was killed by a young friar, who, in lieu of a letter which he pre-

tended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the belly, as he was coming from his close-stool, and so dispatched him; but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles. The same destiny attended the king by Ravillac, which is become now a common name of reproach and infamy in France.

Never was a king so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his pictures, but statues up and down France, and there is scarce a market town but hath him erected in the market place, or over some gate, not upon sign-posts, as our Henry VIII.; and by a public act of parliament, which was confirmed in the consistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both love and awe: he would be never transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by any thing with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good hand. One day he was charged by the duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion, he answered, "No, cousin, I have changed no religion, but an opinion:" and the cardinal of Perron being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise for his vindication: the cardinal was long about the work, and when the king asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him, That he expected some manuscripts from Rome before he could finish it. It happened, that one day the king took the cardinal along with him to look on his workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the king asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected? "Sir, it is because I want some choice stones."—"No, no," said the king, looking upon the cardinal, "it is because thou wantest manuscripts from Rome." Another time the old duke of Main, who was used to play the droll with him, coming softly into his bed chamber, and thrusting in his bald head and long neck, in a posture to make the king merry, it happened the king was coming from doing his ease, and spying him, he took the round cover of the close stool, and clapped it on his bald sconce, saying, "Ah, cousin, you thought once to have taken the crown off my head, and wear it on your own; but this of my tail shall now serve your turn." Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the count of Soissons (who had 100,000 francs a year pension from the crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, having exhausted himself in the former wars, and all that he could do now was to pray for his majesty, which he would do heartily: this answer being brought to the king, he replied, "Will my cousin, the count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me? tell him, that prayer without fasting is not available; therefore I will make my cousin fast also from his pension of 100,000 *per annum*."

He was once troubled with a fit of the gout; and the Spanish ambassador coming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see his majesty so lame, he answered, "As lame as I am, if there were occasion, your master the king of Spain should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup but he should find me on horseback."

By these few you may guess at the genius of this sprightly prince: I could make many more instances, but then I should exceed the bounds of a letter. When I am in Spain

you shall hear further from me: and if you can think on any thing wherein I may serve you, believe it, sir, that any employment from you shall be welcome to your much obliged servant.

## LETTER VII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. Thomas Porter, after Captain Porter, from Barcelona.*

Barcelona, 10th Nov. 1620.

My dear Tom,

I had no sooner set foot upon this soil, and breathed Spanish air, but my thoughts presently reflected upon you; of all my friends in England, you were the first I met here; you were the prime object of my speculation; methought the very winds in gentle whispers did breathe out your name and blow it on me; you seemed to reverberate upon me with the beams of the sun, which you know hath such a powerful influence, and indeed too great a stroke in this country. And all this you must ascribe to the operations of love, which hath such a strong virtual force, that when it fasteneth upon a pleasing subject, it sets the imagination in a strange fit of working, it employs all the faculties of the soul, so that not one cell in the brain is idle; it busieth the whole inward man, it affects the heart, amuseth the understanding; it quickeneth the fancy, and leads the will as it were by a silken thread to co-operate them all; I have felt these motions often in me, especially at this time that my memory is fixed upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in Spain was, that I remember I had heard you often discoursing how you have received part of your education here, which brought you to speak the language so exactly well. I think often of the relations I have heard you make of this country, and the good instruction you pleased to give me.

I am now in Barcelona, but the next week I intend to go on through your town of Valentia to Alicant, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The duke of Ossuna passed by here lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape galleys, and passing through the *churma* of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were; every one excused himself; one saying, That he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly; amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black man, and the duke asking him what he was in for, "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragone, to keep me from starving." The duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulders, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest innocent men? get you gone out of their company;" so he was freed, and the rest remained still *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the oar.

I pray commend me to Signior Camillo, and Mazalao, with the rest of the Venetians with you; and when you go aboard the ship behind the Exchange, think upon yours.

## LETTER VIII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Francis Mansel, from Valentia.*

Valentia, 1st March, 1620.

Sir,

Though it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere: though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins, and

our pomegranates; your hops, and our vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength; those rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those beams that irradiate only and gild your honey-suckle fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the rest of elementary qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long, without either shade in summer, or fire in winter!

I am now in Valentia, one of the noblest cities in all Spain, situate in a large *vega* or valley, above sixty miles compass: here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifulest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers, hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain; and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disterred and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there; amongst others, there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England. So I am yours.

## LETTER IX.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Christopher Jones, Esq. at Gray's Inn.*

Alicant, 27th March, 1621.

I am now (thanks be to God) come to Alicant, the chief rendezvous I aimed at in Spain; for I am to send hence a commodity called barillia to Sir Robert Mansel, for making of crystal glass; and I have treated with Signior Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000*l.* by letters of credit from master Richant; and upon his credit I might have taken many thousand pounds more, he is so well known in the kingdom of Valentia. This barillia is a strange kind of vegetable, and it grows no where upon the surface of the earth in that perfection, as here. The Venetians have it hence, and it is a commodity whereby this maritime town doth partly subsist; for it is an ingredient that goes to the making of the best Castile soap. It grows thus: It is a round thick earthy shrub that bears berries like barberries betwixt blue and green; it lies close to the ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up by the roots, and put it together in cocks, where they leave it to dry many days like hay; then they make a pit of a fathom deep in the earth, and with an instrument like one of our prongs, they take the tuffs and put fire to them, and when the flame comes to the berries, they melt and dissolve into an azure liquor, and fall down into the pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some days after they open it, and find this barillia juice turned to a blue stone, so hard that it is scarcely malleable; it is sold at one hundred crowns a ton, but I had it for less. There is also a spurious

flower called gazull, that grows here, but the glass that is made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three months, and most of my food hath been grapes and bread, with other roots, which have made me so fat that I think if you saw me you would hardly know me, such nutriture this deep sanguine Alicant grape gives. I have not received a syllable from you since I was in Antwerp, which transforms me to wonder and engender odd thoughts of jealousy in me, that as my body grows fatter, your love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off these scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a schism in friendship, which I hold to be a very holy league, and no less than a piacle to infringe it; in which opinion I rest your constant friend.

## LETTER X.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Robert Brown, Esq. at the Middle Temple, from Venice.*

Venice, 12th August, 1621.

Robin,

I have now enough of the maiden city, and this week am to go further into Italy; for though I have been a good while in Venice, yet I cannot say I have hitherto been upon the continent of Italy; for this city is nought else but a knot of islands in the Adriatic sea, joined in one body by bridges, and a good way distant from the firm land. I have lighted upon very choice company, your cousin Brown and Master Webb; and we all take the road of Lombardy, but we made an order among ourselves, that our discourse be always in the language of the country, under penalty of a forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. Randal Syms made us a curious feast lately, where in a cup of the richest Greek we had your health, and I could not tell whether the wine or the remembrance of you was sweeter; for it was naturally a kind of aromatic wine, which left a fragrant perfuming kind of farewell behind it. I have sent you a runlet of it in the ship Lion, and if it come safe and unpricked, I pray bestow some bottles upon the lady (you know) with my humble service. When you write next to Mr. Syms, I pray acknowledge the good hospitality and extraordinary civilities I received from him. Before I conclude, I will acquaint you with a common saying that is used of this dainty city of Venice:—

*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede non te pregia,*
*Ma chi t'ha troppe veduto te dispreggia.*

Englished and rhymed thus (though I know you need no translation, you understand so much of the Italian):—

Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;
Who hath seen too much will thee despise.

I will conclude with that famous hexastic which Sannazaro made of this great city, which pleaseth me much better:—

*Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis*
*Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura mari;*
*Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, arces*
*Objice et illa tui mœnia Martis ait,*
*Sic pelago Tibrim præfers urbem aspice utramque,*
*Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deus.*

When Neptune saw in Adrian surges stand
Venice, and give the sea laws of command:
Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,
And Mars' proud walls: this were for to extol
Tiber beyond the main; both towns behold;
Rome, men thou'lt say, Venice the gods did mould.

Sannazaro had given him by St. Mark a hundred zecchins for every one of these verses, which amounts to about 300*l*. It would be long before the city of London would do the like; witness that cold reward, or rather those cold drops of water which were cast upon my countryman Sir Hugh Middleton, for bringing Ware river through her streets, the most

serviceable and wholesome benefit that ever she received.

The parcel of Italian books that you write for, you shall receive from Mr. Leat, if it please God to send the ship to safe port; and I take it as a favour, that you employ me in any thing that may conduce to your contentment, because I am your serious servitor.

## LETTER XI.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Christopher Jones, Esq. at Gray's Inn, from Naples.*

8th Oct. 1621.

Honoured father,

I must still style you so, since I was adopted your son by so good a mother as Oxford; my mind lately prompted me that I should commit a great solecism, if among the rest of my friends in England I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, especially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy gentleman, your cousin Morgan, who is now posting hence for England. He will tell you how it fares with me; how any time these thirty odd months I have been tossed from shore to shore, and passed under various meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant city of Naples: and though these frequent removes and tumblings under climes of different temper were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination, but he who actually enjoys and puts it in practice. Believe it, sir, that one year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our universities. You know running waters are the purest, so they that traverse the world up and down, have the clearest understanding; being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit faith. When I passed through some parts of Lombardy, among other things I observed the physiognomies and complexions of the people, men and women; and I thought I was in Wales, for divers of them have a cast of countenance, and a nearer resemblance with our nation than any I ever saw yet: and the reason is obvious; for the Romans having been near upon three hundred years among us, where they had four legions (before the English nation or language had any being), by so long a coalition and tract of time, the two nations must needs copulate and mix; insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in Wales many of the Roman race, and divers in Italy of the British. Among other resemblances, one was in their prosody, and vein of versifying or rhyming, which is like our bards, who hold agnominations, and enforcing of consonant words or syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest elegance. As for example, in Welsh, *Tewgris, todyrris ty'r derryn, gwillt*, &c. so have I seen divers old rhymes in Italian running so; *Donne, O danno, che felo affronto affronta: in selva salvo a me: Piu caro cuore*, &c.

Being lately in Rome, among other pasquils I met with one that was against the Scots: though it had some gall in it, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the conclusion; so that I think if King James saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember some years since there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king; and as the passages were a-reading before him, he often said, that if there were

no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it: at last being come to the conclusion, which was (after all his railing)

Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears;

this pleased his majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, "By my soul, so thou shalt for me. thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave."

When you write to Monmouthshire, I pray send my respects to my tutor, master Moor Fortune, and my service to sir Charles Williams: and according to that relation which was betwixt us at Oxford, I rest your constant son to serve you.

## LETTER XII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Dan. Caldwell, Esq. from the Lord Savage's House in Long Melford.*

20th of May, 1619.

My dear Dan.,

Though, considering my former condition of life, I may now be called a countryman, yet you cannot call me a rustic (as you would imply in your letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble a family, as long as I lodge in so virtuous and regular a house as any I believe in the land, both for economical government and the choice company; for I never saw yet such a dainty race of children in all my life together; I never saw yet such an orderly and punctual attendance of servants, nor a great house so neatly kept. Here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage, to cause any nastiness within the body of the house. The kitchen and gutters, and other offices of noise and drudgery, are at the fag end; there is a back gate for the beggars and the meaner sort of swains to come in at; the stables butt upon the park, which for a cheerful rising ground, for groves and browsings for the deer, for rivulets of water, may compare with any for its highness in the whole land; it is opposite to the front of the great house, whence from the gallery one may see much of the game when they are a-hunting. Now for the gardening and costly choice flowers, for ponds, for stately large walks, green and gravelly, for orchards and choice fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in England. Here you have your bon christian pear and bergamot in perfection: your muscadel grapes in such plenty, that there are some bottles of wine sent every year to the king; and one Mr. Daniel, a worthy gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his vintage. Truly this house of Long Melford, though it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted, and contrived with such dainty conveniences every way, that if you saw the landscape of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would serve for a choice pattern to build and contrive a house by. If you come this summer to your manor of Sheriff in Essex, you will not be far off hence; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, though it be only to see him, who would think it a short journey to go from St. David's Head to Dover Cliffs to see and serve you, were there occasion. If you would know who the same is, it is yours, &c.

## LETTER XIII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Thomas Prichard, at Worcester House.*

Paris, 3d Aug. 1621.

Sir,

Friendship is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters is one of the chiefest links of that chain. You know this as well as I; therefore, I pray let our friendship, let our love, that nationality of

British love, that virtuous tie of academic love, be still strengthened (as heretofore), and receive daily more and more vigour. I am now in Paris, and there is weekly opportunity to receive and send; and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive, for I make it a kind of religion to be punctual in this kind of payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a domestic member to that most noble family of the Worcesters, and I hold it to be a very good foundation for future preferment; I wish you may be as happy in them as I know they will be happy in you. France is now barren of news, only there was a shrewd brush lately between the young king and his mother, who, having the duke of Epernon and others for her champions, met him in open field about *Pont de Cé*, but she went away with the worst; such was the rare dutifulness of the king, that he forgave her upon his knees, and pardoned all her accomplices; and now there is an universal peace in this country, which it is thought will not last long, for there is a war intended against them of the reformed religion: for this king, though he be slow in speech, yet he is active in spirit, and loves motion. I am here comrade to a gallant young gentleman, my old acquaintance, who is full of excellent parts, which he hath acquired by a choice breeding the baron his father gave him, both in the university and in the inns of court; so that for the time I envy no man's happiness. So with my hearty commends, and much endeared love unto you, I rest yours.

## LETTER XIV.

*From James Howel, Esq. to the Honourable Mr. John Savage (now Earl of Rivers), at Florence.*

London, 24th March, 1622.

Sir,

My love is not so short but it can reach as far as Florence to find you out, and farther too, if occasion required; nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber over the Alps and Appenines to wait upon you, as they have adventured to do now in this paper. I am sorry I was not in London to kiss your hands before you set to sea, and much more sorry that I had not the happiness to meet you in Holland or Brabant, for we went the very same road, and lay in Dort and Antwerp, in the same lodgings you had lain in a fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted the sweetness of travel, and that you have weaned your affections from England for a good while: you must now think upon home, as (one said) good men think upon Heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their course; and yours I understand will be three years: in the mean time you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts or longing desires to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to virtue, and to beautify within that comely edifice which nature hath built without you. I know your reputation is precious to you, as it should be to every noble mind; you have exposed it now to the hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no taint at your return, by not answering that expectation, which your prince and noble parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest clime of wisdom, fair Italy, the darling of nature, the nurse of policy, the theatre of virtue; but though Italy give milk to virtue with one dug, she often suffers vice to suck at the other; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug, for there is an ill-favoured saying, that *Inglese Italionato è diavolo incarnato;* An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble

inclinations to virtue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the good will of the latter, unless the first speak a good word for you. When you go to Rome you may haply see the ruins of two temples, one dedicated to Virtue, the other to Honour; and there was no way to enter into the last but through the first. Noble sir, I wish your good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstance of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My lord, your grandfather, was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while: by the next shipping to Leghorn, among other things, he intends to send you a whole brawn in collars. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr. Thomas Savage, and my kind respects to Mr. Bold. For English news, I know this packet comes freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewell, noble heir of honour, and command always your true servitor.

## LETTER XV.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Prichard.*

London, 6th Jan. 1625.

Sir,

Since I was beholden to you for your many favours in Oxford I have not heard from you; I pray let the wonted correspondence be now revived, and receive new vigour between us.

My lord chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom: it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the same fate befel him, that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared as in divers other passages, so once when the king had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and having drank the king's health to him in a great silver gift bowl, he gave it for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to king James not long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live." Which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, that as the father was his creator, the son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the lord viscount Verulam, who was a rare man; a man *reconditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*,* and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as sir Edward Coke was the last Lord Chief Justice of England; for ever since they have been termed Lord Chief Justices of the King's Bench; so hereafter they shall be only Keepers

* Of deep science, and born for the advancement of letters.

of the Great Seal, which for title and office are deposeable; but they say the Lord Chancellor's title is indelible.

## LETTER XVI.

*From James Howel, Esq. to the Right Honourable Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland, from Stamford.*

Stamford, 5th Aug. 1623.

Madam,

I lay yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the postmaster came to my bed's head, and told me the duke of Buckingham was slain. My faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and show me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where monsieur Subize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochel was relieved; the duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Subize went away discontented. After breakfast the duke going out, colonel Fryer stept before him, and stopped him upon some business; and lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common ten-penny knife over Fryer's arm at the duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The duke took out the knife, and threw it away; and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me" (meaning, as some think, colonel Fryer, for there had been some difference betwixt them); so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The duchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-geers from her bedchamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of Heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the king four miles off, who be-

ing at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the duchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your ladyship as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my lord in the way; so I humbly take my leave, and rest your ladyship's most dutiful servant.

## LETTER XVII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to J. S. Knight.*

London, 25th May, 1628.

Sir,

You writ to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again. Yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels, (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the north.—There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master; he is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down: when you go a country journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard, it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for trial; if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best news I can send you at this time is, that we are like to have a peace both with France and Spain; so that Harwich men, your neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the name of Spinola, who struck such an apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble service to my good lady, and at my return from the North I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours. So I am your much obliged servitor.

## LETTER XVIII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to R. S. Esq.*

Westminster, 3d Aug. 1629.

Sir,

I am one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those bird-limed kindnesses, which Pliny speaks of; nor would I receive money in a dirty clout, if possible I could be without it: therefore I return you the courtesy by the same hand that brought it; it might have pleasured me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudiced me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than your humble servitor.

## LETTER XIX.

*From James Howel, Esq. to his Nephew J. P. at St. John's in Oxford.*

Westminster, 1st Aug. 1633.

Nephew,

I had from you lately two letters; the last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so; there was as much difference between

them, as betwixt a Scotch pedlar's pack in Poland, and the magazine of an English merchant in Naples, the one being usually full of taffaty, silks, and satins; the other of calicoes, threads, ribbons, and such poldavy ware. I perceive you have good commodities to vend, if you take the pains: your trifles and bagatelles are ill bestowed upon me, therefore hereafter I pray let me have of your best sort of wares. I am glad to find that you have stored up so much already: you are in the best mart in the world to improve them, which I hope you daily do, and I doubt not, when the time of your apprenticeship there is expired, but you shall find a good market to expose them, for your own and the public benefit abroad. I have sent you the philosophy books you wrote to me for; any thing that you want of this kind for the advancement of your studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a student as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sort of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assigned, and in the interim to swallow of them as much as made for my turn. This obliged me to read them through with more haste to keep my word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them had they been my own books, which I knew were always ready at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last letter, in regard I found it smelt of the lamp; I pray let your next do so, and the oil and labour shall not be lost which you expend upon your assured loving uncle.

## LETTER XX.

*From James Howel, Esq. to the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth Digby.*

Westminster, 5th August.

Madam,

It is no improper comparison, that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam, without vanity be it spoken, such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me; the strong aromatic odour they carried with them diffused itself through all the veins of my heart, especially through the left ventricle where the most illustrious blood lies; so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast; nor doth this perfume stay there, but as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my brain, and sweetened all the cells thereof, especially the memory, which may be said to be a cabinet also to preserve courtesies; for though the heart be the box of love, the memory is the box of lastingness; the one may be termed the source whence the motions of gratitude flow, the other the cistern that keeps them.

But your ladyship will say, these are words only; I confess it, it is but a verbal acknowledgment; but, madam, if I were made happy with an opportunity, you shall quickly find these words turned to actions, either to go, to run, or ride upon your errand. In expectation of such a favourable occasion, I rest, madam, your ladyship's most humble and enchained servitor.

## LETTER XXI.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. R. Howard.*

Fleet, 14th Feb. 1647.

Sir,

There is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution; "From him whom I trust God defend me; for from him whom I trust not, I will defend myself." There be

sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest: I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad: which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his: nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks of, "*Plenus rimarum*," "he is full of chinks, he can hold nothing:" you know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to solder up his mouth: if he had committed a secret to me, and enjoined me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, "That he who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his liberty, and becomes his slave:" well, I shall be warier hereafter, and learn more wit. In the interim, the best satisfaction I can give myself is, to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him out of the catalogue of my friends (though I cannot of my acquaintance), where your name is inserted in great golden characters. I will endeavour to lose the memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the fashion of his face, which you know he hath no cause to brag of; I hate such blateroons:

*Odi illos ceu claustra Erebi*——*

I thought good to give you this little mot of advice, because the times are ticklish, of committing secrets to any, though not to your most affectionate friend to serve you.

* I hate them as I would the gates of Hell.

## LETTER XXII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Sir K. D. at Rome.*

Fleet, 3d March, 1646.

Sir,

Though you know well that in the carriage and course of my rambling life, I had occasion to be, as the Dutchman saith, a landloper, and to see much of the world abroad, yet methinks I have travelled more since I have been immured and martyred betwixt these walls than ever I did before; for I have travelled the Isle of Man, I mean this little world, which I have carried about me and within me so many years: for as the wisest of pagan philosophers said that the greatest learning was the knowledge of one's self, to be his own geometrician; if one do so, he need not gad abroad to see fashions, he shall find enough at home, he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humours, new passions within doors.

This travelling over of one's self is one of the paths that leads a man to paradise: it is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd comrades, and oftentimes do lie in ambush to cut our throats: there are also some melancholy companions in the way, which are our thoughts, but they turn many time to be good fellows, and the best company; which makes me, that among these disconsolate walls I am never less alone than when I am alone; I am oft-times sole, but seldom solitary. Some there are, who are over-pestered with these companions, and have too much mind for their bodies; but I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook hands with England) many strange things happened here, which posterity must have a strong faith to believe; but

for my part I wonder not at any thing, I have seen such monstrous things. You know there is nothing that can be casual; there is no success, good or bad, but is contingent to man sometimes or other; nor are there any contingencies, present or future, but they have their parallels from time past: for the great wheel of fortune, upon whose rim (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all worldly chances are embossed, turns round perpetually; and the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution; which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like formerly. If the Liturgy is now suppressed, the Missal and the Roman Breviary was used so a hundred years since: if crosses, church windows, organs, and fonts, are now battered down, I little wonder at it; for chapels, monasteries, hermitaries, nunneries, and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry: if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the pope himself, had that fortune here an age since. That our king is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it; for the first time I travelled France, Lewis XIII. (afterwards a most triumphant king as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his coronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council table, from his very bedchamber, his greatest favourites: he was driven to be content to pay the expense of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration, that the ground of their quarrel was good; which was the same in effect with ours, *viz.* a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of heaven: if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them. He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world; and we must not presume to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather, and after a storm, he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatsoever becomes of your still more faithful humble servitor.

## LETTER XXIII.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. En. P. at Paris.*

Fleet, 20th Feb. 1646.

Sir,

Since we are both agreed to truck intelligence, and that you are contented to barter French for English, I shall be careful to send you hence from time to time the currentest and most staple stuff I can find, with weight and good measure to boot. I know in that more subtle air of yours, tinsel sometimes passes for tissue, Venice beads for pearl, and demi-castors for beavers: but I know you have so discerning a judgment that you will not suffer yourself to be so cheated; they must rise betimes that can put tricks upon you, and make you take semblances for realities, probabilities for certainties, or spurious for true things. To hold this literal correspondence, I desire but the parings of your time, that you may have something to do when you have nothing else to do, while I make a business of it to be punctual in my

answers to you. Let our letters be as echoes, let them bound back and make mutual repercussions; I know you that breathe upon the continent have clearer echoes there, witness that in the Thuilleries, especially that at Charenton bridge, which quavers, and renders the voice ten times when it is open weather, and it were a virtuous curiosity to try it.

For news, the world is here turned upside down, and it hath been long a-going so: you know a good while since we have had leather caps and beaver shoes; but now the arms are come to be legs, for bishops' lawn sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there. Boots and shoes are so long snouted, that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use: the devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him any where; and it seems he was never so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately, than ever were in this island since the creation.

I have no more to communicate to you at this time, and this is too much unless it were better. God Almighty send us patience, you in your banishment, me in my captivity, and give us heaven for our last country, where desires turn to fruition, doubts to certitude, and dark thoughts to clear contemplations. Truly, my dear Don Antonio, as the times are, I take little contentment to live among the elements: and (were it my Maker's pleasure) I could willingly, had I quit scores with the world, make my last account with nature, and return this small skinful of bones to my common mother. If I chance to do so before you, I love you so entirely well that my spirit shall visit you, to bring you some tidings from the other world; and if you precede me, I shall expect the like from you, which you may do without affrighting me, for I know your spirit will be a *bonus genius*. So desiring to know what is become of my manuscript, I kiss your hands, and rest most passionately your most faithful servitor.

## LETTER XXIV.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. T. Morgan.*

May 12.

Sir,

I received two of yours upon Tuesday last, one to your brother, the other to me; but the superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous civilian doctor Dale, who being employed to Flanders by queen Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the secretary of state two letters, one to the queen, the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was superscribed, "To his dear Wife;" and that for his wife, "To her most excellent Majesty:" so that the queen having opened his letter, she found it beginning with sweet-heart, and afterwards with my dear, and dear love, with such expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake raised; but the doctor by this oversight (or cunningness rather) got a supply of money. This perchance may be your policy, to endorse me your brother, thereby to endear me the more to you: but you needed not to have done that, for the name *friend* goes sometimes further than brother; and there be more examples of friends that did sacrifice their lives one for another, than of brothers; which the writer doth think he should do for you, if

the case required. But since I am fallen upon Dr. Dale, who was a witty kind of droll, I will tell you instead of news (for there is little good stirring now) two other facetious tales of his; and familiar tales may become familiar letters well enough. When queen Elizabeth did first propose to him that foreign employment to Flanders, among other encouragements, she told him that he should have 20*s.* *per diem* for his expenses. "Then, madam," said he, "I will spend 19*s.* a-day."—"What will you do with the odd shilling?" the queen replied.—"I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;" meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be called the superlative of the three; which was when at the overture of the treaty the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador answered, that the French was the most proper, because his mistress entitled herself Queen of France; "Nay then," said Dr. Dale, "let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

I performed the civilities you conjoined me to your friends here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth your entire friend.

## LETTER XXV.

*From James Howel, Esq. to the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.*

April 8.

Madam,

There is a French saying, that courtesies and favours are like flowers, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards they quickly fade and wither. I cannot deny but your favours to me might be compared to some kind of flowers, (and they would make a thick posie), but they should be to the flower called life everlasting; or that pretty vermilion flower which grows at the foot of the mountain Ætna in Sicily, which never loses any thing of its first colour and scent. Those favours you did me thirty years ago, in the life-time of your incomparable brother Mr. R. Altham (who left us in the flower of his age), methinks are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare courtesies done to me to other flowers, as I use them; for I distil them in the limbec of my memory, and so turn them to essences.

But, madam, I honour you not so much for favours, as for that precious brood of virtues, which shine in you with that brightness, but especially for those high motions whereby your soul soars up so often towards heaven; insomuch, madam, that if it were safe to call any mortal a saint, you should have that title from me, and I would be one of your chiefest votaries: howsoever, I may without any superstition subscribe myself your truly devoted servant.

## LETTER XXVI.

*From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. W. Price, at Oxon.*

London, 3d February.

My precious nephew,

There could hardly better news be brought to me, than to understand that you are so great a student, and that having passed through the briars of logic, you fall so close to philosophy: yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new authors, and neglect the old, as I hear you do. It is the ungrateful genius of this age, that if any sciolist can find a hole in an old author's coat, he will endeavour to make it

much more wide, thinking to make himself somebody thereby; I am none of those; but touching the ancients, I hold this to be a good moral rule, *laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum quod aliter dixerunt:** the older the author is, commonly the more solid he is, and the greater teller of truth. This makes me think on a Spanish captain, who being invited to a fish dinner, and coming late, he sat at the lower end of the table, where the small fish lay, the great ones being at the upper end; thereupon he took one of the little fish, and held it to his ear; his comrades asked him what he meant by that; he answered in a sad tone, "Some thirty years since, my father, passing from Spain to Barbary, was cast away in a storm, and I am asking this little fish whether he could tell any tidings of his body; he answers me, that he is too young to tell me any thing, but those old fish at your end of the table may say something to it:" so by that trick of drollery he got his share of them. The application is easy, therefore I advise you not to neglect old authors; for though we be come as it were to the meridian of truth, yet there be many neoterical commentators and self-conceited writers, that eclipse her in many things, and go from *obscurum* to *obscuriust*.

Give me leave to tell you cousin, that your kindred and friends, with all the world besides, expect much from you in regard to the pregnancy of your spirit, and those advantages you have of others, being now at the source of all knowledge. I was told of a countryman, who coming to Oxford, and being at the town's end, stood listening to a flock of geese, and a few dogs that were hard by: being asked the reason, he answered, "That he thought the geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the dogs barked in Latin." If some in the world think so much of those irrational poor creatures, that take in University air, what will your friends in the country expect from you, who have the instruments of reason in such a perfection, and so well strung with a tenacious memory, a quick understanding, and rich invention? all which I have discovered in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your friends, your own credit, and the particular contentment of your truly affectionate uncle.

* Let us praise what they have said well, and pardon what they have said otherwise.

† From obscure to more obscure.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *Lady Russel's Letter to the King Charles II.*

(*Indorsed by her:* My letter to the king a few days after my dear lord's death.)

May it please your Majesty,

I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, and still continue to misrepresent him to your majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that (during his imprisonment‡) I often heard him discourse of the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our

‡ The words included in the parenthesis are crossed out.

conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true ;* as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he, who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if after the loss, in such a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thought of him ; which when I was so importunate to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your majesty ; if I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities (and your majesty in your greatest posts), and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your majesty's long life and happy reign ; who am with all humility, may it please your majesty, &c.

* It contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burnet and his lordship concerning his last speech and paper. It is called The Journal, in the History of his own Times, vol. i. p. 562.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 30th Sept. 1683.

I need not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this.† You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will I know bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both, but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God which he hath put into our hearts interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine: but, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition———‡ of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation,

† Lord Russel her husband was executed, or rather murdered, July 21, 1683.

‡ Two or three words torn out.

not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts: I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it, but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion, and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them, this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? O! if I did stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected. For I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul from sin; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes; and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it: and when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone for whom only I grieve, I do ———* fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints, but I will release you, first fervently asking the countenance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted but very faithful servant.

* A word torn off.

## LETTER XXIX.

*From Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

31st January, 1684-5.

You pursue, good doctor, all ways of promoting comfort to my afflicted mind, and will encourage me to think the better of myself for that better temper of mind you judge you found me in, when you so kindly gave me a week of your time in London. You are highly in the right, that as quick a sense of sharpness on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, can cause, I labour under, and shall, I believe, to the end of my life, so eminently unfortunate in the close of it.

But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been; and though they are passed away no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do, dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Amongst whom my hope is my loved lord is one: and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul.

Do not press yourself, sir, too greatly in seeking my advantage, but when your papers do come, I expect and hope they will prove such. The accidents of every day tell us of what a tottering clay our bodies are made. Youth nor beauty, greatness nor wealth, can prop it up. If it could, the lady Ossory had not so early left this world; she died (as an express acquainted her father this morning) on Sunday last, of a flux and miscarrying. I heard also this day of a

kinsman that is gone; a few years ago I should have had a more concerned sense for sir Thomas Vernon,* his unfitness (as I doubt) I do lament indeed.

Thus I treat you, as I am myself, with objects of mortification. But you want none such in your solitude; and I, being unprovided of other, will leave you to your own thoughts, and ever continue, sir, your obliged servant.

My neighbours and tenants are under some distress, being questioned about accounts, and several leaves found torn out of the books, so that Kingdome and Trant offered 40,000*l.* for atonement; but having confessed two more were privy to this cutting out leaves, the king will have them discovered: till Monday they have time given them. You had given lady Julian one of those books.

## LETTER XXX.

### *Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Southampton-house, 17th July, 1685.

Never shall I, good doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labour and love; so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here, I would have it as it is, and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward: and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it; then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had: yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God, and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a

* Sir Thomas Vernon, on the jury against sir Samuel Barnardiston, knighted for his service in it, and then made foreman to convict Oates of perjury. Sir Samuel Barnardiston, 14th February 1683-4, was fined 10,000*l.* for writing some letters, in which he used these expressions (*inter alia*): "The lord Howard appears despicable in the eyes of all men.—The brave lord Russel is afresh lamented—It is generally said the earl of Essex was murdered—The plot is lost here—The duke of Monmouth said publicly, that he knew my lord Russel was as loyal a subject as any in England, and that his majesty believed the same now—The printer of the late lord Russel's speech was passed over with silence—The sham protestant plot is quite lost and confounded, &c." He was committed for his fine to the King's Bench, continued prisoner four or five years, and great waste and destruction made on his estate.

token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl; the surgeon says she will do well. I should now hasten to give them the advantage of the country air, but am detained by the warning to see my uncle Ruvigny here, who comes to me, so I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least into it; he is upon his journey.

My lady Gainsborough came to this town last night, and I doubt found neither her own daughter nor lady Jane in a good condition of health. I had carried a surgeon on the day before to let my niece blood, by Dr. Loure's direction, who could not attend by reason my lord Radnor lay in extremity, and he was last night past hopes. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold, and he fears her to be something hectic, but I hope youth will struggle and overcome: they are children whose least concerns touch me to the quick; their mother was a delicious friend; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself, yet, how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me. I must stop, for if I let my pen run on, I know not where it will end. I am, good doctor, with great faithfulness, your affectionate friend to serve you.

## LETTER XXXI.

*From Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 27th Nov. 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine I make the just allowance for: not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be, but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertaineth it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I

possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power, is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the mean time, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the Gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

If any thing I say suggest to you matter for a pious reflection, I have not hurt you but ease myself, by letting loose some of my crowded thoughts. I must not finish without telling you, I have not the book you mention of Seraphical Meditations of the bishop of Bath and Wells,* and should willingly see one here, since you design the present. I have sent you the last sheet of your papers, as the surest course; you can return it with the book. You would, sir, have been welcome to lord Bedford, who expresses himself hugely obliged to the bishop of Ely,† your friend; to whom you justly give the title of good, if the character he has very generally belongs to him. And who is good is happy; for he is only truly miserable, or wretchedly so, that has no joy here, nor hopes for any hereafter. I believe it may be near Christmas before my lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed him about it, nor how long he desires our company; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not; he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniencies be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world; and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of, sir, your obliged friend to serve you.

I am mightily in arrear; pray let me know what, and if I shall direct the paying it, or stay till I see you.

* Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, of an ascetic course of life, and yet of a very lively temper.

† Turner, bishop of Ely, sincere and good-natured, of too quick imagination, and too defective a judgment.

## LETTER XXXII.

### *Dr. Tillotson to Lady Russel.*

[From Birch's Life of Tillotson.]

Canterbury, Nov. 21, 1685.

Honoured madam,

When I look back upon the date of your ladyship's letter, I blush to see it hath lain by me so long unanswered. And yet I assure you no day passeth, in which your ladyship and your children are not in my mind. But I know not how, in the hurry I am in, in London, one business presseth so hard upon another, that I have less time for the things to which I have most inclination. I am now for a while got out of the torment and noise of that great city, and do enjoy a little more repose.

It was a great trouble to me to hear of the sad loss your dear friend sustained during his short stay in England.‡ But in some circumstances, to die is to live. And that voice from heaven runs much in my mind, which St. John heard in his vision of the last (as I think) and most extreme persecution, which should befal the faithful servants of God, before the final downfal of Ba-

‡ The death of her cousin, niece of Mons Ruvigny.

bylon, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth;" meaning, that they were happy, who were taken away before that terrible and utmost trial of the faith and patience of the saints. But however that be, I do greatly rejoice in the preservation of your children from the great danger they were in upon that occasion, and thank God heartily for it, because, whatever becomes of us, I hope they may live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prorogation of the parliament to the 10th of February, which was surprising to us. We are not without hopes, that in the mean time things will be disposed to a better agreement against the next meeting. But when all is done, our greatest comfort must be, that we are all in the hands of God, and that he hath the care of us. And do not think, madam, that he loves you the less for having put so bitter a cup into your hand. He, whom he loved infinitely best of all mankind, drank much deeper of it.

I did hope to have waited upon my lord of Bedford at my return to London; but now I doubt this prorogation will carry him into the country before that time. I entreat you to present my most humble service to his lordship, to dear little master, and the young ladies. I am not worthy the consideration you are pleased to have of me; but I pray continually for you all, and ever shall be, madam, your ladyship's most faithful and humble servant.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

15th January, 1685-6.

I presume, doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London) that you are at leisure to peruse the inclosed papers; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener if you desire it.

Yesterday the lord Delamere passed his trial, and was acquitted.* I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But, doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials, into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here; for which I hope my punishment will end with life.

The accounts from France are more and more astonishing; the perfecting the work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed it is thought; all without exception having a day given them; only these I am going to mention have found so much grace as I will tell you. The countess du Roy† is permitted with two daughters to go within fourteen

* Henry Booth, lord Delamere, tried for partaking in Monmouth's rebellion. Finch, solicitor-general, was very violent against him; but Saxon, the only positive evidence, appearing perjured, he was acquitted by his peers. He afterwards strenuously promoted the Revolution; in 1690 was created earl of Warrington; and died 1693.

† Countess du Roy, wife of Frederic Charles du Roy, knight of the Elephant, and generalissimo to the king of Denmark; his daughter, Henrietta, was the second wife of William Wentworth, earl of Strafford.

days to her husband, who is in Denmark, in that king's service; but five other of her children are put into monasteries. Mareschal Schomberg* and his wife are commanded to be prisoners in their house, in some remote part of France appointed them. My uncle and his wife are permitted to come out of France. This I was told for a truth last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another: the husband to prison, or the gallies. These are amazing providences, doctor! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers. I am too melancholy an intelligencer to be very long, so will hasten to conclude, first telling you lord Talbot† is come out of Ireland, and brought husbands for his daughters-in-law; one was married on Tuesday to a lord Roffe, the other lord is Dungan; Walgrave that married the king's daughter is made a lord.‡ The brief for the poor Protestants was not sealed on Wednesday, as was hoped it would be: the chancellor bid it be laid by when it was offered him to seal. I am very really, doctor, your affectionate friend and servant.

* Frederic de Schomberg, marshal of France, was created by king William, duke Schomberg, &c. 1689, killed at the battle of the Boyne, 1st July, 1690. He was son of count Schomberg, by lord Dudley's daughter. The count was killed, with several sons, at the battle of Prague, 1620. The duke was a man of great calmness, application, and conduct; of true judgment, exact probity, and an humble obliging temper. The persecution of the Protestants induced him to leave France and enter into king William's service. He was 82 years old at his death. His son Charles was mortally wounded at the battle of Marsiglia, 24th Sept. 1693.

† Lord Richard Talbot, afterwards earl of Tyrconnel, a papist.

‡ Henry lord Waldgrave of Chewton married the lady Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter to king James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to John Duke of Marlborough; he retired to France in 1689, and died at Paris the same year.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### *Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

22d January, 1685-6.

I have received and read your letters, good doctor. As you never fail of performing a just part to your friend, so it were pity you should not consider enough to act the same to yourself. I think you do: and all you say, that concerns your private affairs, is justly and wisely weighed; so let that rest. I acknowledge the same of the distinct paper which touches more nearly my sore; perhaps I ought to do it with some shame and confusion of face; and perhaps I do so, doctor, but my weakness is invincible, which makes me, as you phrase it, excellently possess past calamities: but he who took upon him our nature, felt our infirmities, and does pity us; and I shall receive of his fulness at the end of days, which I will silently wait for.

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague house was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it and so was satisfied without fear took a strange bed-fellow very wil

lingly, lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt in a blanket. Lady Devonshire* came towards morning and lay here; and had done so still, but for a second ill accident: Her brother, lord Arran,† who has been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared, so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset house, where the queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family: and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! O I could heartily cry out, "When will longed-for eternity come!" but our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the chancellor‡ since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language, so in that respect we may not so soon despair.§

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him and asked him if there was no mistake? He said, No. And after some other questions I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise; but, as I told you, I shall ever take lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you, I believe. My lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman, so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who shall learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber; so must break off. I am, sir, truly your faithful servant.

The young lady tells me lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Lady Russel to Lady Sunderland.*

I think I understand almost less than any body, yet I knew better things than to be weary of receiving what is so good as my lady Sunderland's letters; or not to have a due regard of what is so valuable as her esteem and kindness, with her promises to enjoy it my whole life. Truly, madam, I can find no fault but one, and that is constantly in all the favours you direct to me, an unfortunate useless creature in the world, yet your ladyship owns me as one had been of some service to you. Alas! I know I was not, but my intention was pure; I pitied your sorrow, I was hearty in wishing you

* Mary, daughter to James Butler, duke of Ormond; married to William Cavendish, earl, afterwards duke, of Devonshire.

† He died January 26, 1685-6.

‡ George lord Jefferies, baron of Wem, very inveterate against lord Russel: He was, says Burnet, scandalously vicious, drunk every day, and furiously passionate, and, when lord chief justice, he even betrayed the decencies of his post, by not affecting to appear impartial, as became a judge, and by running upon all occasions into noisy declamations. He died in the Tower, April 18, 1689.

§ Dr. afterwards bishop Beveridge, objected to the reading the brief in the cathedral of Canterbury, as contrary to the rubric. Tillotson replied, "Doctor, doctor, Charity is above rubrics."

ease, and if I had an occasion for it, I could be diligent, but no further ability; and you are very good to receive it kindly. But so unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at any thing of that kind any more. Yet I hope I have at last learned to make the will of God, when declared, the rule of my content, and to thank him for all the hard things I suffer, as the best assurances of a large share in that other blessed state; and if what is dear to us is got thither before us, the sense what they enjoy, and we in a little while shall with them, ought to support us and our friends.

## LETTER XXXVI.

### *Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 28th August, 1690.

I assure you, good doctor, I was very well pleased this evening to receive another letter from you; and much more than ordinary, because your last had some gentle hints in it, as if you thought that I had taken some offence, though you kindly again said you could not, or would not, imagine it, not being conscious of omission or commission, and indeed you have good reason for saying so; I will at any time justify you in it, and do more commend your belief, that I either had not your letters, or was not well, than I could your mistrust of me for what will never happen. But an old dated paper has convinced you, and a newer had, if I had known where to have found you; for in yours of the 5th of August you intimate that you meant (if it did not too much offend the eyes of a friend of mine that were weak) to make a stay at Windsor of ten days longer, and made no mention then whither you went. Now truly I had that letter, when I was obliged to write much to such as would congratulate my being well again, some in kindness, and some in ceremony. But so it was, that when I went to write, I found I should not know where to send it, so I deferred it till I had learnt that. I sent to Mrs. Smith, she could not tell; I bid John send to Richard at Straton to know if you were at Chilton, for I know lady Gainsborough was not there then, but now you have informed me yourself.

By report I fear poor lady Gainsborough is in new trouble, for though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow; it does not direct us to insensibility, if we could command it, but to a quiet submission to the will of God, making his ours as much as we can: indeed, doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life has been so embittered, it is now a very poor thing to me; yet I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children, and would endure hard things, to do for them till they can do for themselves; but, alas! I am apt to conclude if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of every thing, and of the folly, the vanity, the madness of man most of all.

There is a shrinking from the separation of the soul from the body, that is implanted in our natures, which enforces us to conserve life; and it is a wise providence; for who would else endure much evil, that is not taught the great advantages of patient suffering? I am heartily sorry, good doctor, that you are not exempt, which I am sure you are not, when you cannot exercise your care as formerly among your flock at Cotenham.* But I will not enlarge on this matter, nor any other at this time. That I might be certain not

* Ejected as a nonjuror.

to omit this respect to you, I have begun with it, and have many behind, to which I must hasten, but first desire you will present my most humble service to my lady; I had done myself the honour to write to her, just as I believe she was writing to me, but I will thank her yet for that favour; either trouble, or the pleasure of her son's settlement, engrosses her, I apprehend, at this time, and business I know is an attendant of the last. I am, sir, your constant friend and servant.

## LETTER XXXVII.

### *Dean Tillotson to Lady Russel.*

Edmonton, Oct. 9, 1690.

Hon. madam,

Since I had the honour of your letter, I was tempted to have troubled you with one of mine upon the sad occasion of your late great loss of two so near relations, and so near together.* But I considered, why should I pretend to be able either to instruct or comfort my lady Russel, who hath borne things much more grievous with so exemplary a meekness and submission to the will of God, and knows, as well as I can tell her, that there is no remedy in these cases but patience, nor any comfort but in the hopes of the happy meeting of our deceased friends in a better life, in which sorrow and tears shall have no more place to all eternity!

And now I crave leave to impart something of my own trouble to your ladyship. On Sunday last the king commanded me to wait upon him the next morning at Kensington. I did so, and met with what I feared. His majesty renewed his former gracious offer, in so pressing a manner, and with so much kindness, that I hardly knew how to resist it. I made the best acknowledgments I could of his undeserved grace and favour to me, and begged of him to consider all the consequences of this matter, being well assured, that all that storm which was raised in convocation the last year by those who will be the Church of England was upon my account, and that the bishop of L——— was at the bottom of it, out of a jealousy that I might be a hindrance to him in attaining what he desires, and what, I call God to witness, I would not have. And I told his majesty, that I was still afraid that his kindness to me would be greatly to his prejudice, especially if he carried it so far as he was then pleased to speak. For I plainly saw they could not bear it; and that the effects of envy and ill-will towards me would terminate upon him. To which he replied, that if the thing were once done, and they saw no remedy, they would give over, and think of making the best of it; and therefore he must desire me to think seriously of it; with other expressions not fit for me to repeat. To all which I answered, that in obedience to his majesty's commands I would consider of it again, though I was afraid I had already thought more of it than had done me good, and must break through one of the greatest resolutions of my life, and sacrifice at once all the ease and contentment of it; which yet I would force myself to do, were I really convinced that I was in any measure capable of doing his majesty and the public that service which he was pleased to think I was. He smiled and said, "You talk of trouble; I believe you will have much more ease in it than in the condition in which you now are." Thinking not fit to say more, I humbly took leave.

And now, madam, what shall I do? My thoughts were never at such a

* The death of her sister, the countess of Montague, and of her nephew, Wriothesley Baptist, earl of Gainsborough.

plunge. I know not how to bring my mind to it; and, on the other hand, though the comparison is very unequal, when I remember how I saw the king affected in the case of my lord Shrewsbury,* I find myself in great strait, and would not for all the world give him the like trouble. I pray God to direct me to that which he sees and knows to be best, for I know not what to do. I hope I shall have your prayers, and would be glad of your advice, if the king would spare me so long. I pray God to preserve you and yours. I am, honoured madam, &c.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

### *Lady Russel to the Dean of St. Paul's.*

About the middle of October, 1690.

Your letters will never trouble me, Mr. Dean; on the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, over-burdened mind, which, both by nature and by accident, is made so weak that I cannot bear, with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt; I can say, Friends and acquaintances thou hast hid out of my sight; but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had begun their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God retires in his grace; I trust these were so; and then no age can be amiss; to the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer is all we know that we can do towards our own relief in our distress, or to disarm God's anger, either in our public and private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage, vicissitudes of all sorts is every one's lot. And this leads me to your case, sir.

The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice that submission* you have so powerfully both tried yourself, and instructed others to. I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it: I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since, if the king guesses right, you toil more now. But this work is of your own choosing, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it. Had this even proceeded to a vow, it is, I think, like the virgins of old, to be dissolved by the father of your country. Again, though contemplation, and a few friends well chosen, would be your grateful choice, yet, if charity, obedience, and necessity, call you into the great world, and where enemies compass round about, must not you accept it? And each of these, in my mean apprehension, determines you to do it. In short, it will be a noble sacrifice you will make; and I am confident you will find as a reward, kind and tender supports, if you do take the burthen upon you: there is, as it were, a commanding Providence in the manner of it. Perhaps I do as sincerely wish your thoughts at ease as any friend you have, but I think you may purchase that too dear; and if you should come to think so too, they would then be as restless as before.

Sir, I believe you would be as much a common good as you can: consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not

* When the earl resigned the post of secretary of state, about 1690; to divert him from which, dean Tillotson had been sent to his lordship by the king.

* Submission alludes to Tillotson's letter to lord Russel against resistance:—a shrewd hint of the dean's endeavours to persuade lord Russel to submit to the doctrine of passive obedience.

turn this matter too much in your head; when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it. Be not stiff, if it be still urged to you. Conform to the Divine Will, which has set it so strongly into the other's mind, and be content to endure; it is God calls you to it. I believe it was wisely said, that when there is no remedy they will give over, and make the best of it, and so I hope no ill will terminate on the king: and they will lay up their arrows, when they perceive they are shot in vain at him or you, upon whom no reflection that I can think of can be made that is ingenious; and what is pure malice you are above being affected with.

I wish, for many reasons, my prayers were more worthy; but such as they are, I offer them with a sincere zeal to the Throne of Grace for you, in this strait, that you may be led out of it, as shall best serve the great ends and designs of God's glory.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*Lady Russel to* ——— (*supposed the Bishop of Salisbury.*)

16th October, 1690.

I have, my lord, so upright an heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have had no doubt, but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has left me, does join with me to lament my late losses: the one was a just, sincere man, and the only son of a sister and a friend I loved with too much passion; the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly.

It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those who knew her. But after above forty years acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present embittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that: my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks as surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed peaceful home to all ages, to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old: but methinks it is a violence upon nature.

A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts. Yet I hope I master all murmurings: if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no

more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied, that whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done and shall do will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle: but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially your, &c.

## LETTER XL.

### *Lady Russel to Lord Cavendish.*

29th October, 1690.

Though I know my letters do lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons both very near and dear to me had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses, and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way; and that an happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it. Your, &c.

## LETTER XLI.

### *Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.*

June 23, 1691.*

Honoured madam,

I received your ladyship's letter, together with that to Mr. Fox, which I shall return to him on Wednesday morning, when I have desired Mr. Kemp to send him to me.

I entreat you to give my very humble service to my lord of Bedford, and to let his lordship know how far I have been concerned in this affair. I had notice first from Mr. Attorney general and Mr. Solicitor, and then from my lord ———, that several persons, upon the account of publishing and dispersing several libels against me, were secured in order to prosecution. Upon which I went to wait upon them severally, and earnestly desired of them that nobody might be punished upon my account: that this was not the first time I had experience of this kind of malice, which, how unpleasant soever to me, I thought it the wisest way to neglect, and the best to forgive it.† None of them said any

* From his draught in short-hand.

† Upon a bundle of libels found among his papers after his death he put no other inscription than this; "These are libels; I pray God forgive the authors: I do."

thing to me of my lord Russel, nor did it ever come into my thought to hinder any prosecution upon his account, whose reputation, I can truly say, is much dearer to me than mine own; and I was much more troubled at the barbarous usage done to his memory, and especially since they have aggravated it by dispersing more copies; and, as I find by the letter to Mr. Fox, are supported in their insolence by a strong combination, I cannot but think it very fit for my lord Bedford to bring them to condign punishment.

Twice last week I had my pen in my hand to have provoked you to a letter; and that I might once in my life have been beforehand with you in this way of kindness. I was both times hindered by the breaking in of company upon me. The errand of it would have been to have told you, that whether it be from stupidity, or from a present astonishment at the danger of my condition, or from some other cause, I find, that I bear the burden I dreaded so much a good deal better than I could have hoped. David's acknowledgment to God runs in my mind, "Who am I, O Lord God, or what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto; and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God."* I hope that the same providence of God which hath once overruled me in this thing will some way or other turn it to good.

The queen's extraordinary favour to me, to a degree much beyond my expectation, is no small support to me; and I flatter myself with hopes, that my friends will continue their kindness to me; especially that the best friend I ever had will not be the less so to me now that I need friends most.

I pray to God continually to preserve you and yours, and particularly at this time to give my lady Cavendish a happy meeting with her lord, and to grant them both a long and happy life together. I am, madam, your most faithful and humble servant.

* 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

## LETTER XLII.

*Lady Russel to* ——— (*supposed Archbishop Tillotson.*)

24th July, 1691.

In wants and distresses of all kinds, one naturally flies to a sure friend, if one is blessed with any such. This is the reason of the present address to you, which is burthened with this request, if you think it fit, to give the enclosed to the queen. My letter is a petition to her majesty, to bestow upon a gentleman a place, that is now fallen by the death of Mr. Herbert; it is auditor of Wales, value about 400*l.* a year. He is, if I do not extremely mistake, fit for it, and worthy of it; he is knight of the shire for Carmarthenshire; it would please me on several accounts, if I obtain it. Now every thing is so soon chopt upon and gone, that a slow way would defeat me, if nothing else does; and that I fear from lord Devonshire if he was in town; besides, I should not so distinctly know the queen's answer, and my success, as I shall I know do by your means, if you have no scruple to deliver my letter; if you have, pray use me as I do you, and in the integrity of your heart tell me so. I could send it to lady Darby; it is only the certainty of some answer makes me pitch as I do. Nay perhaps it were more proper to send it to the queen's secretary; but I am not versed in the court ways, it is so lately since I have loved them. Therefore be free, and do as you think most fit.

I intend not to detain you long; but the many public and signal mercies we have of late received are so reviving, notwithstanding the black and dismal scenes which are constantly before me, and particularly on these sad months, I must feel the compassions of a wise and good God, to these late sinking nations, and to the Protestant interest all the world over, and all good people also. I raise my spirits all I can, and labour to rejoice in the prospect of more happy days, for the time to come, than some ages have been blessed with. The goodness of those instruments God has called forth to work this great work by, swells one's hopes.

## LETTER XLIII.

*Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

July 21st, 1692.

I will but say very little for myself, why you are so long without hearing from me, yet I could say much to my justification, but am more willing to come to the more touching and serious part of your last letter: not but I should be very sorry indeed, if I suspected you had a thought I were unworthy towards you; I dare say you raise none upon appearances, and other reasons you shall never have. In short, my daughter Cavendish being ill, carried me twice a day to Arlington House, where I stayed till twelve and one o'clock at night, and much business, being near leaving London, and my eyes serving me no longer by candle-light, which, perhaps, was the biggest let of all, and hindered my doing what I desired and ought to do.

But to come to the purpose of yours, which I received the 13th of this lamentable month, the very day of that hard sentence pronounced against my dear friend and husband: it was the fast day, and so I had the opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleases me best. What shall I say, doctor? That I do live by your rules? No: I should lie. I bless God it has long been my purpose, with some endeavour, through mercy to do it. I hope I may conclude I grieve without sinning; yet I cannot attain to that love of God and submission to all his providences that I can rejoice in: however, I bless him for his infinite mercy, in a support that is not wrought from the world (though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left): and I hope chiefly he has enabled me to rejoice in him as my everlasting portion, and in the assured hope of good things in the other world.

Good doctor, we are travelling the same way, and hope through mercy to meet at the same happy end of all our labours here, in an eternal rest; and it is of great advantage to that attainment, communicating pious thoughts to each other: nothing on this side heaven goes so near it; and being where God is, it is heaven. If he be in our hearts there will be peace and satisfaction, when one recollects the happiness of such a state (which, if my heart deceives me not, I hope is mine); and I will try to experience more and more that blessed promise, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you ease." This day, and this subject, induces me to be very long, and might to another be too tedious; but I know it is not so to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who uses to feast in the house of mourning. However, my time to open my chamber door is near; and I take some care not to affect in these retirements. In all circumstances I remain, sir, your constantly obliged friend and servant.

## LETTER XLIV.

### *Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.*

Lambeth House, August 26th, 1693.

Madam,

Though nobody rejoices more than myself in the happiness of your ladyship and your children, yet in the hurry in which you must needs have been, I could not think it fit for to give you the disturbance so much as of a letter, which otherwise had, both in friendship and good manners, been due upon this great occasion. But now that busy time is in a good measure over, I cannot forbear after so many as, I am sure, have been before me, to congratulate with your ladyship this happy match of your daughter; for so I heartily pray it may prove, and have great reason to believe it will, because I cannot but look upon it as part of the comfort and reward of your patience and submission to the will of God, under that sorest and most heavy affliction that could have befallen you; and when God sends and intends a blessing, it shall have no sorrow or evil with it.

I entreat my lord Ross and his lady to accept of my humble service, and my hearty wishes of great and lasting happiness.

My poor wife is at present very ill, which goes very near me: and having said this, I know we shall have your prayers. I entreat you to give my humble service to my lord of Bedford, and my lord of Cavendish and his lady. I could upon several accounts be melancholy, but I will not upon so joyful an occasion. I pray God to preserve and bless your ladyship, and all the good family at Woborne, and to make us all concerned to prepare ourselves with the greatest care for a better life. I am, with all true respect and esteem, madam, your ladyship s most faithful and most humble servant.

## LETTER XLV.

### *Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.*

Lambeth House, October 13th, 1693.

I have forborne, madam, hitherto, even to acknowledge the receipt of your ladyship's letter, and your kind concernment for mine and my wife's health, because I saw how unmerciful you were to your eyes in your last letter to me: so that I should certainly have repented the provocation I gave you to it by mine, had not so great and good an occasion made it necessary.

I had intended this morning to have sent Mr. Vernon to Woborne, to have inquired of your ladyship's health, having but newly heard, that since your return from Belvoir, a dangerous fever had seized upon you. But yesterday morning, at council, I happily met with Mr. Russel, who, to my great joy, told me that he hoped that danger was over; for which I thank God with all my heart, because I did not know how fatal the event might be, after the care and hurry you had been in, and in so sickly a season.

The king's return is now only hindered by contrary winds. I pray God to send him safe to us, and to direct him what to do when he is come. I was never so much at my wit's end concerning the public. God only can bring us out of the labyrinth we are in, and I trust he will.

My wife gives her most humble service and thanks to you for your concernment for her, and does rejoice equally with me for the good news of your recovery.

Never since I knew the world had I so much reason to value my friends.

In the condition I now am I can have no new ones, or, if I could, I can have no assurance that they are so. I could not at a distance believe that the upper end of the world was so hollow as I find it. I except a very few, of whom I can believe no ill till I plainly see it.

I have ever earnestly coveted your letters; but now I do as earnestly beg of you to spare them for my sake, as well as your own. With my very humble service to my good lord of Bedford, and to all yours, and my hearty prayers to God for you all, I remain, madam, your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant.*

## LETTER XLVI.

### *The Bishop of Salisbury to Lady Russel.*

Salisbury, 31st October, 1696.

I do heartily congratulate with your ladyship for this new blessing. God has now heard your prayers with relation to two of your children, which is a good earnest that he will hear them in due time with relation to the third. You begin to see your children's children, God grant you may likewise see peace upon Israel. And now that God hath so built up your house, I hope you will set yourself to build a house of prayer for the honour of his name.

You have passed through very different scenes of life. God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers twice a day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three branches that has been in England in our age, so that it may in every one of these answer those blessings by an exemplary holiness, and that both you and they may be public blessings to the age and nation.

I do not think of coming up yet this fortnight, if I am not called for.† I humbly thank your ladyship for giving me this early notice of so great a blessing to you. I hope it shall soon be completed by my lady Ross's full recovery. Mrs. Burnet is very sensible of the honour your ladyship does her in thinking of her, and does particularly rejoice in God's goodness to you. I am, with the highest sense of gratitude and respect possible, madam, your ladyship's most humble, most obedient, and most obliged servant.

## LETTER XLVII.

### *Lady Russel to King William.*

Sir,

I rather choose to trouble your ma-

* The archbishop's correspondence with lady Russel had been interrupted on her part for many months, by the disorder in her eyes increasing to such a degree, that she was obliged, on the 27th of June, 1694, to submit to the operation of couching. Upon this occasion his grace drew up a prayer two days after, in which he touched upon the death of her husband, "whom the holy and righteous Providence," says he, "permitted [under a colour of law and justice] to be [unjustly] cut off from the land of the living." But over the words between the brackets, after the first writing, he drew a line, as intending to erase them, probably from a reflection that they might be too strong, or less suitable to a prayer. June 28th he wrote to the bishop of Salisbury, "I cannot forbear to tell you, that my lady Russel's eye was couched yesterday morning with very good success; God be praised for it."

† The marquis of Halifax said of bishop Burnet, "He makes many enemies, by setting an ill natured example of living, which they are not inclined to follow. His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty, his degrading himself into the lowest and most painful duties of his calling, are such unprelatical qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a Dissenter. Virtues of such a stamp are so many heresies in the opinion of those divines who have softened the primitive injunctions, so as to make them suit better with the present frailty of mankind. No wonder then if they are angry, since it is in their own defence; or that, from a principle of self-preservation, they should endeavour to suppress a man whose parts are a shame, and whose life is a scandal to them." Both he and Tillotson, as well as many other Christian bishops, were averse to pluralities and non-residence.

jesty with a letter, than be wanting in my duty, in the most submissive manner imaginable, to acknowledge the honour and favour I am told your majesty designs for lord Rutland and his family, in which I am so much interested.

It is an act of great goodness, sir, in you; and the generous manner you have been pleased to promise it in, makes the honour, if possible, greater. As you will lay an eternal obligation on that family, be pleased to allow me to answer for all those I am related to; they will look on themselves equally honoured with lord Rutland, by your favour to his family, and I am sure will express their acknowledgments to your majesty in the most dutiful manner, to the best of their services; in which I earnestly desire my son Bedford may exceed, as he has been first and early honoured with the marks of your favour. And I hope I may live to see your majesty has bestowed one more upon him, who appears to me to have no other ambition, except what he prefers above all others, making himself acceptable to your majesty, and living in your good opinion.

I presume to say, I believe there is no fault in his intentions of duty towards your majesty, nor I trust ever will be: and that as his years increase, his performances will better declare the faithfulness of his mind, which will hugely enlarge the comforts of your majesty's most humble, most dutiful, and most obedient servant.

N. B. *Lady Russel's endorsement on the foregoing letter is in these words:*

To the King, 1701-2, about first of March, and found in his pocket when dead.

## LETTER XLVIII.

### *Lady Russel to (Rouvigny) Earl of Galway.**

June, 1711.

Alas! my dear lord Galway, my thoughts are all yet disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.

I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure with time relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the Goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then, with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me and my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctancy to leave this world, patient and

* Lady Russel's only son Wriothesley, duke of Bedford, died of the small-pox in May, 1711, in the 31st year of his age, upon which occasion this letter was written. To this affliction succeeded, in November, 1711, the loss of her daughter the duchess of Rutland, who died in childbed. Lady Russel, after seeing her in the coffin, went to her other daughter, married to the duke of Devonshire, from whom it was necessary to conceal her grief, she being at that time in childbed likewise; therefore she assumed a cheerful air, and with astonishing resolution, agreeable to truth, answered her anxious daughter's inquiries with these words; "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but, loth to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers, I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman.

## LETTER XLIX.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

London, Sept. 20th, 1692.

Sir,

There being nothing that I think of so much value as the acquaintance and friendship of knowing and worthy men, you may easily guess how much I find myself obliged, I will not say by the offer of it, but by the gift you have made me of yours. That which confirms me in the assurance of it, is the little pretence I have to it. For, knowing myself as I do, I cannot think so vainly of myself, as to imagine that you should make such overtures and expressions of kindness to me for any other end, but merely as the pledges and exercise of it. I return you therefore my thanks, as for the greatest and most acceptable present you could have made me; and desire you to believe, that since I cannot hope that the returns which I made you of mine should be of any great use to you, I shall endeavour to make it up as well as I can, with an high esteem and perfect sincerity. You must therefore expect to have me live with you hereafter, with all the liberty and assurance of a settled friendship. For meeting with but few men in the world whose acquaintance I find much reason to covet, I make more than ordinary haste into the familiarity of a rational inquirer after, and lover of truth, whenever I can light on any such. There are beauties of the mind, as well as of the body, that take and prevail at first sight; and wherever I have met with this, I have readily surrendered myself, and have never yet been deceived in my expectation. Wonder not, therefore, if, having been thus wrought on, I begin to converse with you with as much freedom as if we had begun our acquaintance when you were in Holland; and desire your advice and assistance about a second edition of my Essay, the former being now dispersed. You have, I perceive, read it over so carefully, more than once, that I know nobody I can more reasonably consult about the mistakes and defects of it. And I expect a great deal more from any objections you should make, who comprehend the whole design and compass of it, than from one who has read but a part of it, or measures it, upon a slight reading, by his own prejudices. You will find, by my epistle to the reader, that I was not insensible of the fault I committed by being too long upon some points, and the repetitions that by my way of writing of it, had got in, I let it pass with, but not without advice so to do. But now that my notions are got into the world, and have in some measure bustled through the opposition and difficulty they were like to meet with from the received opinion, and that prepossession which might hinder them from being understood upon a short proposal; I ask you whether it would not be better now to pare off, in a second edition, a great part of that which cannot but appear superfluous to an intelligent and attentive reader. If you are of that mind, I shall beg the favour of you to mark to me those passages which you would think fittest to be left out. If there be any thing wherein you think me mistaken, I beg you to deal freely with me, that either I may clear it up to you, or reform it in the next edition. For I flatter myself that I am so sin-

cere a lover of truth, that it is very indifferent to me, so I am possessed of it, whether it be my own or any other's discovery. For I count any parcel of this gold not the less to be valued, nor not the less enriching, because I wrought it not out of the mine myself. I think every one ought to contribute to the common stock, and to have no other scruple or shyness about the receiving of truth, but that he be not imposed on, and take counterfeit, and what will not bear the touch, for genuine and real truth. I doubt not, but to one of your largeness of thought, that in the reading of my book you miss several things, that perhaps belong to my subject, and you would think belongs to the system: if in this part too you will communicate your thoughts, you will do me a favour. For though I will not so flatter myself, as to undertake to fill up the gaps which you may observe in it; yet it may be of use, where mine is at a stand, to suggest to others matter of farther contemplation. This I often find, that what men by thinking have made clear to themselves, they are apt to think that upon the first suggestion it should be so to others, and so let it go not sufficiently explained; not considering what may be very clear to themselves, may be very obscure to others. Your penetration and quickness hinders me from expecting from you many complaints of this kind. But if you have met with any thing, in your reading of my book, which at first sight you stuck at, I shall think it a sufficient reason, in the next edition, to amend it for the benefit of meaner readers.

The remarks of that learned gentleman you mention, which you say you have in your hands, I shall receive as a favour from you.

Though by the view I had of moral ideas, whilst I was considering that subject, I thought I saw that morality might be demonstratively made out; yet whether I am able so to make it out, is another question. Every one could not have demonstrated what Mr. Newton's book hath shown to be demonstrable: but to show my readiness to obey your commands, I shall not decline, the first leisure I can get, to employ some thoughts that way; unless I find what I have said in my Essay shall have stirred up some abler man to prevent me, and effectually to do that service to the world.

We had here, the 8th instant, a very sensible earthquake, there being scarce an house wherein it was not by some body or other felt. We have news of it at several places from Cologn, as far as Bristol. Whether it reached you, I have not heard. If it did, I would be glad to know what was the exact time it was felt, if any body observed it. By the queen's pendulum at Kensington, which the shake stopped from going, it was two hours *post meridiem*. At Whitehall, where I observed it, it was by my watch two hours five minutes *post meridiem:* which, supposing the queen's pendulum went exact, and adding the equation of that day, will fall near the time marked by my watch, or a little later. If there could be found people that, in the whole extent of it, did by well adjusted clocks exactly observe the time, one might see whether it were all one shock, or proceeded gradually from one place to another.

I thank you for having taken Dr Sibelius into your protection. I desire you, with my service, to present my most humble thanks to your brother, for the favour of his letter; to which, though I have not time this post to return an answer, I shall not long delay my acknowledgments.

I hope you will see, by the freedom I have here taken with you, that I begin to reckon myself amongst your acquaintance. Use me so, I beseech you. If there be any service I can

do you here, employ me, with an assurance that I am, sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

## LETTER L.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

London, 28th March, 1693.

Sir,

Your silence had spared me a great deal of fear and uneasiness, by concealing from me your sickness till it was well over, is abundantly made amends for, by the joy it brings me in the news of your recovery. You have given me those marks of your kindness to me, that you will not think it strange that I count you amongst my friends; and with those desiring to live with the ease and freedom of a perfect confidence, I never accuse them to myself of neglect or coldness when I fail to hear from them so soon as I expected or desired; though had I known you so well before as I do now, since your last letter, I should not have avoided being in pain upon account of your health.

I cannot at all doubt the sincerity of any thing you say to me; but yet give me leave to think, that it is an excess of kindness alone could excuse it from looking like compliment. But I am convinced you love your friends extremely, where you have made choice of them, and then believe you can never think nor speak too well of them. I know not whether it belongs to a man who gets once in print, to read in his book that it is perfect, and that the author is infallible. Had I had such an opinion of my own sufficiency before I writ, my Essay would have brought me to another, and given me such a sight of the weakness of my understanding, that I could not fail to suspect myself of error and mistake in many things I had writ, and to desire all the light I could get from others to set me right. I have found you one of the likeliest to afford it me; your clearness and candour gave me the confidence to ask your judgment; and I take it for no small assurance of your friendship that you have given it me, and have condescended to advise me of the printer's faults, which gives me hopes you have not concealed any you have observed in the work itself. The marginal summaries you desire of the paragraphs, I shall take care to have added, were it only for your sake; but I think too it will make the book the more useful.

That request of yours you press so earnestly upon me, makes me bemoan the distance you are from me, which deprives me of the assistance I might have from your opinion and judgment, before I ventured any thing into the public. It is so hard to find impartial freedom in one's friends, or an unbiassed judgment any where, that amongst all the helps of conversation and acquaintance, I know none more wanted, nor more useful, than speaking freely and candidly one's opinion upon the thoughts and compositions of another intended for the press. Experience has taught me that you are a friend of this rank, and therefore I cannot but heartily wish that a sea between us did not hinder me from the advantage of this good office. Had you been within reach, I should have begged your severe examination of what is now gone to the printer at your instance; I had rather I could have said upon your perusal, and with your correction. I am not, in my nature, a lover of novelty nor contradiction; but my notions in this Treatise have run me so far out of the common road and practice, that I could have been glad to have had them allowed by so sober a judgment as yours, or stopped, if they had appeared impracticable or extravagant,

from going any farther. That which your brother tells you on this occasion, is not wholly beside the matter. The main of what I now publish, is but what was contained in several letters to a friend of mine, the greatest part whereof were writ out of Holland. How your brother came to know of it I have clearly forgot, and do not remember that ever I communicated it to any body there. These letters, or at least some of them, have been seen by some of my acquaintance here, who would needs persuade me it would be of use to publish them: your impatience to see them has not, I assure you, slackened my hand, or kept me in suspense; and I wish now they were out, that you might the sooner see them, and I the sooner have your opinion of them. I know not yet whether I shall set my name to this discourse, and therefore shall desire you to conceal it. You see I make you my confessor, for you have made yourself my friend.

## LETTER LI.

### *Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.*

Dublin, April 18th, 1693.

Sir,

I have lately received farther testimonies of your kindness and friendship to me in your last of March 28th, which brings withal the welcome news of your having committed your work Of Education to the press; than which I know not any thing that I ever expected with a more earnest desire. What my brother told me relating to that treatise, he had from yourself in Holland; but, perhaps, you might have forgot what passed between you on that occasion. I perceive you fear the novelty of some notions therein may seem extravagant; but, if I may venture to judge of the author, I fear no such thing from him. I doubt not but the work will be new and peculiar, as his other performances; and this it is that renders them estimable and pleasant. He that travels the beaten roads, may chance indeed to have company; but he that takes his liberty, and manages it with judgment, is the man that makes useful discoveries, and most beneficial to those that follow him. Had Columbus never ventured farther than his predecessors, we had yet been ignorant of a vast part of our earth, preferable (as some say) to all the other three. And if none may be allowed to try the ocean of philosophy farther than our ancestors, we shall have but little advancements or discoveries made in the *mundus intellectualis*;* wherein, I believe, there is much more unknown than what we have yet found out.

## LETTER LII.

### *Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.*

Dublin, August 12th, 1693.

Sir,

Yours of July 15th came to my hands about a fortnight since; and I had, ere this, acknowledged the favour thereof, but that I waited the arrival of your much desired piece, Of Education, which came not to me till about three days ago. I immediately set myself to read it, as all things from its author, with the utmost attention; and I find it answerable to the highest expectations I had of it. And since, with your usual modesty, you are pleased to require my thoughts more particularly concerning it, I shall, with all freedom, but at the same time with all deference, propose them to you, not doubting of your favourable interpretation and pardon, where you see it

* The intellectual world.

needful. And first, in general, I think you propose nothing in your whole book but what is very reasonable, and very practicable, except only in one particular, which seems to bear hard on the tender spirits of children, and the natural affections of parents: it is pages 117, 118, where you advise, "That a child should never be suffered to have what he craves, or so much as he speaks for, much less if he cries for it." I acknowledge what you say in explaining this rule, sect. 101. in relation to natural wants, especially that of hunger, may be well enough allowed; but in sect. 102. where you come to apply it to wants of fancy and affectation, you seem too strict and severe. You say indeed, "This will teach them to stifle their desires, and to practise modesty and temperance:" but for teaching these virtues, I conceive we shall have occasions enough in relation to their hurtful desires, without abridging them so wholly in matters indifferent and innocent, that tend only to divert and please their busy spirits. You allow indeed, "That it would be inhumanity to deny them those things one perceives would delight them:" if so, I see no reason why, in a modest way, and with submission to the wills of their superiors, they may not be allowed to declare what will delight them. No, say you; "But in all wants of fancy and affectation, they should never, if once declared, be hearkened to or complied with." This I can never agree to, it being to deny that liberty between a child and its parents, as we desire, and have granted us, between man and his Creator. And as in this case man is allowed to declare his wants, and with submission to recommend his requests to God; so I think children may be allowed, by their parents or governors. And as between the creature and the Creator all manner of repining, upon denial or disappointment, is forbidden; so in the case of children, all frowardness or discontent, upon a refusal, is severely to be reprimanded. But thus far I agree with you in the whole, "That whether it be in wants natural or fanciful, that they express their desires in a froward humoursome manner, there they should be surely denied them." A farther reason for my allowing children a liberty of expressing their innocent desires is, that the contrary is impracticable; and you must have the children almost moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else you must have those about them study nothing all day but how to find employment for them: and how this would rack the invention of any man alive, I leave you to judge. And besides, were it an easy task for any adult person to study the fancy, the unaccountable fancy, and diversion of children, the whole year round; yet it would not prove delightful to a child, being not his own choice. But this, you will say, is what you would have imprinted on them, "That they are not to choose for themselves;" but why not in harmless things, and plays or sports, I see no reason. In all things of moment, let them live by the conduct of others wiser than themselves.

This, sir, is all, that in your whole book I stick at; to all the rest I could subscribe. And I am not a little pleased, when I consider that my own management of my only little one has hitherto been agreeable, in the main, to your rules, save only in what relates to his hardy breeding; which I was cautious in, because he is come from a tender and sickly mother; but the child himself is hitherto (God be thanked) very healthful, though not very strong.

The rules you give for the correcting of children, and implanting in their minds an early sense of praise or dispraise, of repute and dishonour are certainly very just.

The contrivances you propose for teaching them to read and write, are very ingenious. And because I have practised one much of the same nature, I will venture to describe it. "It is by writing syllables and words in print-hand, on the face of a pack of cards, with figures or ciphers adjoined to each word; by which I can form twenty several sorts of games, that shall teach children both to read and count at the same time; and this with great variety." One thing more I shall venture to add to what you direct concerning writing; that is, I will have my son taught short-hand; I do not mean to that perfection as to copy a speech from the mouth of a ready speaker, but to be able to write it readily for his own private business. Believe me, sir, it is as useful a knack as a man of business, or any scholar, can be master of; and I have found the want of it myself, and seen the advantage of it in others frequently.

You are certainly in the right of it, relating to the manner of acquiring languages, French, Latin, &c. and in what you lay down concerning grammar-schools, themes, verses, and other learning. But above all, what you direct in every particular, for the forming of children's minds, and giving them an early turn to morality, virtue, religion, &c. is most excellent.

And I can only say in general, that I can give no better proof of my liking your book in all these precepts, than by a strict observance of them in the education of my own son, which I shall pursue (God willing) as exactly as I can. One thing I fear I shall be at a loss in, that is, a tutor agreeable to the character you prescribe. But in this, neither shall my endeavours be wanting, though I leave him the worse estate, to leave him the better mind.

I could heartily have wished you had been more particular in naming the authors you would advise gentlemen to read, and be conversant in, in the several parts of learning you recommend to their study. Had you done this, I know no logic that deserves to be named, but the Essay of Human Understanding. So that I fear you would rather have left that head open, than recommend your own work.

The last thing I shall take notice of, is what mightily pleases me, it being the very thought of my own mind these many years; which is, your "recommending a manual trade to all gentlemen." This I have ever been for, and have wondered how it comes to pass that it is so generally neglected; but the lazy effeminate luxuriousness, that over-runs the nation, occasions the neglect thereof. Painting I have ever designed for my son; but you have raised two objections against it, that are not easily answered; especially its taking up so much time to attain a mastery in it.

I have now given you my opinion of your book, and now I am obliged to thank you for sending me a present which I so highly value.

## LETTER LIII.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

Oates, 23d August, 1693.

Sir,

Yours of August 12th, which I received last night, eased me of a great deal of pain your silence had for some time put me in; for you must allow me to be concerned for your health as for a friend that I could not think in danger, or a disease, without a concern and trouble, suitable to that great esteem and love I have for you. But you have made me amends plentifully, by the length and kindness, and let me add too, the freedom of your letter. For the ap-

probation you so largely give to my book is the more welcome to me, and gives me the better opinion of my method, because it has joined with it your exception to one rule of it; which I am apt to think you yourself, upon second thoughts, will have removed, before I say any thing to your objections. It confirms to me that you are the good-natured man I took you for; and I do not at all wonder that the affection of a kind father should startle at it, at first reading, and think it very severe, that children should not be suffered to express their desires; for so you seem to understand me. And such a restraint, you fear, would be apt to mope them and hinder their diversion. But if you please to look upon the place, and observe my drift, you will find that they should not be indulged, or complied with in any thing their conceits have made a want to them, as necessary to be supplied. What you say, That children would be moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else we must have those about them study nothing all day but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man living, you leave me to judge; seems to intimate as if you understood that children should do nothing but by the prescription of their parents or tutors, chalking out each action of the whole day in train to them. I hope my words express no such thing, for it is quite contrary to my sense, and I think would be useless tyranny in their governors, and certain ruin to the children. I am so much for recreation, that I would, as much as possible, have all they do be made so. I think recreation as necessary to them as their food, and that nothing can be recreation which does not delight. This, I think, I have so expressed; and when you have put that together, judge, whether I would not have them have the greatest part of their time left to them without restraint, to divert themselves any way they think best, so it be free from vicious actions, or such as may introduce vicious habits. And therefore, if they should ask to play, it could be no more interpreted a want of fancy, than if they asked for victuals when hungry; though where the matter is well ordered, they will never need to do that: for when they have either done what their governor thinks enough in any application to what is usually made their business, or are perceived to be tired with it, they should of course be dismissed to their innocent diversions, without ever being put to ask for it. So that I am for the full liberty of diversion as much as you can be; and upon a second perusal of my book, I do not doubt but you will find me so. But being allowed that, as one of their natural wants, they should not yet be permitted to let loose their desires or importunities for what they fancy. Children are very apt to covet what they see those above them in age have or do, to have or do the like, especially if it be their elder brothers and sisters. Does one go abroad? the other strait has a mind to do it too. Has such an one new or fine clothes, or play-things? they, if you once allow it them, will be impatient for the like, and think themselves ill dealt with, if they have it not. This being indulged when they are little, grows up with their age, and with that enlarges itself to things of greater consequence, and has ruined more families in the world than one. This should be suppressed in its very first rise; and the desires you would not have encouraged, you should not permit to be spoken, which is the best way for them to silence them to themselves. Children should by constant use learn to be very modest in owning their desires, and careful not to ask any thing of their parents, but what

they have reason to think their parents will approve of; and a reprimand upon their ill bearing a refusal comes too late when the fault is committed and allowed; and if you allow them to ask, you can scarce think it strange they should be troubled to be denied: so that you suffer them to engage themselves in the disorder, and think then the fittest time for a cure, and, I think, the surest and easiest way is prevention. For we must take the same nature to be in children, that is in grown men; and how often do we find men take ill to be denied what they would not have been concerned for, if they had not asked? But I shall not enlarge any farther in this, believing you and I shall agree in the matter; and indeed it is very hard, and almost impossible, to give general rules of education, when there is scarce any one child, which in some cases should not be treated differently from another. All that we can do in general, is only to show what parents and tutors should aim at, and leave to them the ordering of particular circumstances, as the case shall require.

One thing give me leave to be importunate with you about; you say your son is not very strong; to make him strong, you must use him hardily, as I have directed; but you must be sure to do it by very insensible degrees, and begin an hardship you would bring him to only in the Spring. This is all the caution needs be used. I have an example of it in the house I live in, where the only son of a very tender mother was almost destroyed by a too tender keeping. He is now, by a contrary usage, come to bear wind and weather, and wet in his feet: and the cough, which threatened him under that warm and cautious management, has left him, and is now no longer his parents' constant apprehension, as it was.

I am of your mind as to short-hand: I myself learned it since I was a man, but had forgot to put it in when I writ; as I have, I doubt not, overseen a thousand other things, which might have been said on this subject. But it was only at first a short scheme for a friend, and is published to excite others to treat it more fully.

I know not whether it would be useful to make a catalogue of authors to be read by a young man, or whether it could be done unless one knew the child's temper, and what he was designed to.

## LETTER LIV.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

Oates, 28th March, 1695.

Dear sir,

You will, I fear, think me frozen up with this long winter, or else with a negligence colder than that, having two very obliging letters of yours by me, the one ever since January, the other February last, I make you no answer to either, till thus far in March. The truth is, expecting ever since I received your last letter, an account from London, concerning something I had a mind to put into my letter, and after writing four times about it, being yet delayed, I can forbear no longer to return you my thanks, and to beg your pardon that I have been so slow in it. If you interpret it right, you will look upon it as the effect of a friendship got past formalities, and that has confidence enough to make bold with you, where it is without neglect of you, or prejudice to either. I was not a little rejoiced with the news you sent me, in the first of your letters, of your safe recovery of a fever Had I known it before the danger was over, that you had been ill, it would have been no small fright and pain to me; for I must assure you,

that amongst all the friends your kindness or worth has procured you, there is not any one who values you more than I do, or does more interest himself in all your concerns. This makes me, that though I have a long time extremely desired to see you, and propose to myself an infinite satisfaction in a free conversation with you; yet what you tell me, that you were coming last summer into England to make me a visit, makes me dread the satisfaction of my own wishes. And methinks I ought not to purchase one of the greatest happinesses I can propose to myself at so dear and dangerous a rate. I have received many and great obligations from you before, but they were such as, though I had no title to, I thought I might accept from one whom I love, and therefore was glad to find kind to me. But when I reflect on the length of the way, and the sea between us, the danger of the one, and the fatigue of both, and your no very robust constitution, as I imagine, I cannot consent you should venture so much for my sake. If any harm should happen to you in the journey, I could never forgive it myself, to be the occasion of so great a loss to the world and myself. And if you should come safe, the greatness of the hazard, and an obligation out of all proportion to what I either ought to receive, or was capable to return, would overwhelm me with shame, and hinder my enjoyment. And yet, if I may confess my secret thoughts, there is not any thing which I would not give that some other unavoidable occasion would draw you into England. A rational free-minded man, tied to nothing but truth, is so rare a thing, that I almost worship such a friend; but when friendship is joined to it, and these are brought into a free conversation, where they meet, and can be together, what is there can have equal charms? I cannot but exceedingly wish for that happy day when I may see a man I have so often longed to have in my embraces. But yet, though it would endear the gift to receive it from his kindness, I cannot but wish rather that fortune alone would throw him into my arms.

This cold winter has kept me so close a prisoner within doors, that, till yesterday, I have been abroad but once these three months, and that only a mile in a coach. And the inability I am in to breathe London air in cold weather, has hindered me yet from the happiness of waiting on Dr. Ashe; but I hope to get to London before he leaves it, that I may, to a person whom you have an esteem for, pay some part of the respects I owe you. I had last week the honour of a visit from an ingenious gentleman, a member of your college at Dublin, lately returned from Turkey. He told me he was a kinsman of yours; and, though his other good qualities might have made him welcome any where, he was not, you may be sure, the less welcome to me, for being known and related to you. He seems to me to have been very diligent and curious in making observations while he has been abroad, and more inquisitive than most of our people that go into those parts: and by the discourse I had with him the little time we were together, I promise myself we shall have a more exact account of those parts, in what I hope he intends to publish, than hitherto is extant. Dr. Huntingdon, who was formerly at Aleppo, and is my old acquaintance, and now my neighbour in this country, brought Mr. Smith hither with him from his house: but yet I must acknowledge the favour to you, and desire you to thank him for it, when he returns to Dublin; for the friendship he knew you had for me, was, I take it, the great inducement that made him give himself the trouble of coming six or seven miles in a dirty country.

You do so attack me on every side with your kindness to my book, to me, to my shadow, that I cannot but be ashamed I am not in a capacity to make you any other acknowledgment, but in a very full and deep sense of it. I return you my thanks for the corrections you have sent me, which I will take all the care of I can in the next edition, which my bookseller tells me he thinks will be this summer: and if any other fall under your observation, I shall desire the continuance of your favour in communicating them.

I must own to you, that I have been solicited from beyond sea to put my Essay into Latin; but you guess right, I have not the leisure to do it. It was once translated by a young man in Holland into Latin; but he was so little master of the English or Latin tongue, that when it was showed me, which he did not till he had quite done it, I satisfied him that it would be very little for his credit to publish it, and so that was laid by. Since that, my bookseller was, and had been for some time seeking for a translator, whom he would have treated with to have undertaken it, and have satisfied for his pains: but a little before the coming of your letter, he writ me word he had been disappointed, where he expected to have found one who would have done it, and was now at a loss. So that what you call a bold, is not only the kindest, but the most seasonable proposal you could have made. You understand my thoughts as well as I do myself, and can be a fit judge whether the translator has expressed them well in Latin or no, and can direct him where to omit or contract any thing, where you think I have been more large than needed. And though in this I know you intend, as you say, some good to the world, yet I cannot but take it as a very particular obligation to myself, and shall not be a little satisfied to have my book go abroad into the world with the strokes of your judicious hand to it; for, as to omitting, adding, altering, transposing any thing in it, I permit it wholly to your judgment. And if there be any thing in it defective, or which you think may be added with advantage to the design of the whole work, if you will let me know, I shall endeavour to supply that defect the best I can. The chapter of Identity and Diversity, which owes its birth wholly to your putting me upon it, will be an encouragement to you to lay any the like commands upon me. I have had some thoughts myself, that it would not be possibly amiss to add, in *lib.* iv. *cap.* 18. something about Enthusiasm, or to make a chapter of it by itself. If you are of the same mind, and that it will not be foreign to the business of my Essay, I promise you, before the translator you shall employ shall be got so far, I will send you my thoughts on that subject, so that it may be put into the Latin edition. I have also examined P. Malebranche's opinion, concerning "Seeing all things in God," and to my own satisfaction laid open the vanity, inconsistency, and unintelligibleness, of that way of explaining human understanding. I have gone almost, but not quite through it, and know not whether I now ever shall finish it, being fully satisfied myself about it. You cannot think how often I regret the distance that is between us; I envy Dublin for what I every day want in London. Were you in my neighbourhood, you would every day be troubled with the proposal of some of my thoughts to you. I find mine generally so much out of the way of the books I meet with, or men led by books, that were I not conscious to myself that I impartially seek truth, I should be discouraged from letting my thoughts loose, which commonly lead me out of the beaten track.

However, I want somebody near me, to whom I could freely communicate them, and without reserve lay them open. I should find security and ease in such a friend as you, were you within distance; for your judgment would confirm and set me at rest, where it approved, and your candour would excuse what your judgment corrected, and set me right in. As to your request you now repeat to me, I desire you to believe that there is nothing in your letters which I pass over slightly, or without taking notice of; and if I formerly said nothing to it, think it to be, that I thought it the best way of answering a friend whom I was resolved to deny nothing that was in my power. There are some particular obligations that tie me up in the point, and which have drawn on me some displeasure for a time from some of my friends, who made me a somewhat like demand. But I expect to find you more reasonable, and give you this assurance, that you shall be the first that shall be satisfied in that point. I am not forgetful of what you so kindly put me upon. I think nobody ought to live only to eat and drink, and count the days he spends idly. The small remainder of a crazy life, I shall, as much as my health will permit, apply to the search of truth, and shall not neglect to propose to myself those that may be most useful. My paper is more than done, and, I suppose, you tired; and yet I can scarce give off. I am, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant.

## LETTER LV.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

Oates, April 26, 1695.

Sir,

You look with the eyes, and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and so shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and overvaluings of good-will being always sincere, even when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would so well fill as yourself; I want one near me to talk freely with, *de quo libet ente*;* to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear-thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost, if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not every where to be met with. Wonder

* About any thing.

not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood; I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did, or could show him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

## LETTER LVI.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

Oates, 2d July, 1695.

Dear sir,

Did I not assure myself that our friendship were grown beyond suspicion of compliment, I should think I should have need to make excuses to you for my long silence; but I know you will credit me, when I tell you it has been neither forgetfulness nor negligence. The specimen of the translation you sent me gave me some reason to apprehend that Mr. Mullart's style would lay too great a burden on your kindness, by often needing the correction of your hand, to make it express my sense with that clearness and easiness which I know you desire. My bookseller therefore having before told me of one who had offered to undertake the translation of my Essay, I have been ever since endeavouring to get from him a specimen, that I might send it you, and have your opinion which is like to do best; and so if this man had a talent that way, you might be eased of the trouble which your friendship to me and zeal to the work, I foresee, is likely to lay upon you. But having the last post received this account from Mr. Churchill, that the gentleman proposed is in the country, and must have a book sent him down on purpose before we can expect to see any thing from him, and this being all to be managed by a third hand, who is not every day to be met with, I have resolved to lose no more time on that thought, but accepting of your kind offer, put that whole matter into your hands, to be ordered as you shall think best, and shall spend no more time in other inquiries, since the gentleman you propose will (as I remember you told me) be about this time at leisure to set himself in earnest to it. There is one thing I would offer, which may be of advantage to him and the work too; and that is, that he would constantly and sedulously read Tully, especially his philosophical works, which will insensibly work him into a good Latin style. I have heard it reported of Bishop Sanderson, that being asked how he came to write Latin so well, as appears in the treatises he published in that tongue; he answered, "by ordering his studies so that he read over all Tully's works every year." I leave it to you whether you will think fit to mention this to Mr. Mullart.

The Abridgment of my Essay is quite finished: it is done by a very ingenious man of Oxford, a Master of Arts, very considerable for his learning and virtue, who has a great many pupils. It is done with the same design you had in view when you mentioned it. He has generally

(as far as I could remember) made use of my words: he very civilly sent it me when it was done, and upon looking it over, I guess you will approve of it, and think it well done. It is in Mr. Churchill's hands, and will be printed as soon as the third edition of my Essay, which is now in the press, is printed off.

I am extremely glad to hear that you have found any good effects of my method on your son. I should be glad to know the particulars: for though I have seen the success of it in a child of the lady in whose house I am (whose mother has taught him Latin without knowing it herself when she began), yet I would be glad to have other instances, because some men, who cannot endure any thing should be mended in the world by a new method, object, I hear, that my way of education is impracticable. But this I can assure you, that the child abovementioned, but nine years old in June last, has learned to read and write very well; is now reading Quintus Curtius with his mother; understands geography and chronology very well, and the Copernican system of our vortex; is able to multiply well and divide a little; and all this without ever having one blow for his book. The third edition is now out; I have ordered Mr. Churchill to send you one of them, which I hope he has done before this. I expect your opinion of the additions, which have much increased the bulk of the book. And though I think all that I have said right, yet you are the man I depend on for a fair and free censure, not inclined either to flatter or quarrel. You know not of what value a knowing man, that is a sincere lover of truth, is, nor how hard to be found; wonder not, therefore, if I place a great part of my happiness in your friendship, and wish every day you were my neighbour; you would then find what use I should make of it. But not to complain of what cannot be remedied, pray let me have all the advantage I can at this distance. Read the additions and examine them strictly, for I would not willingly mislead the world. Pray let me know whether the doctor, your brother, has any children; when he has, I count I owe him one of my books of Education.

With my treatise of Education, I believe you will receive another little one concerning Interest and Coinage. It is one of the fatherless children which the world lay at my door; but whoever be the author, I shall be glad to know your opinion of it.

## LETTER LVII.

*Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

Oates, 10th Jan. 1697-8.

Dear sir,

Your gentle and kind reproof of my silence has greater marks of true friendship in it than can be expressed in the most elaborate professions, or be sufficiently acknowledged by a man who has not the opportunity nor ability to make those returns he would. Though I have had less health and more business since I writ to you last than ever I had for so long together in my life, yet neither the one nor the other had kept me so long a truant, had not the concurrence of other causes drilled me on from day to day, in a neglect of what I frequently purposed, and always thought myself obliged to do. Perhaps, the listlessness my indispositions constantly keep me in made me too easily hearken to such excuses; but the expectation of hearing every day from Mons. Le Clerk, that I might send you his answer; and the thoughts that I should be able to send your brother an account, that his curious treatise concerning the Chafers in Ireland was printed; were

at least the pretences that served to humour my laziness. Business kept me in town longer than was convenient for my health: all the day from my rising was commonly spent in that; and when I came home at night, my shortness of breath, and panting for want of it, made me ordinarily so uneasy, that I had no heart to do any thing; so that the usual diversion of my vacant hours forsook me, and reading itself was a burden to me. In this estate I lingered along in town to December, till I betook myself to my wonted refuge, in the more favourable air and retirement of this place. That gave me presently relief against the constant oppression of my lungs, while I sit still; but I find such a weakness of them still remain, that if I stir ever so little, I am immediately out of breath, and the very dressing or undressing me is a labour that I am fain to rest after to recover my breath; and I have not been once out of my house since I came last hither. I wish nevertheless that you were here with me to see how well I am; for you would find, that, sitting by the fire's side, I could bear my part in discoursing, laughing, and being merry with you, as well as ever I could in my life. If you were here (and if wishes of more than one could bring you you would be here to-day) you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with. Do not therefore figure to yourself, that I am languishing away my last hours under an unsociable despondency and the weight of my infirmity. It is true, I do not count upon years of life to come, but I thank God I have not many uneasy hours here in the four-and-twenty; and if I can have the wit to keep myself out of the stifling air of London, I see no reason but, by the grace of God, I may get over this winter, and that terrible enemy of mine may use me no worse than the last did, which, as severe and as long as it was, let me yet see another summer.

## LETTER LVIII.

*Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

Oates, 6th April, 1698.

Dear sir,

There is none of the letters that ever I received from you gave me so much trouble as your last of March 15. I was told that you resolved to come into England early in the spring, and lived in the hopes of it more than you can imagine. I do not mean that I had greater hopes of it than you can imagine; but it enlivened me, and contributed to the support of my spirits more than you can think. But your letter has quite dejected me again. The thing I above all things long for, is to see, and embrace, and have some discourse with you before I go out of this world. I meet with so few capable of truth, or worthy of a free conversation, such as becomes lovers of truth, that you cannot think it strange if I wish for some time with you for the exposing, sifting, and rectifying of my thoughts. If they have gone any thing farther in the discovery of truth than what I have already published, it must be by your encouragement that I must go on to finish some things which I have already begun; and with you I hoped to discourse my other yet crude and imperfect thoughts, in which, if there were any thing useful to mankind, if they were opened and deposited with you, I know them safe lodged for the advantage of truth some time or other: for I am in doubt, whether it be fit for me to trouble the press with any new matter; or if I did, I look on my life as so near worn out, that it would be folly to hope to finish

any thing of moment in the small remainder of it. I hoped therefore, as I said, to have seen you, and unravelled to you that which lying in the lump unexplicated in my mind, I scarce yet know what it is myself; for I have often had experience that a man cannot well judge of his own notions till, either by setting them down in paper, or in discoursing them to a friend, he has drawn them out, and as it were spread them fairly before himself. As for writing, my ill health gives me little heart or opportunity for it; and of seeing you I begin now to despair; and that which very much adds to my affliction in the case is, that you neglect your own health on considerations, I am sure, that are not worth your health; for nothing, if expectations were certainties, can be worth it. I see no likelihood of the parliament's rising yet this good while; and when they are up, who knows whether the man you expect to relieve you, will come to you presently or at all? You must therefore lay by that business for a while which detains you, or get some other body into it, if you will take that care of your health this summer which you designed, and it seems to require; and if you defer it till the next, who knows but your care of it may then come too late? There is nothing that we are such spend-thrifts of as health; we spare every thing sooner than that, though whatever we sacrifice it to is worth nothing without it. Pardon me the liberty I take with you; you have given me an interest in you; and it is a thing of too much value to me to look coldly on whilst you are running into any inconvenience or danger, and say nothing. If that could be any spur to you to hasten your journey hither, I would tell you I have an Answer ready for the press, which I should be glad you should see first. It is too long: the plenty of matter of all sorts which the gentleman affords me, is the cause of its too great length, though I have passed by many things worthy of remarks; but what may be spared of what there is, I would be glad should be blotted out by your hand. But this between us.

Amongst other things I would be glad to talk with you about before I die, is that which you suggest at the bottom of the first page of your letter. I am mightily concerned for the place meant in the question you say you will ask the author of the treatise you mention, and wish extremely well to it; and would be very glad to be informed by you what would be best for it, and debate with you the ways to compose it. But this cannot be done by letters; the subject is of too great extent, the views too large, and the particulars too many to be so managed. Come therefore yourself, and come as well prepared in that matter as you can. But if you talk with others on that point there, mention not me to any body on that subject; only let you and I try what good we can do for those whom we wish well to. Great things have sometimes been brought about from small beginnings well laid together.

Pray present my most humble service to your brother: I should be glad of an opportunity to do him some service. That which he thanks me for in my care about his discourse concerning the Chafers, was a service to the public, and he owes me no thanks for it. I am, dear sir, your faithful and most humble servant.

## LETTER LIX.

### *Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.*

Dublin, Sept. 20th, 1698.

Honoured dear sir,

I arrived here safely the 15th instant; and now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I sit down to a task, which I must confess is the hardest I was ever un-

der in my life; I mean, expressing my thanks to you suitable to the favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward sense I have of them in my mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some measure be satisfied; but my inability of paying my debts, makes me ashamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the strictest sincerity I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship, as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks together in London. It is with the greatest satisfaction imaginable that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest scene of my whole life. That part thereof especially which I passed at Oates, has made such an agreeable impression on my mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent family, I beseech you give my most humble respects. It is my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter; but I beg of you to make my excuse for omitting it at this time, because I am a little pressed by some business that is thrown upon me since my arrival; to which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious letter from, sir, your most obliged, and entirely affectionate friend and servant.

## LETTER LX.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.*

London, Sept. 29th, 1693.

Dear sir,

Yours of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weathercock, and hearkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this distance, and such a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and sound on the other side the water. But pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a style of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my friend, and therefore used no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to bestow that happiness on me. If you keep your word, and do me the same kindness again next year, I shall have reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with modesty read.

I find you were beset with business when you wrote your letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet for all that, I cannot forgive your silence concerning your health, and your son. My service to him, your brother, and Mr. Burridge; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with a perfect affection, dear sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

## LETTER LXI.

### *Mr. Locke to Mr. Burridge.*

Oates, Oct. 27th, 1698.

Sir,

You guessed not amiss when you said in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter; for I have received few letters in my life the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear our separation; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in

a longer conversation, which he promised me the next time; but it has served only to give me a greater sense of my loss in an eternal farewell in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments; a fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it in any way. I should be glad if what I owed the father could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake (his father has more than once talked to me of him) as well as for his father's. I desire you therefore to assure those who have the care of him, that if there be any thing wherein I at this distance may be any way serviceable to young Mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to show that my friendship died not with him.

Pray give my most humble service to Dr. Molyneux, and to his nephew. I am, sir, your faithful and humble servant.

## LETTER LXII.

*Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.*

Dublin, August 27th, 1692.

Sir,

I am very sensible of your great civility, in remembering me upon so short an acquaintance as I had with you in Holland so long time since; and I assure you, without any compliment, I reckon it amongst the most fortunate accidents of my life, my so luckily falling into your conversation, which was so candid, diverting, and instructive, that I still reap the benefit and satisfaction of it. Some years after I left you in Holland, upon my return for England, I contracted no small intimacy with Dr. Sydenham, on the account of having been known to you his much esteemed friend; and I found him so accurate an observer of diseases, so thoroughly skilled in all useful knowledge of his profession, and withal so communicative, that his acquaintance was a very great advantage to me: and all this I chiefly owe to you, sir, besides the information of many useful truths, and a great deal of very pleasing entertainment I have met with in the perusal of your lately published writings: so that on many accounts I must needs say there are very few men in the world, to whom I can with the like sincerity profess myself to be, as I am, dear sir, your most real friend, and very humble and obliged servant.

## LETTER LXIII.

*Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.*

Oates, Jan. 20th, 1692-3.

Sir,

I must acknowledge the care you take of my health, in a way wherein you so kindly apply to my mind; and if I could persuade myself that my weak constitution was owing to that strength of mind you ascribe to me, or accompanied with it, I should find therein, if not a remedy, yet a great relief against the infirmities of my body. However, I am not the less obliged to you for so friendly an application; and if the cordial you prescribe be not to be had (for I know none equal to a judicious and capacious mind), your kindness is not to be blamed, who I am confident wish me that satisfaction, or any thing else that could contribute to my health.

## LETTER LXIV.

*Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.*

Oates, 27th October, 1698.

Sir,

Death has with a violent hand hastily snatched from you a dear brother. I doubt not but on this occasion you need all the consolation can be given to one unexpectedly bereft of so worthy and near a relation. Whatever inclination I may have to alleviate your sorrow, I bear too great a share in the loss, and am too sensibly touched with it myself, to be in a condition to discourse you on this subject, or do any thing but mingle my tears with yours. I have lost in your brother, not only an ingenious and learned acquaintance, that all the world esteemed; but an intimate and sincere friend, whom I truly loved, and by whom I was truly loved: and what a loss that is, those only can be sensible who know how valuable and how scarce a true friend is, and how far to be preferred to all other sorts of treasure. He has left a son who I know was dear to him, and deserved to be so as much as was possible for one of his age. I cannot think myself wholly incapacitated from paying some of the affection and service was due from me to my dear friend, as long as he has a child or a brother in the world. If therefore there be any thing at this distance wherein I in my little sphere may be able to serve your nephew or you, I beg you, by the memory of our deceased friend, to let me know it; that you may see, that one who loved him so well cannot but be tenderly concerned for his son, nor be otherwise than I am, sir, your most humble and most affectionate servant.

## LETTER LXV.

*Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.*

Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1693.

Sir,

For a-while I deferred making any return for the favour of your last letter, on the account I understood by one of yours to my brother, that I was suddenly to expect another obligation from you, by the receipt of your Treatise of Education, which yesterday first came to my hands; and now I return you my hearty thanks for both your kindnesses together: of which, should I express the real thoughts I have, I should seem to run either into extravagant compliment, or gross flattery: but thus much I must needs say, that as your letter certainly contains, in short, the only true method for the prosecuting the curing part of the practice of physic, and the sure way of improving it; a matter of the chiefest good in relation to men's bodies; so your book of Education lays down such rules for the breeding of youth, as if followed must necessarily prove of the greatest advantage to the better part of man, the mind; by insensibly disposing it to an habitual exercise of what is virtuous and laudable, and the acquisition of all such knowledge as is necessary for one's own good, or that of others whom we are to converse with. Whence I cannot but think, had those of our own countries but a thorough persuasion, and a right sense of the great benefit that redounds from a careful education, so as universally to put it in practice, without question we should soon become a nation as remarkably different from the rest of the world for the inward endowments of our minds, and the rectitude of our manners, as the negroes are from the rest of mankind for their outward shape and colour of body. But this I fear is a

happiness only to be wished for; however, he that makes it his endeavour to promote so great a good, by showing the certain way to it, if they would follow him, justly deserves the high esteem of all that know how to value a truly public spirit.

I hope, sir, you have your health better, and that we may suddenly have abroad your Essay of Human Understanding, with those farther additions and alterations you have some while since designed for the press: I am confident it is impatiently expected by all that are acquainted with your writings, and that peculiar clear manner of delivering truth you are so much master of, but by none more than, sir, your most faithful humble servant.

## LETTER LXVI.

### *Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.*

Dublin, November 26th, 1698.

Sir,

As you have a true sense of every thing, so you were very much in the right, when you tell me in the letter you favoured me with of the 27th of last month, that I needed all the consolation could be given one that had lost so unexpectedly a dear and only brother. His death indeed has been a severe affliction to me; and though I have you, and many more that bear a great share with me in my sorrow; yet this does no way alleviate it, but makes it fall the heavier upon me; for it doubles my grief to think what an unspeakable loss he must be to so near a relation, that is so much lamented by those that were only acquainted with him. I could not believe that mortality could have made so deep an impression on me, whose profession leads into so thorough a familiarity with it; but I find a passionate affection surmounts all this, and the *tecum obeam lubens*, though it was the expression of a poet, yet I am sensible was a very natural one where we love extremely, and the Indians prove it no less in fact. Could any outward circumstance of his life have increased that brotherly affection I had for him, it must have been that he had so great a part in your friendship, who must be allowed to have a nice judgment in discerning the true characters and worth of men. He frequently in his life-time has expressed to me with great complacency of mind, how happy he thought himself in your acquaintance, and he spoke of you several times during his short sickness, with great respect. With his own hand he has writ this clause in his will: "I give and bequeath to my excellent friend John Locke, Esquire, author of the Essay concerning Human Understanding, the sum of five pounds to buy him a ring, in memory of the value and esteem I had for him." This I shall take care to send you in a bill by Mr. Churchill's hands, when he states the account as it stands between him and my brother. The only child he has left behind him is under my care and management. I shall endeavour to discharge this trust, with all the regard to my brother's memory, and the advantage of his child, I can: but it grieves me to think that I must surely fall very much short of that extraordinary application and prudence his father would have shown in his education; for he made it the chiefest, and indeed the only business of his life. I have made his little son as sensible as his tender age would allow, how much he is obliged to you, his father's friend, for your earnest desire to serve him: I wish you may both prolong your lives so, as he may one day be more thankful and capable of your kindness, by profiting much from your good instructions and advice. And since you so earnestly press me, by the me-

mory of your deceased friend, to let you know wherein you might oblige me, I will venture to break the bounds of modesty so far, as to tell you I should be extremely pleased to receive from yourself the last edition of your incomparable Essay of Human Understanding, and such other pieces of your works as you shall think fit; for all which, as I have a great esteem, so I should have a more particular regard coming from yourself, as a private memorial of my dear brother's friend, and of a person for whom I have such an extraordinary value; as I shall ever be proud of owning myself, sir, your truly affectionate and humble servant.

## LETTER LXVII.

### *Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.*

Oates, 25th January, 1698-9.

Sir,

I have been slower in returning you my thanks for the favour of your letter of the 26th of November, and the civilities you express to me in it, than perhaps I should have been. But the truth is, my thoughts never look towards Dublin now, without casting such a cloud upon my mind, and laying such a load of fresh sorrow on me for the loss of my dear friend, your brother, that I cannot without displeasure turn them that way; and when I do it, I find myself very unfit for conversation and the entertainment of a friend. It is therefore not without pain that I bring myself to write you a scurvy letter. What there wants in it of expression, you must make up out of the esteem I have for the memory of our common friend; and I desire you not to think my respects to you the less, because the loss of your brother makes me not able to speak them as I would.

Since you are pleased to put such a value on my trifles, I have given order to Mr. Churchill to send you my last reply to the bishop of Worcester, and the last edition of my Treatise of Education, which came forth since Mr. Molyneux's death. I send this with the more confidence to you because your brother told me more than once, that he followed the method I therein offer to the world, in the breeding of his son. I wish you may find it fit to be continued to him, and useful to you in his education; for I cannot but be mightily concerned for the son of such a father, and wish that he may grow up into that esteem and character which his father left behind him amongst all good men who knew him. As for my Essay concerning Human Understanding, it is now out of print; and if it were not, I think I should make you but an ill compliment in sending it you less perfect than I design it should be in the next edition, in which I shall make many additions to it; and when it is as perfect as I can make it, I know not whether in sending it you I shall not load you with a troublesome and useless present. But since by desiring it you seem to promise me your acceptance, I shall as soon as it is reprinted take the liberty to thrust it into your study. I am, sir, your most humble and faithful servant.

## LETTER LXVIII.

### *From Lord Shaftesbury* to* ———.

Feb. 24th, 1706-7.

I accept kindly the offer of your correspondence, and chiefly as it comes from you with heartiness and (the best of characters) simplicity. When this disposition of heart attends our searches into learning and philosophy, we need not fear being

* These letters were written before the Characteristics, which were first published 1711.

"vainly puffed up," or falling into that false way of wisdom, which the Scripture calls "vain philosophy." When the improvement of our minds, and the advancement of our reason, is all we aim at; and this only to fit us for a perfecter, more rational, and worthier service of God; we can have no scruples whether or no the work be an acceptable one to him. But where neither our duty to mankind, nor obedience to our Creator, is any way the end or object of our studies or exercises, be they ever so curious or exquisite, they may be justly styled "vain;" and often the vainer, for carrying with them the false show of excellence and superiority.

On this account, though there be no part of learning more advantageous even towards divinity than logics, metaphysics, and what we call university-learning; yet nothing proves more dangerous to young minds unforewarned, or, what is worse, prepossessed with the excellency of such learning: as if all wisdom lay in the solution of those riddles of the schoolmen, who in the last ages of the church, found out an excellent way to destroy religion by philosophy, and render reason and philosophy ridiculous, under that garb they had put on it. If your circumstances or condition suffer you to enter into the world by a university, well is it for you that you have prevented such prepossession.

However, I am not sorry that I lent you Mr. Locke's Essay of Human Understanding, which may as well qualify for business and the world, as for the sciences and a university. No one has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort; who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress. No one has opened a better or clearer way to reasoning. And above all, I wonder to hear him censured so much by any Church-of-England men, for advancing reason and bringing the use of it so much into religion; when it is by this only that we fight against the enthusiasts, and repel the great enemies of our church. It is by this weapon alone that we combat those visionaries, who in the last age broke in so foully upon us, and are now (pretendedly at least) esteemed so terrible and dangerous.

But though I am one of those who, in these truly happy times, esteem our church as wholly out of danger; yet should we hearken to those men who disclaim this use of reason in religion, we must lay ourselves open afresh to all fanatics. For what else is fanaticism? Where does the stress of their cause lie? Are not their unintelligible motions of the spirit; their unexpressible pretended feelings, apprehensions, and lights within; their inspirations in prophecy, extempore prayer, preaching, &c.; are not these, I say, the foundations on which they build their cause? Are not our cold dead reasonings (as they call them) a reproach and stumbling-block to them? if you will believe their leaders, who are instantly cut off from all their pretences to gifts and spirits, and supernatural graces, if they are once brought to the test of cool reason and deliberate examination. And can we thus give up our cause, by giving up reason? Shall we give them up our Tillotsons, our Barrows, our Chillingworths, our Hammonds? For what less is it to give up this way of reason so much decried by those condemners of Mr. Locke? But such is the spirit of some men in controversial matters. A certain noted clergyman of learning and ability, and great reputed zeal, a great enemy of Master Locke, has (I am lately told) turned rigid Calvinist, as to all the points of predestination, free grace, &c.; and not only this cler

gyman, but several more in the university of that high party, who ran as high in opposition to Calvinism but one reign or two since. The reason of this is but too obvious. Our bishops and dignified churchmen (the most worthily and justly dignified of any in any age) are, as they ever were, inclinable to moderation in the high Calvinistic points. But they are also inclinable to moderation in other points.

They are for toleration, inviolable toleration (as our queen nobly and Christianly said it, in her speech a year or two since); and this is itself intolerable with our high gentlemen, who despise the gentleness of their Lord and Master, and the sweet mild government of our queen, preferring rather that abominable blasphemous representative of church power, attended with the worst of temporal governments, as we see it in perfection of each kind in France. From this, and from its abettors of every kind, and in every way, I pray God deliver us, whilst we are daily thankful for what in his providence he has already done towards it, and to the happiness and glory of our excellent queen and country. So farewell. I am your good friend to serve you.

## LETTER LXIX.

*From Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

May 10th, 1707.

Since your disposition inclines you so strongly towards university-learning, and your sound exercise of your reason, and the integrity of your heart, give good assurance against the narrow principles and contagious manner of those corrupted places, whence all noble and free principles ought rather to be propagated; I shall not be wanting to you on my part, when I shall see the fruit of your studies, life, and conversation, answerable to those good seeds of principles you seem to carry in you.

I am glad to find your love of reason and free-thought. Your piety and virtue, I know, you will always keep; especially since your desires and natural inclinations are towards so serious a station in life, which others undertake too slightly, and without examining their hearts.

Pray God direct you, and confirm your good beginnings, and in the practice of virtue and religion; assuring yourself that the highest principle, which is the love of God, is best attained, not by dark speculations and monkish philosophy, but by moral practice, and love of mankind, and a study of their interests: the chief of which, and that which only raises them above the degree of brutes, is freedom of reason in the learned world, and good government and liberty in the civil world. Tyranny in one is ever accompanied, or soon followed, by tyranny in the other. And when slavery is brought upon a people, they are soon reduced to that base and brutal state, both in their understandings and morals.

True zeal therefore for God or religion, must be supported by real love for mankind: and love of mankind cannot consist but with a right knowledge of man's great interests, and of the only ways and means (that of liberty and freedom) which God and nature has made necessary and essential to his manly dignity and character. They therefore who betray these principles, and the rights of mankind, betray religion even so as to make it an instrument against itself.

But I must have done, and am your good friend to serve you.

## LETTER LXX.

*From Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

November 19th, 1707.

Truly if your heart correspond en-

tirely with your pen, and if you thoroughly feel those good principles you have expressed, I cannot but have a great increase of kindness and esteem for you.

Imagine not that I suspect you of so mean a thing as hypocrisy or affected virtue: I am fully satisfied you mean and intend what you write. But, alas! the misfortune of youth, and not of youth merely, but of human nature, is such, that it is a thousand times easier to frame the highest ideas of virtue and goodness, than to practise the least part. And perhaps this is one of the chief reasons why virtue is so ill practised; because the impressions, which seem so strong at first, are too far relied on. We are apt to think, that what appears so fair, and strikes us so forcibly, at the first view, will surely hold with us. We launch forth into speculation; and after a time, when we look back and see how slowly practice comes up to it, we are the sooner led to despondency the higher we had carried our views before.

Remember therefore to restrain yourself within due bounds; and to adapt your contemplation to what you are capable of practising. For there is a sort of spiritual ambition; and in reading those truly divine authors whom you have sometimes cited to me, I have observed many to have miscarried by too fervent and eager a pursuit of such perfection.

Glad I am, however, that you are not one of those dull souls that are incapable of any spiritual refinement. I rejoice to see you raise yourself above the rank of sordid and sensual spirits, who, though set apart and destined to spirituals, understand not that there is any thing preparatory to it, beyond a little scholarship and knowledge of forms. I rejoice to see that you think of other preparations, and another discipline of the heart and mind, than what is thought of amongst that indolent and supine race of men.

You are sensible, I perceive, that there is another sort of study, a profounder meditation, which becomes those who are to set an example to mankind, and fit themselves to expound and teach those short and summary precepts and divine laws, delivered to us in positive commands by our sacred Legislator.

It is our business, and of all, as many as are raised in knowledge above the poor, illiterate, and laborious vulgar, to explain as far as possible the reasons of those laws; their consent with the law of nature; their suitableness to society, and to the peace, happiness, and enjoyment of ourselves. It is there alone that we have need of recourse to fire and brimstone, and what other punishments the Divine Goodness (for our good) has condescended to threaten us with, where the force of these arguments cannot prevail.

Our business within ourselves is to set ourselves free according to that perfect law of liberty, which we are bid to look into. And I am delighted to read these words from you, *viz.* that we are made to contemplate and love God entirely, and with a free and voluntary love. But this you will see is a mystery too deep for those souls whom you converse with, and see around you. They have scarce heard of what it is to combat with their appetites and senses. They think themselves sufficiently justified as men, and sufficiently qualified as holy men, and teachers of religion, if they can compass matters by help of circumstances and outward fortune, so as happily to restrain these lusts and appetites of theirs within the bounds of ordinary human laws. Hence those allurements of external objects (as you well remark) they are so far from declining, that they rather raise and advance them by all possible means,

without fear of adding fuel to their inflamed desires, in a heart which can never burn towards God till those other fires are extinct.

God grant that since you know this better way, this chaste and holy discipline, you may still pursue it with that just and pious jealousy over your own heart, that neither your eyes, nor any of your senses, may be led away to serve themselves, or any thing but that Creator who made them for his service, and in whom alone is happiness and rest.

I wish you well, and shall be glad to hear still of you.

## LETTER LXXI.

*From Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

April 2d, 1708.

I have received yours every week, and am highly satisfied with your thoughts; not doubting but they are truly your own and natural, as well as your manner of expressing them; for in this I would have you keep an entire freedom, and deliver your sentiments still nakedly, and without art or ornament. For it is the heart I look for: and though the ornaments of style are what you are obliged to study and practise on other occasions, the less you regard them, and the greater simplicity you discover in writing privately to myself, the greater my satisfaction is, and the more becoming the part you have to act.

I was particularly pleased with your thoughts and reasonings on Christian liberty, and the zeal you show for that noble principle, by which we cease to be slaves and drudges in religion; and by being reconciled to our duty, and to the excellence of those precepts and injunctions, which tend absolutely to our good and happiness in every respect, we become liberal servants and children of God.

A mind thus released and set at liberty, if it once sees its real good, will hardly be deprived of it, or disheartened in the pursuit, whatever discouragement surrounds it. It is the inward enemy alone can stop it. For when a mind, set free from voluntary error and self-darkening conceit, aspires to what is generous and deserving, nothing but what is vile and slavish from within can deaden it; nothing but a base love of inward slavery, and an adherence to our vices and corruptions, is able to effect this.

In some, who are horridly degenerate, this submission is wholly voluntary. Self-interest leads them, whether it be a private one of their own, or in society and confederacy with some faction or party, to the support of temporal ends. In this case it carries a specious show of public good; whether it be in church or state. And thus it is often the occasion of an open denial of reason, and of a bare-faced opposition to the glorious search of truth.

In others, it is mere sloth and laziness, or sordid appetite and lust, which, bringing them under the power of sin and ignorance, fit them for political servitude by moral prostitution. For when the tyranny of lust and passion can be indulgently permitted, and even esteemed a happiness, no wonder if liberty of thought be in little esteem. Every thing civil or spiritual of this kind must needs be disregarded, or rather looked upon with jealousy and apprehension.

For one tyranny supports another: one slavery helps and ministers to another. Vice ministers to superstition; and a gainful ministress she is: superstition on the other hand returns the kindness, and will not be ungrateful. Superstition sup-

ports persecution, and persecution superstition.

Vice and intemperance is but an inward persecution. It is here the violence begins. Here the truth is first held in unrighteousness, and the γνοϛον, "reason knowable, the intelligible, the divine part," is persecuted and imprisoned. Those who submit to this tyranny, in time not only come to it, but plead for it, and think the law of virtue tyrannical and against nature.

So in the absolute governments of the world: nations, that submit to arbitrary rule, love even their form of government: if one may call that a form which is without any, and, like vice itself, knows neither law nor order.

In this state the mind helps forward the ill work. For when reason, as an antagonist to vice, is become an inward enemy, and has once lost her interest with the soul by opposing every favourite passion, she will then be soon expelled another province, and lie under suspicion for every attempt she makes upon the mind. She is presently miscalled and abused. She is thought notional in the understanding, whimsical in company, seditious in the state, heretical in the church. Even in philosophy, her own proper dominion, she is looked upon as none of the best of companions; and here also authority is respected as the most convenient guide.

This we find to be the temper of certain places; where wit and sense, however, are not wanting, nor learning of a certain kind. So that what is at the bottom of all this is easily seen by those who see those places, and can but make use of their eyes to observe manners and morals.

It is pretty visible indeed that the original of all is in those sordid vices of sloth, laziness, and intemperance. This makes way for ambition; for how should these be so illustriously maintained and vindicated, without large temporal power, and the umbrage of authority? Hence it is that those mother vices are so indulgently treated in those places, and that temperance and virtue are looked upon with an evil eye, as fanatically inclined. For who that is morally free, and has asserted his inward liberty, can see truth thus held, reason and ingenuity suppressed, without some secret abhorrence and detestation?

But this you are happily apprised of; nor can you miscarry or be turned aside by imposture, or assuming formality and pride of any kind. You know your liberty: use it and be free. But use it as becomes you, with all due meekness and submission as to outward carriage. It is the inward man that is to be relieved and rescued from his chains. Others need not your admonition; nor is this your duty, but far contrary. Preserve yourself from the contagion, and it is enough: a great task it is, and will appear so to you, if you are hearty in it, and concerned for the thing itself, not the appearance. For the inclination towards rebuke and rectifying of others, which feels like zeal in us, is often the deceit of pride and self-conceit, which finds this way to screen itself and manage undiscovered.

Keep your virtue and honesty to yourself; for if it be truly such, it will be in no pain for being kept secret. And thus you may be safe, and in due time, perhaps, useful also to others. Learn to discourse and reason with yourself, or, as you honestly do, in letters to me. Trouble not others; nor be provoked to show your sentiments, and betray noble and generous truths to such as can neither bare them, nor those whom they suspect to be in possession of them.

Mind that which is the chief of all liberty; and subdue early your

own temper and appetites. It will then be time for higher speculations, when those wandering imaginations, vain conceits, and wanton thoughts of youth, are mortified and subdued. Religion then will have no enemy opposed to her; and in spite of superstition, and all spiritual tyrannies of the world, will soon be found joyful task, the pleasantest of all lives, quite other than is commonly represented.

Look chiefly to this practice; for this is always permitted you; this you can be employed in every hour, even when books and privacy are denied you, and business and attendance required. The more you are a servant in this sense, the more you will partake of that chief liberty which is learnt by obedience and submission. And thus even they who perhaps, by their haughtiness and harshness, would render you a slave, and awe you into servile thoughts, will most of all contribute to your manumission; if by their sad example they teach you (in meekness still and humility) to detest the more their narrow, persecuting, and bitter spirit, supported by their vices, and show you evidently that great truth, that "tyranny can never be exercised but by one who is already a slave."

Be assured, therefore, that where the heart disdains this original corruption, the mind will be its friend: and by delivering it from all spiritual bondage, will qualify it for a further progress, rewarding virtue by itself. For of virtue there can be no reward but of the same kind with itself; nothing can be superadded to it: and even heaven itself can be no other than the addition of grace to grace, virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; by which we may still more and more comprehend the chief virtue, and highest excellence, the Giver and Dispenser of all: to whom I commit you, and pray your studies may be effectual. So farewell.

## LETTER LXXII.

*From Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

January 28th, 1703-9.

I was that morning thinking with myself what was become of you; and almost resolved to have you inquired of at your father's; when I received your very surprising letter, which brought so good an account of yourself, and a proof how well you had spent your time, during this your long silence.

It was providential, surely, that I should happen once to speak to you of the Greek language, when you asked concerning the foundations of learning, and the source and fountain of those lights we have, whether in morality or divinity. It was not possible for me to answer you deceitfully or slightly. I could not but point out to you where the springhead lay. But, as well as I can remember, I bad you not be discouraged; for by other channels, derived from those fountains, you would be sufficiently supplied with the knowledge necessary for the solemn character that lay before you.

You hearkened to me, it seems, with great attention and belief, and did resolve to take no middle way. But little could I have thought that you dared to have made your attempt on the other side, instead of drawing in your forces, and collecting your strength and the remainder of your precious time for what lay on this hither side. But since God would have it so, so be it: and I pray God prosper you in your daring attempt, and bless you with true modesty and simplicity in all the other endeavours and practices of your life,

as you have had courage and mighty boldness in this one.

And so indeed it may naturally happen by the same good providence; since at the instant that you began this enterprise, you have fallen into such excellent reading. And if, as you show by your letter, Simplicius's Comment be your delight, even that alone is a sufficient earnest of your soul's improvement as well as of your mind's, if such a distinction may well be made: for alas! all that we call improvement of our minds in dry and empty speculation, all learning or whatever else, either in theology or other science, which has not a direct tendency to render us honester, milder, juster, and better, is far from being justly so called. And even all that philosophy which is built on the comparison and compounding of ideas, complex, implex, reflex, and all that din and noise of metaphysics; all that pretended study and science of nature called natural philosophy, Aristotelian, Cartesian, or whatever else it be; all those high contemplations of stars, and spheres, and planets; and all the other inquisitive curious parts of learning, are so far from being necessary improvements of the mind, that without the utmost care they serve only to blow it up in conceit and folly, and render men more stiff in their ignorance and vices.

And this brings into my thoughts a small piece of true learning, which I think is generally bound up with Simplicius and Epictetus: it is the Table (or Picture) of Cebes the Socratic, and elder disciple of Plato. This golden piece I would have you study, and have by heart; the Greek too being pure and excellent: and by this picture you will better understand my hint, and know the true learning from that which falsely passes under the name of wisdom and science.

As for the divine Plato, I would not wish you, as yet, to go beyond a dialogue or two; and let those be the first and second Alcibiades. for now I will direct and assist you all I can, that you may gradually proceed, and not meet with stumbling-blocks in your way, or what instead of forwarding may retard you.

Read these pieces again and again. Suspend for a while the reading of Epictetus, and read of Marcus Antoninus only what you perfectly understand. Look into no commentator; though he has two very learned ones, Gataker and Casaubon: and by no means study or so much as think on any of the passages that create any difficulty or hesitation: but, as I tell you, keep to the plain and easy passages, which you may mark or write out, and so use on occasion, as you walk or go about. For I reckon you are a good improver of your time, and that you manage every moment to advantage; else you could never have thus suddenly advanced so far as you have done.

But, in this case, you must take care of your health, by moving and using exercise, which makes me speak of walking. For the mind must suffer, in some sense, when the body does. And students who are over-eager, and neglect this duty, hurt both their health and temper: the latter of which has a sad influence on their minds; and makes them, like ill vessels, sour whatever is put into them, though of ever so good a kind. For never do we more need a just cheerfulness, good humour, or alacrity of mind, than when we are contemplating God and virtue. So that it may be assigned as one cause of the austerity and harshness of some men's divinity, that in their habit of mind, and by that very morose and sour temper, which they contract with their hard studies, they make the idea of God so much af-

ter the pattern of their own bitter spirit.

But, as I was saying concerning your progress, it is better for you to read in a small compass what is good and excellent, and of easy conception (without stop or difficulty, as to the speculation), than to read much in many.

And having thus confined you, as to three of your authors mentioned, and set your bounds; I proceed to the fourth, which is Lucian; with whom, for a very different reason, I would have you also read but here and there. For though he is one of the politest writers of the latter age; he only has set himself out like the jay in the fable, with the spoils of those excellent and divine works by way of dialogue (which was the way that anciently all the philosophers wrote in); most of which works are now lost and perished: and I fear the true reason why Lucian was preserved, instead of any of the other, was because of the envy of the Christian church, which soon began to be so corrupt; and finding this author to be so truly profane, and a scoffer of his own and all religions, they were contented to bear his immorality and dissolute style and manners, only for the satisfaction of seeing the heathen religion ridiculed by a heathen, and the good and pious writers (unjustly styled profane) most monstrously abused by a wretch, who was truly the most profane and impious: and who, at the same time, even in the pieces that are left of him in the same book, treats both Moses and our Saviour, and the whole Christian religion, as contemptibly as he does his own. Therefore, as his dialogues of his courtezans are horridly vicious and licentious, and against all good manners; and as his dialogues of the gods are mere buffoonery, and his abuse of Plato, Socrates, and the rest of those divine heathens, as unjust and wicked, as really they are mean and ridiculous, I would not by any means have you to learn Greek at such a cost. There are some dialogues bound up, which are not of Lucian's: and these are the best. One concerning the cynics (whom he elsewhere so abuses) is of that number, as I take it: and some pleasant treatises there are besides, all in pure Greek.

But here is the great and essential matter, of the last consequence to our souls and minds, to keep them from the contagion of pleasure. And to show you that I am not by this an imitator of the severe ascetic monastic race of divines, or an admirer of any thing that looks like restraint in knowledge, or learning, or speculation; consider of this that I am going to say to you, and carry your reflection as far back as to that first little glimmering of ingenuity, which showed itself in you in your childhood; I mean the art of painting. Had you been to have made one of those artists of the nobler kind, who paint history, and actions, and nature; and had you been sent by me into Italy, or elsewhere, to learn the style and manner of the great masters; what advice, think you, should I have given you? I say, what advice? not as a Christian, or philosopher, or man of virtue; but merely as a lover of the art: supposing I had ever been of a very vicious life; and had had no other end in sending you abroad, than to have procured pictures, and have got you a masterly hand in that kind, and to have employed you afterwards for my own use, and for the ornament of my house; most certainly my advice must have been this (and thus any other master or patron of common sense would have accosted you):

"You are now going to learn what is excellent and beautiful in the way of painting. You will go where there are many pictures of many different hands, and quite contrary in their

manner and style. You will find many judges of different opinions; and the worst masters, the worst pieces, the worst styles and manners, will have their admirers. How is it you should form your relish? By what means shall you come to have a right admiration yourself, and praise and imitate only what is truly exquisite and good in the kind? If you follow your sudden fancy and bent; if you fix your eye on that which most strikes and pleases you at the first sight; you will most certainly never come to have a good eye at all. You will be led aside, and have a florid, gay, foolish fancy; and any lewd tawdry piece of daubing will make a stronger impression on you, than the most majestic chaste piece of the soberest master; and a Flemish or a French manner will more prevail with you than a true Italian.

"How shall we do then in this case?—Why even thus: (for what way is there else?) make it a solemn rule to yourself, to check your own eye and fancy, which naturally leads to gaiety, and turn it strongly on that which it cares not at first to dwell upon. Be sure that you pass by, on every occasion, whatever little idle piece of a negligent loose kind may be apt to detain your eye; and fix yourself upon the nobler, more masterly and studied pieces of such as were known virtuous, and admired by all such. If you find no grace or charm at the first looking, look on; continue to observe all that you possibly can; and when you have got one glimpse, improve it, copy it, cultivate the idea, and labour till you have worked yourself into a right taste, and formed a relish and understanding of what is truly beautiful in the kind."

This is what an ordinary master or patron of common good sense would have said to you upon your enterprise on painting: and this is what I now say to you on your great enterprise on knowledge and learning. This is the reason I cry out to you against pleasure; to beware of those paths which lead to a wrong knowledge, a wrong judgment of what is supremely beautiful and good.

Your endeavour and hope is to know God and goodness, in which alone there is true enjoyment and good. The way to this is not to put out your eyes, or hoodwink yourself, or lie in the dark, expecting to see visions. No, you need not apologize for yourself (as you do) for desiring to read Origen, the good Father, and best of all those they call so. You shall not only, by my consent, read Origen, but even Celsus himself, who was a heathen and writ zealously against the Christians, whom Origen defends: so far am I from bidding you fly heretical or heathen books, where good manners, honesty, and fair reason show themselves. But where vice, ill manners, abusive wit, and buffoonery appear, the prejudice is just; pronounce against such authors, fly them, and condemn them.

Preserve yourself, and keep your eye and judgment clear. But if the eye be not open to all fair and handsome spectacles, how should you learn what is fair and handsome? You would praise God: But how would you praise him? and for what? Know you, as yet, what true excellence is? The attributes, as you call them, which you have learnt in your catechism, or in the higher schools of the school-men and divines;—the attributes, I say, of justice, goodness, wisdom, and the like, are they really understood by you? or do you talk of these by rote? If so; what is this but giving words to God, not praise, nor honour, nor glory? If the Apostle appeals to whatsoever is lovely, whatsoever is honest (or comely), whatsoever is virtue, or praise-worthiness; how shall we un-

derstand his appeal till we have studied? Or do we know these things from our cradles? For since we were men, we never vouchsafed to inquire; but took for granted that we were knowing in the matter; which yet, without philosophy, it is impossible we should be; so that when, without philosophy, we make use of these high terms, and praise God in these philosophical characters, we may be very good and pious, and well-meaning; but indeed we are little better than parrots in devotion.

To return therefore to the picture, and the advice I am to give you in your study of that great and masterly hand which has drawn all things, and exhibited this great master-piece of nature, this world or universe. The first thing is, that you prepare and clear your sight; that your eye be simple, pure, uncorrupted, and ready and fit to receive that light which is to shine into it. This is done by virtue, meekness, modesty, sincerity. And way being thus made, your resolution standing towards truth, and you being conscious to yourself, that whilst you seek truth you cannot offend the God of truth; be not afraid of viewing all and comparing all. For without comparison of the false with the true, of the ugly with the beauteous, of the dark and obscure with the bright and shining, we can measure nothing, nor apprehend any thing that is excellent. We may be as well pagan, heathen, Turk, or any thing else; if being at Constantinople, Ispahan, or wherever the seat of any great empire is we refuse to look on Christian authors, or hear their sober apologists, as being contrary to the history imposed on us, with an utter destruction and cancelling of all other history or philosophy whatsoever.

But this fear being set aside, which is so wholly unworthy of God, and so debasing to his standard of reason which he has placed in us; our next concern is, to look impartially into all authors, and upon all nations, and into all parts of learning and human life; to seek and find out the true *pulchrum*, the *honestum*, the καλὸν:* by which standard and measure we may know God; and know how to praise him, when we have learnt what is praiseworthy.

Be this your search, and by these means, and by this way I have shown you. Seek for the καλὸν in every thing, beginning as low as the plants, the fields, or even the common arts of mankind, to see what is beauteous, and what contrary. Thus, and by the original fountains you are arrived to, you will, under Providence, attain beauty and true wisdom for yourself, being true to virtue; and so God prosper you.

## LETTER LXXIII.

*Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

February 8, 1709.

I commend your honest liberty: and therefore in the use of it recommend to you the pursuit of the same thoughts, that you have so honestly and naturally grafted upon the stock afforded you: to which God grant a true life and increase.

Time will be, when your greatest disturbance will arise from that ancient difficulty πόθεν τὸ κακὸν.† But when you have well inured yourself to the precepts and speculation which give the view of its noble contrary (τὸ καλὸν), you will rest satisfied. But be persuaded, in the mean time, that wisdom is more from the heart, than from the head. Feel goodness, and you will see all things fair and good.

Let it be your chief endeavour to make acquaintance with what is

* The fair, the honourable, and the good.

† The origin of evil.

good: that by seeing perfectly, by the help of reason, what good is, and what ill, you may prove whether that which is from revelation be not perfectly good and conformable to this standard. For, if so, the very end of the Gospel proves its truth. And that which to the vulgar is only knowable by miracles, and teachable by positive precepts and commands, to the wise and virtuous is demonstrable by the nature of the thing. So that how can we forbear to give our assent to those doctrines, and that revelation, which is delivered to us, and enforced by miracles and wonders? But to us, the very test and proof of the divineness and truth of that revelation is from the excellence of the things revealed: otherwise the wonders themselves would have little effect or power; nor could they be thoroughly depended on, were we even as near to them as those who lived more than a thousand years since, when they were freshly wrought, and strong in the memory of men. This is what alone can justify our easiness of faith; and in this respect we can never be too resigned, too willing, or too complaisant.

Meanwhile let your eye be simple, and turn it from the ἄθεον to the θεῖον.* View God in goodness, and in his works, which have that character. Dwell with honesty, and beauty, and order: study and love what is of this kind; and in time you will know and love the Author. Farewell.

## LETTER LXXIV.

*Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

May 5, 1709.

I am mightily satisfied with your writing to me as you do: pray continue.

* From Atheism to Deism.

I like your judgment and thoughts on the books you mention: the bishop of Salisbury's Exposition of the Articles is, no doubt, highly worthy of your study. None can better explain the sense of the church, than one who is the greatest pillar of it since the first founders; one who best explained and asserted the Reformation itself, was chiefly instrumental in saving it from popery before and at the Revolution, and is now the truest example of laborious, primitive, pious, and learned episcopacy. The antidote, indeed, recommended to you, was very absurd, as you remark yourself; and pray have little to do with controversy of any sort.

Chillingworth against Popery is sufficient reading for you, and will teach you the best manner of that polemic divinity. It is enough to read what is good; and what you find bad lay aside. The good you read will be a sufficient prevention and anticipation against any evil that may chance come across you imperceptibly. Fill yourself with good; and you will carry within you sufficient answer to the bad; and by a sort of instinct soon discern the one from the other.

Trust your own heart whilst you keep it honest, and can lift it up to the God of truth, as seeking that, and that only. But keep yourself from wrangling, and a controversial spirit; for more harm is taken by a fierce, sour answer to an ill book, than from the book itself, be it ever so ill. Therefore remember, I charge you to avoid controversial writers.

If the ancients in their purity are as yet out of your reach, search the moderns that are nearest to them. If you cannot converse with the most ancient, use the most modern. For the authors of the middle age, and all that sort of philosophy, as well as divinity, will be of little advantage to

you. Gain the purity of the English, your own tongue; and read whatever is esteemed polite or well writ that comes abroad. You may give me an account of this.

Meanwhile I am glad you read those modern divines of our nation who lived in this age, and were remarkable for moderation, and the Christian principle of charity and toleration.

Do as your genius directs you; and if you are virtuous and good, your genius will guide you right. But whatever it be, either ancient or modern, that you choose or read; or however you change your opinion or course of study; communicate, and you shall be heard willingly, and advised the best I am able.

I think your genius has dictated right to you about a little pamphlet, which, it seems, is commonly sold with the reflections lately writ upon it; which, if short, I would not for once debar you from, but have you hear what is said in answer, lest you should seem to yourself mistaken or diffident as to the truth. For my own part, I cannot but think from my heart, that the author of the pamphlet (whatever air of humour he may give himself, the better to take with the polite world) is most sincere to virtue and religion, and even to the interest of our church. For many of our modern assertors of toleration have seemed to leave us destitute of what he calls a public leading, or ministry; which notion he treats as mere enthusiasm, or horrid irreligion. For, in truth, religion cannot be left thus to shift for itself, without the care and countenance of the magistrate. But in the remarks, or reflections, I find the answerers are so far from understanding this plain sense of a leading, that they think it means only a leading by the nose. So excellent are these gentlemen at improving ridicule against themselves. They care not who defends religion, or how it is defended, if it be not in their way. They cry out upon a deluge of scepticism breaking out and overwhelming us, in this witty knowing age; and yet they will allow no remedy proper in the case, no application to the world in a more genteel, polite, open, and free way. They for their parts (witness Dr. A——y against the good Mr. H——y) have asserted virtue upon baser principles, and more false and destructive by far, than Epicurus, Democritus, Aristippus, or any of the ancient atheists. They have subverted all morality, all grounds of honesty, and supplanted the whole doctrine of our Saviour, under pretence of magnifying his revelation. In philosophy they give up all foundations, all principles of society, and the very best arguments to prove the being of a Deity. And, by the way, this pamphlet, which they are so offended at, is so strong on this head, that the author asserts the Deity even on the foundations of his innate idea, and the power of this notion even over atheists themselves, and by the very concession of Epicurus and that sect. But no more now. Continue to inform me of your reading and of new books: and God be with you.

## LETTER LXXV.

*Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

December 30, 1709.

I heartily approved your method and design, and continue to do so. Get what you can of the Greek language: it is the fountain of all; not only of polite learning and philosophy, but of divinity also, as being the language of our sacred oracles. For even the Old Testament is in its best and truest language in the Septuagint. All that you can get of leisure from other exercise and the required school-learning, apply to Greek.

The few good books of our divines and moralists, which you have discovered by your own sagacity, will serve you both for language and thought.

Dr. More's *Enchiridion Ethicum* is a right good piece of sound morals; though the doctor himself, in other English pieces, could not abide by it, but made different excursions into other regions, and was perhaps as great an enthusiast as any of those whom he wrote against. However, he was a learned and a good man.

Remember my former cautions and recommendations, and endeavour above all things to avoid the conceit and pride which is almost naturally inherent to the function and calling you are about to undertake. And since we think fit to call it priesthood, see that it be of such a kind, as may not make you say or think of yourself in the presence of another that you are holier than he. It is a solemn part; but see and beware that the solemnity do not abuse you. And remember, that He, whom you own to be your master and legislator, made no laws relating to civil power or interfering with it. So that all the pre-eminence, wealth, or pension, which you receive, or expect to receive, by help of this assumed character, is from the public, whence both the authority and profit is derived, and on which it legally depends; all other pretensions of priests being Jewish and heathenish, and in our state seditious, disloyal, and factious; such as is that spirit which now reigns in our universities, and where the high church-men (as they are called) are prevalent. But to this (thank God) our parliament, interposing at this instant, gives a check, by proceeding against Dr. S——l, and advancing Mr. H——y, of whom I have often spoken to you.

No more now; but God bless your studies and endeavours. Never was more need of a spirit of moderation and Christianity among those who are entering on the ministerial function: since the contrary spirit has possessed almost the whole priesthood beyond all former fanatics. God send you all true Christianity, with that temper, life, and manners, which become it. Farewell.

## LETTER LXXVI.

*Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

July 10, 1710.

I believed indeed it was your expecting me every day at * * * *, that prevented your writing, since you received orders from the good bishop, my lord of Salisbury; who, as he had done more than any man living for the good and honour of the church of England and the reformed religion, so he now suffers more than any man from the tongues and slander of those ungrateful churchmen; who may well call themselves by that single term of distinction, having no claim to that of Christianity or Protestant, since they have thrown off all the temper of the former, and all concern or interest with the latter.

I hope whatever advice the great and good bishop gave you will sink deeply into your mind: and that your receiving orders from the hands of so worthy a prelate will be one of the circumstances which may help to insure your steadiness in honesty, good principles, moderation, and true Christianity; which are now set at naught and at defiance by the far greater part and numbers of that body of clergy called the Church of England; who no more esteem themselves a Protestant church, or in union with those of Protestant communion; though they pretend to the name of Christian, and would have us judge of the spirit of Christianity from theirs: which God prevent! lest good men should in time

forsake Christianity through their means.

As for my part of kindness and friendship to you, I shall be sufficiently recompensed, if you prove (as you have ever promised) a virtuous, pious, sober, and studious man, as becomes the solemn charge belonging to you. But you have been brought into the world, and come into orders, in the worst times for insolence, riot, pride, and presumption of clergymen that I ever knew, or have read of; though I have searched far into the characters of high churchmen from the first centuries, in which they grew to be dignified with crowns and purple, to the late times of our reformation, and to our present age.

The thorough knowledge you have had of me, and the direction of all my studies and life to the promotion of religion, virtue, and the good of mankind, will (I hope) be of some good example to you; at least it will be a hinderance to your being seduced by infamies and calumnies; such as are thrown upon the men called moderate, and in their style indifferent in religion, heterodox, and heretical.

I pray God to bless you in your new function with all the true virtue, humility, moderation, and meekness, which becomes it. I am your hearty friend.

# BOOK THE THIRD.

# LETTERS OF THE LAST CENTURY,

# AND OF LATE DATE.

## SECTION I.

### FROM MR. POPE AND HIS FRIENDS.

#### LETTER I.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

Binfield, in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704.*

It was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom in his writings I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to our dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.*† Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him; for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and sir William Trumbul, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him.‡ I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party; but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame. And those scribblers, who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; but his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards the setting.

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it: and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion; and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever lesser wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set;

* The author's age then sixteen

† I have only seen Virgil.

‡ He since did so in his Dedication to the duke of Newcastle, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought and a facility of expression; or (in the midwives' phrase) a perfect conception, with an easy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition. Pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

## LETTER II.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

March 25, 1705.

When I write to you, I foresee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience beforehand; for if it proves the longest it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet, to express my gratitude at large for your obliging letter is not more my duty than my interest, as some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me; for praise to a young wit is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them; but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excel them in good-nature too. As for my green essays,* if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in observing the first shoots and buddings of a tree which he has raised himself: and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is at best but the smoke of friendship. I neither write nor converse with you to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much my friend as to appear my enemy, and to tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an inexperienced writer. I am, &c.

## LETTER III.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

April 30, 1705.

I cannot contend with you; you must give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me: but I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome advices and free sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place it is observable, that the love we bear to our friends is generally caused by our finding the

* His Pastorals, written at sixteen years of age.

same dispositions in them which we feel in ourselves. This is but self-love at the bottom; whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure or voluptuousness, each being desirous for his own sake of one to assist or encourage him in the course he pursues: as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love—so the friendship between them is more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that young as I am, and old as you are,* I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

## LETTER IV.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

Oct. 26, 1705.

I have now changed the scene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee house to Windsor forest. I find no other difference than this betwixt the common town wits and the downright country fools; that the first are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness, which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness; they are commonly known in the world by the name of Honest, Civil Gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these; for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself (as most men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly, than men who, for the sake of the circumstantial part, and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught at their coming into the world: whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would natu-

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about seventy years old: Mr. Pope under seventeen.

rally follow what they are meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here; but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you; and yet I cannot help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not come, though I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most wit, like those who have most money, are generally most sparing of either.

## LETTER V.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

April 10, 1706.

By one of yours of the last month, you desire me to select, if possible, some things from the first volume of your Miscellanies,* which may be altered so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this: whether it was to pick out the best of those verses (as those on the Idleness of Business, on Ignorance, on Laziness, &c.), to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions. For though (upon reading them on this occasion) I believe they might receive such an alteration with advantage, yet they would not be changed so much but any one would know them for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst pieces; which are such as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them. Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs, and Love-verses: for these will need only to be shortened to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have tried what I could do to some of the songs, and the poems on Laziness and Ignorance; but cannot (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpose; so that I must needs desire you would apply your care wholly at present to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable volume, of full as good ones; nay, I believe of better than any in Vol. I, which I could wish you would defer, at least till you have finished these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a sample of some few of these; namely, the verses to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: some I have contracted, as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force: some I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his successors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted versification; for the great dealers of wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods; while the haberdashers of small wit spare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commissioned me to paint your shop; and I have done my best to brush you up like your neighbours.* But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child she helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse: you may

* Printed in folio, in the year 1704.

† Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very easy to be distinguished, may be found in the posthumous editions of Wycherley's Poems, particularly those on Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixed Life.

take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than sparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at last, if you think them but squibs in your triumphs. I am, &c.

## LETTER VI.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

Nov. 20, 1707.

Mr. Englefield, being upon his journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire than to gratify my own; though I did it so lately by the messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of sending you the fair copy of the poem on Dulness,* which was not then finished, and which I should not care to hazard by the common post. Mr. Englefield is ignorant of the contents; and I hope your prudence will let him remain so, or my sake no less than your own: since, if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports should be raised, and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requests, that your papers were in my hands. No man alive shall ever know any such thing from me, and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any ways assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it.

The method of the copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I desire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, answering to the same in this letter. The Poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures 1, 2, 3, 4. The first contains the Praise of Dulness; and shows how upon several suppositions it passes for, 1, religion; 2, philosophy; 3, example; 4, wit; and, 5, the cause of wit, and the end of it. The second part contains the Advantages of Dulness; 1st, in business; and, 2dly, at court; where the similitudes of the bias of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, are directly tending to the subject, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of those advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them). The third contains the Happiness of Dulness in all stations; and shows, in a great many particulars, that it is so fortunate as to be esteemed some good quality or other in all sorts of people: that it is thought quiet, sense, caution, policy, prudence, majesty, valour, circumspection, honesty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which sums up all the praise, advantage, and happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them by the opposition of the disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness of wit, with which it concludes.

Though the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of something in your first volume, or in this very paper. Some thoughts are contracted, where they seemed encompassed with too many words; and some new expressed, or added, where I thought there wanted heightening (as you will see particularly in the simile of the clock-weights†); and the versification throughout is, I believe, such as nobody can be shocked at. The re-

* The original of it in blots, and with figures of the references from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant among other such *brouillons* of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him.

† These two similies, of the bias of a bowl and the weights of a clock, were at length put into the first book of the Dunciad; and thus we have the history of their birth, fortunes, and final establishment.

peated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done: for if I have not spared you when I thought severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet. In the mean time, pray write to me when you can; you cannot too often.

## LETTER VII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

Nov. 29, 1707.

The compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable service I could do you, are very unkind; and do but tell me, in other words, that my friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles; which, upon my faith, I shall equally take amiss, whether made to myself or to any other. For God's sake (my dear friend) think better of me; and believe I desire no sort of favour so much as that of serving you more considerably than I have yet been able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner with some others of your pieces: but since you desire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions, I must, as soon as I have marked these, transcribe what is left on another paper; and in that blot, alter, and add all I can devise for their improvement; for you are sensible, the omission of repetitions is but one, and the easiest part of yours and my design; there remaining besides to rectify the method, to connect the matter, and to mend the expression and versification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixt Life, the Bill of Fare, the Praises of Avarice, and some others.

I must take notice of what you say, of "my pains to make your dulness methodical;" and of your hint, "That the sprightliness of wit despises method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, considered as propriety, surely method is not only necessary for perspicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a simile Mr. Dryden used in conversation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians; which they not only choose for the beauty of their colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my sentiments from you: to methodize, in your case, is full as necessary as to strike out; otherwise you had better destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

## LETTER VIII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley*

April 15, 1710.

I received your most extreme kind letter but just now. It found me over those papers you mention, which have been my employment ever since Easter Monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have discharged my task, which, upon the word of a friend, is the most pleasing one I could be put upon. Since you are so near going into Shropshire (whither I shall not care to write of this matter, for fear of the miscarriage of any letters), I must desire your leave to give you a plain and sincere account of what I

have found from a more serious application to them. Upon comparison with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the present volume; which, if (as you told me last) you would have me dash over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may displease you. I have everywhere marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to cross the lines, or would any way else limit my commission, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of sparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto, however, I have crossed them so as to be legible, because you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are struck out in a copy, I sometimes find more upon dipping in the first volume; and the number increases so much, that I believe more shortening will be requisite than you may be willing to bear with, unless you are in good earnest resolved to have no thought repeated. Pray forgive this freedom, which as I must be sincere in this case, so I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would prescribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your resolution of seeing me in my hermitage this summer. The sooner you return, the sooner I shall be happy; which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or esteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your absence. It is (I am sure) a real truth, that my sickness cannot make me quite weary of myself when I have you with me; and I shall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You see how freely and with how little care I talk, rather than write to you. This is one of the many advantages of friendship, that one can say to one's friend the things that stand in need of pardon, and at the same time be sure of it. Indeed, I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worse for being fit for none else to read. It is an argument of the trust reposed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes such things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours so often and so long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatness of it than I hope you do of the greatness of my affection, or of the sincerity with which I am, &c.

## LETTER IX.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

May 10, 1710.

I am sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your exception not unmixed with some suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your request, not to cross over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the repetitions. But as this can serve no farther than to get rid of those repetitions, and no way rectify the method, nor connect the matter, nor improve the poetry in expression or numbers, without farther blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion and desire, that you shall take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task; on the contrary

you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the copy, and yet to lose no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the same way, if you please; though truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as single maxims and reflections in prose, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verse;* and this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an easy task to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER X.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

March 13, 1708.

I believe it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which, being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your service. You have extremely obliged me by your frankness and kindness; and if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to show respect where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony; and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one than it is to the other.

If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quiesco.†

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same: it has the same business, which is poetry; and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shop-keepers are glad to be rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, If you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you needs must be, when you can find leisure to write to your, &c.

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December 1715; but little progress was made in this design, through his old age, and the increase of his infirmities. However, some of the verses which had been touched by Mr. P. with CCVIII of these maxims in prose, were found among his papers, which, having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a mercenary, were published in 1732, in octavo, under the title of The Posthumous Works of W. Wycherley, Esq.

† I dine, drink, sing, play, read, sup, and repose.

## LETTER XI.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

November 1, 1708.

I have been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not once thought of the town, nor inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself. And from him I understand of your journey this summer into Leicestershire; from whence I guess you are returned by this time to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old business of comparing critics, and reconciling commentators, and to your old diversions of losing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators; and for the infirmity of one sense,* which there, for the most part, could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another, which ravishes you.

> You know, when one sense is suppress,
> It but retires into the rest,

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense! So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works; and next, that you are not so arrant a critic as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should congratulate with me; it is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage; and not out of any ambition to spread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's, or the ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season; so much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest; he continued (as you told me long since he would) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore, henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall add that of prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing but with a real design to perform it: how much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not;

* His hearing.

and it is with the utmost that I am, sir, &c.

## LETTER XII.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

March 7, 1709.

You had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany,* or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagined you might have had before now ; but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, that authors in general are more ready to write nonsense than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written ; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. It is a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original sonnets and epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they cannot get off their hands in the morning are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes Covent-garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the Muses, Mercury, and British Apollo (not to say Jacob's Miscellanies) with verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence apiece, has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price ; whereby the public-spirited Mr. Henry Hills, of Blackfriars, has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who, never over-abounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even though poems were distributed gratis about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you used with Sappho to cross the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her ;—I mean only (as Old Fox in the Plain Dealer says) through the ear, with your well-penned verses. I wish you all the pleasure which the season and the nymph can afford ; the best company, the best coffee, and the best news you can desire ; and what more to wish you than this, I do not know ; unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you : I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future (to which you know I have been sometimes a little refractory). If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margin, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal), you will extremely oblige me and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author, it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a professed enemy ; though I confess, I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer, were first printed.

by reading Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be passed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that it ever had been reduced to practice; but this example of one of the most correct and best of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, seldom observed it. Your, &c.

## LETTER XIII.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

July 17, 1709.

The morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach: a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconveniences of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. It is not easy to guess at my mortification; but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was young and a gentlewoman: but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood lately married, who, having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she ate; nor was I more like the devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the foresaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and, in spite of my evil form, accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of; which had so good an effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant; her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure. In a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has something of the air of romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points; especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assured, that gentleman we spoke of shall never, by any alteration in me, discover my knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the

only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours: and I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship more than himself either is or perhaps ever will be sensible of.

But in one thing, I must confess you have yourself obliged me more than any man; which is, that you have showed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by so much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country, with more application and pleasure: the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very sincerely your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short Ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find, by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

## LETTER XIV.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

Aug. 19, 1709.

If I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but though the one be but too little for your good nature, the other would be but too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good-nature should indispensably receive from mankind in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence, the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit nor critic; though indeed I have often thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to them when I am present. To be very frank with you, sir, I must own, that where I received so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so much sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first; and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caused an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you

have left your speculative angle in the widow's coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the rehearsals, reviews, gazettes, &c. have marched off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, though not in the action; for though life, for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be a good merry farce, a-G—d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one nor all of these; every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character; for we change our minds as often as they can their parts; and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is to-day sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play: "Pray do me the favour, sir, to inform me,—Is this your tragedy or your comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcerned spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my lord chamberlain nor the queen herself, can ever shut up, or silence;—while that of Drury (alas!) lies desolate in the profoundest peace; and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium? What now can they hope, dispossessed of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Haymarket? The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as these perishing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-street; and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the said person of quality and others, on the part of the confederates, and his theatrical majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy, as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reason. I am, &c.

## LETTER XV.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

May 10, 1710.

I had not so long omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good nature and friendship as you lately showed me; but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C's., who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you; and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I

must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis; and I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined that he, who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants? and that enemy the gentlest too, the best-natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus; who seemed not more unlike himself, in the severity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber) will turn a resolute critic to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well, by way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows but travelling and long airing in an open field may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critic's severity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Chee's anger of old? In these fields you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

## LETTER XVI.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

May 17, 1710.

After I had recovered from a dangerous illness, which was first contracted in town about a fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and paper enclosed,* which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you; promising me in return some translations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands; so that it is to be feared, that though I have escaped death, I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you were upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London: if you will do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair; but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present living, dead condition, nothing would be properer than "Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,"† but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourself and some others. They say indeed it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have con-

* Verses on Silence, in imitation of the earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing, done at fourteen years old.

† Forgetful of my friends, and forgotten by them.

ferred, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferred them; then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes; I am, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth. But reflect, dear sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another! if he who has nothing to do himself, will not comfort and support another in his idleness; if those, who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strewing a few flowers over him. In the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other; being all alike *Inanes:** we saunter to one another's habitation, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that, all alive as you are, you may not sometimes disdain —— *desipere in loco.*† Though you are no papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them (which I plainly perceive by your silence) yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull state of sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you I am still, though in a state of separation, yours, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical capacity:

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.‡

## LETTER XVII.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

July 20, 1710.

I give you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's Elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness; like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places; and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error; what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss that another dissents from my opinion; it is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem;* the 8th of book iii or the 11th of book iii. which are

* Empty.

† To trifle.

‡ The recollection of a well acted life is most delightful.

above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second Æneid, it is either so plain as to require no solution, or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. Priam would say that, "Achilles (whom surely you only feign to be your father, since your actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanly. He blushed at his murder of Hector, when he saw my sorrows for him; and restored his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough, "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles how I degenerate from him;" granting the truth of what Priam had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles's selling for money the body of Hector, seems not so proper; it is in some measure lessening the character of Achilles's generosity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be questioned, being expressly taken from Homer, who represents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold (Iliad xxiv.); for when he gives the body, he uses these words: "O my friend Patroclus, forgive me that I quit the corpse of him who killed thee! I have great gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy funeral." I am, &c.

## LETTER XVIII.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

October 12, 1710.

I deferred answering your last, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design of seeing my friends there; among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life. However, I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best cure in nature for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune: it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the mistresses of their desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a friend; a happiness I once hoped to have possessed in Mr. Wycherley; but, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!**—I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured by-stander could puff away.—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking of this subject.

I was mightily pleased to perceive, by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me so far as France. You see it is with weak heads as with weak stomachs, they immediately throw out what they received last: and what they read, floats upon the surface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This I think, however, cannot be said of the love-verses I last troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is so puerile and so like the author, that nobody will suspect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as

* But, O, how changed!

a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them), it seems, searched in Waller, but searched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verses; and have not forgot who promised me Ovid's elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem.* Had Ovid been as long in composing it, as you in sending it, the lady might have sailed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticism upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom you tell me you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine than what he told you; and I should be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decernere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.*

By these *epulæ*†, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal snuff and burnt claret, which he took with his master Cornutus; and the *verecunda mensa*‡ was, without dispute, some coffee-house table of the ancients. I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author. I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction described in them, being truly your, &c.

* For I remember that I spent long days with you, and with you devoted the evenings to banquets; we share each other's labours and amusements, and relax from our business at a moderate table.

† Banquets.

‡ Moderate table.

## LETTER XIX.

### *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

October 28th, 1710.

I am glad to find by your last letter, that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I assure you, I never valued half so much as I do that sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which, while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry, since I shall do nothing with it, but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find, by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, even though themselves pronounce sentence upon them.—As to Mr. Phillips's Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is, for the greatest part, a translation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines (speaking of the musician's playing on the harp):

Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting airs arise at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the chords with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a shepherd, as they are

here: in the poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same author published in the Tatler, No. 12. on the Danish winter; it is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not seen, but believe I shall be of that critic's opinion you mention at Will's, who swore it was good: for, though I am very cautious of swearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of the sea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no terms of art or cant words suit with the majesty and dignity of style, which epic poetry requires—"Cui mens divinior, atque os magna sonaturum."* The tarpaulin phrase can please none but such "qui aurem habent Batavam;"† they must not expect "auribus Atticis probari,"‡ I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously.)

Though you say you did not rightly take my meaning in the verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it, because, though it seems you are resolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator.—And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the verse and the application.

* Which requires a lofty mind and majestic language.

† Who have a Dutch ear.

‡ To be approved by Attic ears.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town; and till his return he was my servant, &c. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour; that is, assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has estranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed, to believe nobody, may be a maxim of safety; but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying, or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed; and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me. Your, &c.

## LETTER XX.

### *Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull.*§

March 12, 1713.

Though any thing you write i sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own, your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion, that a young scribbler

§ Secretary of state to king William the Third.

is as ill-pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a king's favourite, or as a king.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is a just judgment upon poets, that they whose chief pretence is wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools; this is, be cajoled with praises. And I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife; "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself; but she should not be so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I, who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all; for fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) the last infirmity of noble minds, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought). You, sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires, in my present state, terminates in the society and good will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

## LETTER XXI.

*Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull.*

April 30, 1713.

I have been almost every day employed in following your advice, and amusing myself in painting; in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer; which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another, may the

most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud him most.

The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find the applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue-writer,* who was clapped into a staunch whig, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that, after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side; so betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies. I am your, &c.

## LETTER XXII.

*Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.*

June 15, 1711.

I send you Dennis's remarks on the Essay;† which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal; for I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment, nor imagine how these three lines‡ can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they designed to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose; for I have often known, that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason; and I will alter them in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: I confess it what the English call a *bull* in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough. Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression; they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that if a book cannot answer for itself to the pub-

* Himself.

† On Criticism.

‡ But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

lic, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I do not desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence), merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of little consequence). I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should never have known: it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me, what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be attacked thus in particular. I have read, that it was a custom among the Romans, while a general rode in triumph, to have the common soldiers in the streets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for a wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a wit was attacked for his religion, as you will find I am most zealously in this treatise; and you know, sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite side* on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

*Quid jam misero mihi denique restat!*
*Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi*
*Dardanidæ infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt!*†

* See the ensuing letter.

† What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorned by my foes, abandoned by my friends!
*Dryden.*

It is however my happiness that you, sir, are impartial.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
For you well know that wit's of no religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines detached from their natural places, may show how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense, to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbé is not of that sort; who with the utmost candour and freedom has modestly told me what others thought, and shown himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us, in relation to the monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them; and I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line ("A second deluge learning over-run") will be understood of learning in general: and I fancy it will be understood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from thence: insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbé's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error: and his testifying some esteem for the book, just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great ge-

nerosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge. Your, &c.

## LETTER XXIII.

### *Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C., Esq.*

July 13, 1711.

In your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect; and all are damn'd beside)

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows *(Meanly they seek, &c.)* speaks only of wit (which is meant by that blessing, and that sun); for how can the sun of faith be said to sublime the southern wits, and to ripen the geniuses of northern climates? I fear these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism: and, perhaps, out of good nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile itself, if twice read, may convince them that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unless they call our church *one small sect:* and the cautious words *(by each man)* manifestly show it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who ascertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed ministers and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet, after all, I promise you, sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith, though weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it; and if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compass), that stumbling block, though it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heart of these good disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) should proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing, however provoked (for some people can no more provoke than oblige), that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholic. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus; who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevenging spirit of primitive Christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own: I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to them, right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity

can do a priest none: for, as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.** Your, &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C., Esq.*

July 19, 1711.

The concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you, in a clear light, the true state of it.

I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiastics), than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

There may be errors, I grant; but I cannot think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind, the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charged with; and I hope, a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence; but, on the contrary, must needs have done good, in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries; which yet in reality all good and sensible men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against them, I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence: for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being slandered; it is our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at, with such as deserve it.

As to particulars; you cannot but have observed, that at first the whole

* Where there is charity, there is humility; where there is humility, there is peace.

objection against the simile of wit and faith lay to the word *they:* when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar serving to confute them), then the objection was against the simile itself; or if that simile will not be objected to (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every body), next the mention of superstition must become a crime; as if religion and she were sisters, or that it were scandal upon the family of Christ to say a word against the devil's bastard. Afterwards, more mischief is discovered in a place that seemed innocent at first, the two lines about *schismatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared against those schismatics, for quitting the true faith, out of a contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: but these believers are called *dull;* and because I say that those schismatics think some believers dull, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * these objections; who assured me, I had said nothing which a Catholic need to disown; and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: he put a notion into my head, which, I confess, I cannot but acquiesce in: that when a set of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a bye-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that Erasmus, whom their tribe oppressed and persecuted, should be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with honour; who as he never refused to any one of merit, of any party, the praise due to him, so honestly deserved it from all others, though of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty and latitude of principle; which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay, because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal absence: and the rather, because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition (which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in this first impression, and, I fancy, a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in threescore, even of liberal education, can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number). You shall find me a true Trojan in any faith and friendship; in both which I will persevere to the end. Your, &c.

## LETTER XXV.

*Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C., Esq.*

Dec. 5, 1712.

You have at length complied with the request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent: so many things

freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved every thing that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me; yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revisal of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find that these, which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are designed to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would letters patents, since they entitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have the least reason to complain; and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault; I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. But these things are only whispered, and I will not encroach upon Bayes's province and *pen whispers;* so hasten to conclude.

Your, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.*

June, 18, 1712.

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest; and in the latter, are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrefy, and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to

all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests, amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude; such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those whom Seneca says, "Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse, quicquid in luce est." Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise; but after all, they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the Companion of Obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast; but, if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am your, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.*

Dec. 4, 1712.

This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit; that is to say, the emperor Adrian's *animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.*

I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desired of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

ODE.

I.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

## LETTER XXIX.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.*

July 20, 1713.

I am more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun,

so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate, too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds, was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable, upon these bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of—envy and calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him.* But indeed your opinion that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when I first saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think, in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am your, &c.

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

## LETTER XXX.

### *Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.*

Oct. 20, 1713.

I was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work† you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself, when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from these performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time; and will not despair of it when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am, &c.

† The translation of the Iliad.

## LETTER XXXI.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.*

Oct. 10, 1714.

I have been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the whigs as I got from the tories, that is to say, civility, being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you; it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's verses of Sisyphus's stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics. I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's treatise, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων,* who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem, your, &c.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.*

Aug. 16, 1714.

I thank you for your good offices which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to

* On the composition of words.

appear in, like a modish modern author;

> Picture in the front,
> With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have, expects its gratification from other people. It is not I that am to tell you what an artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendship of a stayed man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus, well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it amounts. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope.*

Aug. 20, 1714.

I have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity;

but now all is safe, and you are escaped even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend, merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto. Perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be. Your, &c.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.*

Aug. 27, 1714.

I am just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the king.

I admire your whig principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright*, &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value suspect my disposition towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me, so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both; to show him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be ever so obnoxious to any party: nor did the tory party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the whig party than the same liberty. A curse on the word Party, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to

the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies: but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXV.

### *Mr. Pope to the Earl of Halifax.*

Dec. 1, 1714.

My lord,

I am obliged to you, both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours; but if I may have leave to add, if it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXVI.

### *Mr. Pope to the Hon. James Craggs, Esq.*

July 15, 1715.

I lay hold of the opportunity given me by my lord duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations are not to be found on this side of the water: for the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when Old England is no longer Old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good-humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about whigs and tories, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T—'s and my translation. I (like the tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave whig, and Mr. T— a rank tory: I translated Homer for the public in general; he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling: let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute lord: I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and

masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the grand monarch, who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of Monsieur de la Motte's book: and I cannot conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails. L— is dead, and *soupés* are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the minister, but to the friend."* However it is some mark of uncommon regard to the minister, that I steal an expression from a secretary of state. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXVII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.*

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

Methinks when I write to you, I am making a confession; I have got (I cannot tell how) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own fault at first view: as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and censured by bad writers.

You do more than answer my expectations of you in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Tourreil:—"When a man writes, he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having passed a few days in my way with my lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days' time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration: for few people (I think) but I pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a pa-

* Alluding to St. John's letter to Prior, published in the Report of the Secret Committee.

pist and a poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpose, for without the *opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.**

## LETTER XXXVIII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.*

March 19, 1714-15.

The farce of the What-d'ye-call it† has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets; others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell, hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh; and says the prince and princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several Templars, and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has, in a very particular manner, come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps.—There are still some sober men, who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface should be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday, Mr. Steele's affair was decided. I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor, I believe, received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good-humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is possessed of. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXIX.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.*

April 7, 1715.

Mr. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture: in the mean time, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church history: the knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for the discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary

* I shall be content without riches.

† Written by Gay.

copy of verses.* Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be played in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature: for what woman ever despised sovereignty? You know, Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a-drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a sixpenny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which he says is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine parts of tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused.† Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over burgundy and champagne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets,—a criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, as you know there are in some diseases; and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics are like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called Homerides. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What-d'ye-call-it.‡ Yet there is not a proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet silenced by the lord chamberlain. Your, &c.

* Called, An Ode on the Longitude: in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

† This curious piece was entitled, A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, written by one Griffin, a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

## LETTER XL.

### *Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope.*

May 6.

I have the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure

‡ In one of his papers called the Grumbler.

you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind as to inquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would choose, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one; and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R—'s pedantry, and believe me to be your, &c.

P. S. By the enclosed you will see I am like to be impressed, and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors; but, I thank God, I shall have your company. I believe it high time you should think of administering another emetic.

## LETTER XLI.

### *Rev. Dean Berkley* to Mr. Pope.*

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarine is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn; but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields on the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*); its lower parts are adorned with vines

* Afterwards bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philinous, the Minute Philosopher.

and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing, as your own to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so they are without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival—a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera) they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion: in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy: however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase, which shows him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by your, &c.

## LETTER XLII.

### *Mr. Pope to* * * * *

Sept. 17.

The gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit, quærens quem devoret.** But your *circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings—health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable rambler! While (like your fellow-circuiteer, the sun) you travel the round of the

* He goes about, seeking whom he may devour.

earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens. You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to please the sex better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things —a most happy union of truth and scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is, on the contrary, full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S., Lord Chief Justice A., Judge P., and Counsellor B., who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose; but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER XLIII.

### *The Duke of Buckingham to Mr. Pope.*

You desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer: and I think it excuseable (at an age, alas! of not much pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the *belles lettres*), both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other, a lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that sort of it which most becomes her sex, for softness, gentleness, and promoting of virtue; and such (as one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship to rough disputes or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happened, that no writers, even about divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations to attack or defend so great an author under debate. I wish for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man, who is not so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact: M. d'Acier has well judged, that the best of all poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despaired of: I believe, indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this task as well as prose can do it (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right), but she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder, therefore, if in doing this she is grown so enamoured of that unspeakably charming author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he, being already deservedly famous for all sorts of lyric poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the epic kind (though but in that way of translation), as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose: knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But as great poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excused for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to outdo M. d'Acier, but endeavoured to outdo Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprise; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet I must needs say, his excellencies are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration, his judgment, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly because of his sublime ones; I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprise me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean, to be singular, in getting above the title of a translator, though sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition nobody has less occasion than one who is so fine a poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an epic poet himself: though no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that hers can be ever paralleled with it.

Besides, he could not be ignorant that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shows so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare:* since as good a poet as I believe the French language is capable of, and as sharp a critic as any nation can produce, has, by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs choose that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he missed a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with so much slaughter (for that is to be excused, since a war is not capable of being described without it), but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as show the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also:—like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable, for being always so very movingly

painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache, hardly makes us amends for his body being dragged thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his strongest objections about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

M. d'Acier might have considered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caused only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madame d'Acier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in his prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him, as well as that way is capable of, *viz.* fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is, its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer, any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

## LETTER XLIV.

### *Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham.*

Sept. 1, 1718.

I am much honoured by your grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer; and I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the lady's learning, though I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no farther, his remarks on Horace show more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's Art of Poetry more skill and science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes; only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complai-

sance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely quoted the true proprietor, without observing upon it. If Madame d'Acier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct; but what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauty of Homer's epic poetry but what he learned from Madame d'Acier's prose translation. There had been a very elegant prose translation before, that of Monsieur de la Valterie; so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your grace very justly animadverts against the too great disposition of finding faults in the one, and of confessing none in the other. But doubtless, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the archbishop of Cambray), I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, No disputants, even in divinity, could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same interest go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about a variety of opinions in criticism, as ever they did about religion; and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we should have the French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your grace is shocked at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles, in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to show myself a true commentator, if not a true critic), I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that book: and to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I'll show your grace when we next meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depressed over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a hero, you will at least be so good as to allow the second may. But I can tell your grace, no less a hero than my lord Peterborrow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, show me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I will be as much afraid as any of you." I am your grace's, &c.

## LETTER XLV.

### *Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.*

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distrest courtier, commonly the most despisable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie

neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you do not use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

## LETTER XLVI.

*Mr. Pope to the Earl of Oxford.*

October 21, 1721.

My lord,

Your lordship may be surprised at the liberty I take in writing to you: though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his; I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity, perhaps, which, at least, is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you will receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my lord Oxford; and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your lordship will tell my lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you); but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always, my lord, your, &c.

## LETTER XLVII.

*The Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope.*

Brampton Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

Sir,

I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory: for it must needs be

very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed! My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me! I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship; and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Edward Blount, Esq. to Mr. Pope.*

Nov. 15, 1715.

It is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the north! What ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers! However it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood! and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security's sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both. I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say in praying, for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you,

since I am in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity, your, &c.

## LETTER XLIX.

### *Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.*

Jan. 21, 1715-1716.

I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our Catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley showed this, even in this last compliment; though I think his request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterize any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for a play may as well be applied to him as a playwright:

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*

## LETTER L.

### *Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.*

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I am just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate

* Let him continue to the end as he began, and be consistent with himself.

spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which, at the best, is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after, leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call Science and Study are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what, without all this solicitude, we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy: we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that jingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done, which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction; for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion, is often rather a gratification than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *bene nota fides*,* as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said—that I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, &c.

## LETTER LI.

### *Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.*

Sept. 8, 1717.

I think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world,

* The well known faith.

with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst, I heartily wish your ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus, the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian; and told me, he was perfectly astonished we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliments; and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, though your cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the emperor.

## LETTER LII.

*Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.*

Nov. 17, 1717.

The question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden, indeed, it

was; however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such a humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest, perhaps, of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more, but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

## LETTER LIII.

### *Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.*

Renscomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

Your kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me as her own sir John was to demolish duke Lancaster. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations and slopes which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times;—"remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that befit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for, I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more,—that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying I have now a whole family upon my hands; to whom to discharge the part of a friend, I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and, consequently, them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is, your, &c.

## LETTER LIV.

### *Mr. Pope to E. Blount, Esq.*

Oct. 21, 1721.

Your very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's, published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for what you are to feel, which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune said one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die!—I am a poor individual; no creature to wish or to fear for my life or death: it is the only reason I have to repent being a single man: now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres; cast them to dirty people, such as, in the Scripture-phrase, possess the land. Shake off your earth, like the noble animal in Milton:—

> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
> And, rampant, shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
> The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity your, &c.

## LETTER LV.

### *Mr. Pope to E. Blount, Esq.*

June 27, 1723.

You may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family: with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well, and for enjoying the sweets of that

* Remember, O Lord, thy servants and handmaidens, &c.

life which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise: and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are banished from us! but happier they who can banish themselves, or, more properly, banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim god of hell!

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a Christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature; but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

## LETTER LVI.

### *Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.*

June 2, 1717.

I had pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians.* They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill that Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give sixpence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean; most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean; so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect that you will make the better busto for it.

* Asses.

It is something particular in you not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness, in showing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between queen Anne and king George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute, you took up all my mind; the next, I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present as that noble one of sir Nathaniel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always your, &c.

## LETTER LVII.

*Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.*

London, March 31, 1718.

To convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over; you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed; but I have found by experience, that people now a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the most we can hope is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at; there indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for king George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill dressed, that men, women, and children hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain glory.

My lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before: talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette, which gives me some hope that you have, at least,

a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

## LETTER LVIII.

### *Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.*

Coleshill, April, 1718.

I have read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags among you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her: and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you we indeed read the Spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

## LETTER LIX.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

May 1, 1720.

You will think me very full of myself, when after long silence (which, however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book as in concluding a session of parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account; and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and, with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publish two only, the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays; one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait

for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque fidem.* I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My lord Digby must be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives' end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing!—my lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them; my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, by Tuscan porticos or Ionic pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cider.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprised with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! Building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear sir, I am, &c.

## LETTER LX.

### *Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.*

May 21, 1720.

Your letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me: and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle, weak imagination, to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother re-

members me is a very sincere joy to me. I cannot but reflect how alike you are: from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two Essays you mention are not completed: but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedge's breath is beyond all perfume, and the songs of birds we hear as well as you; but though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you were here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you! If I see you, I must leave my father alone; and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless lady Scudamore comes to Sherborne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico. Your, &c.

## LETTER LXI.

### *Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.*

Sherborne, July 9, 1720.

The London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South Sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health; for of riches and fame you have enough. Your, &c.

## LETTER LXII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

July 20, 1720.

Your kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whose short eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of

Cirencester, whither, I could say, almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good-humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!), by mortals called Spaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

> On flowers repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
> Quaff immortality and joy.

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promised to make for this purpose. I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side, and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of king James the First.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in sæcula sæculorum!*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and palladio. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXIII.

### *Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.*

Sherborne, July 30.

I congratulate you, dear sir, on the return of the golden age, for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only, as various as those of Nile, arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him, will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? Who will go thither, while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good satire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects. Your, &c.

## LETTER LXIV.

### *Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.*

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the South Sea, than for the public, which is said to

be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings; since they have shown me your mind is principled with such a sentiment. I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind. Believe me, dear sir, no equipage could show you to my eye in so much splendour. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will say nothing of lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution; and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen; yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself your, &c.

## LETTER LXV.

*The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Atterbury) to Mr. Pope.*

Dec. 1716.

I return your preface,* which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it; and since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it, always provided that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter; of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give because you ask it; and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often and patiently to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice; being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning, therefore, to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which, therefore, I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you; or if I do, shall I hope have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be, your, &c.

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's poems, first printed in 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

## LETTER LXVI.

*Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.*

Sept. 23, 1720.

I hope you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances

(how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your lordship may criticise from Virgil to these Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: the fate of the South-Sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself; the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued, became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant), I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half his estate was swallowed by the directors of those days, resolved that half to be more than the whole.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

*Men shall groan out of the city, and hiss them out of their place.*

*They have dreamed out their dream, and awakening have found nothing in their hands.*

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the South Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few unrighteous men; but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with the thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says, the government and South Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy (as is usual in the case of lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shows me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased in a great degree; but I assure you, my lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased is, that you continue your favour towards me; the best I know for being proud, would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only repair but improve. I am, with the sincerest esteem and most grateful acknowledgment, your, &c.

## LETTER LXVII.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

The Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found

its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October; by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR
LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.*

To show you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds, of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above—may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd bust.
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain.

* To John Dryden, to whom English Poetry owes its force and elegance; and if posterity shall yield him any praise, it is now his due; therefore, &c.

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you if you should not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, sir, for your Arabian Tales. Ill as I have been almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of Eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my Northern understanding), that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprise and please a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expense: for to read those two volumes through, liking them little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do; which, I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croise* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c., I cannot help thinking them the product of some woman's imagination: and believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect to the South Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concerned; for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it. But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, Peace be to its manes!

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries: a thought, under which a good and good-natured man, that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me ever your, &c.

## LETTER LXVIII.

### *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

March, 26, 1721.

You are not yourself gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought, that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your verses;* and with the freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame; but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless than you would otherwise be in your compositions.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS.† which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo Ligur*, as he is called —what that means in English or French, I cannot say; but all he says is in so loose, and slippery, and ticklish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

† Written by Huetius bishop of Avranches. He was a mean reasoner; as may be seen by a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a demonstration; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise on the weakness of the human understanding: a poor system of scepticism: indeed little other than an abstract from Sextus Empiricus. —WARBURTON.

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes—*

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason with a dog for his instinct to-morrow.

## LETTER LXIX.

### *Lord Chancellor Harcourt to Mr. Pope.*

December 6, 1722.

I cannot but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve of it.

When once your epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship; and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word *deny'd*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction which it ought to bear; *viz.* renounced, deserted, &c. *Deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good nature than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forced to speak.

I cannot perfectly, at least without farther discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXX.

### *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

Sept. 27, 1721.

I am now confined to my bedchamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company, to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year:—what must I expect when

*Inversum contristat Aquarius annum* †

* Vain fool and coward, said the lofty maid,
Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid:
On others practise thy Ligurian arts,
Thy stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me—nor shalt thou safe retire
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire.
DRYDEN.

† Aquarius saddens the inverted year.

"If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Excuse me for employing a sentence of Scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little, under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing, that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller, and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *a la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them, because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows: which ends with the very same rhymes and words *(appear* and *clear)* that the couplet but one after that does;—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus:

So lightnings in a stormy air
Scorch more than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements; and you will say true: for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have showed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser; and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at lord Bathurst's: may both continue till I see you! May my lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness; and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXI.

### *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

Notwithstanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning; and before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I say? I recal that word, for it implies desire; and, God knows, that is far from being the case: for I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world,—my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii* or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood: characters which Tully paints so well in one of his epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent, interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and, by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the

epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprised to find that my lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon: he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy it will be quite off by the beginning of November; a letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God, as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: and I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse; but that is a vain thought. I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you, therefore, while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakspeare shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text; I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship; in the exchange of which with you, sir, I hope to live and die your, &c.

P. S. Addison's Works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man* to a dead man;† and even that the new patron,‡ to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

## LETTER LXXII.

*Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.*

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

My lord,

It is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*,§ but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twit'nam. When I

* Mr. Addison. † Mr. Craggs.
‡ Lord Warwick.
§ The friend of all hours.

went last to town and was on wing for the Deanery, I heard your lordship was gone the day before to Bromley; and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well: easy, resigned, and happy, you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of your, &c.

## LETTER LXXIII.

### *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

Permit me, dear sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addison;* send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say; but it pleases me to have an opportunity of showing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

* An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.

## LETTER LXXIV.

### *Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.*

March 14, 1721-2.

I was disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it; but I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sin-

cere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger; and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me), but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity), I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South Sea, poetry, popery, and poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am you should be troubled anew by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXV.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

March 16, 1721-2.

As a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live; for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed; but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*;* and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner;† and how long, or how little a while, it may be so taken up, God only knows; and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXVI.

*Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.*

March 19, 1721-2.

My lord,

I am extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good-will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twickenham is a fresh instance of that parti

* In a corner with a book.

† In his lady's last illness.

ality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to show you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment: for indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh, keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion when such as your lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est,* with a picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion).

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station), one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work*)

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should; and approve of your not having your coach here; for if you would see lord C—, or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nutshell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my lord, no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay, with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own sons of the church), your obedient, &c.

* The Paradise Regained.

## LETTER LXXVII.

### *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr Pope.*

April 6, 1722.

Under all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise: and that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy: however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting; for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things: let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only. A president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to greatness some time ago, *Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.** The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level; and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is so that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride; and then I will court them as much as any body; but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though, I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking: when I sat down to write, I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer when I must dislodge: I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey for me and mine. It was to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from kings and Cæsars as the space would admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow to see how the work goes forward; but if I do I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this but that they tell me it will cost you nothing; and that our privilege of franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. Your, &c.

* Mind your own business, and I'll take care of mine.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

### *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I had much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning, after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception; which has left a pleasing impression upon me, that will not soon be effaced.

Lord —— has pressed me terribly to see him at ——; and told me, in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.*† I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like; if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet,

† Live, it says, I fly.

and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like: for that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; though I know the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself: when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease, else I should not have overflowed at this rate: and yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain and a fine thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention, but both in vain; nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXIX.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

June 15, 1722.

You have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my inquiries, How you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with lord ——, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you or from him, on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton; but do not know how to come at it without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time; but some time or other I wish you would review and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients, it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible, which is an objection, that, at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXX.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

Dear sir,

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what

part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things; but I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects: and that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

## LETTER LXXXI.

### *Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.*

April 20, 1723.

It is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past; and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, That I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you, no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world, where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish, of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected; by this way I dare tell my esteem and affection of you to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my lord, to know me for the friend I am, in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me farther prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and

calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public, even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon;* is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead: and I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them; like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me; and every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay, to be but faintly remembered), the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you; in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the bishop of Rochester. I am, &c.

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment; but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace; and the best of Tully's after his return from exile.

## LETTER LXXXII.

*Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester*

May, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised; and this once I fear will be the last; the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go! If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men, against whom you can have no complaint,—I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the

past? Those whose date is the shortest live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember, it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death; but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing: it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great; and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there; higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life,* as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you; but take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame, as well as happiness, your, &c.

## LETTER LXXXIII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

You writ me a very kind letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you; and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction: for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I passed two months in Sussex; and since my return have been again very ill. I went to Lintot, in hopes of hearing of you; but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends; but this I know nothing of, perhaps he may have opened to you; and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty or a vicious distrust of another's value for you (those two eternal foes to merit), imagine

* The bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself; and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than your, &c.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

Aug. 23, 1713.

Just as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it; but I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans formarum spectator*.* I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon lord Plausible as ridiculous for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain Dealer* has it), but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two lady Bridgewaters, a duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen earls, and one knight of the garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madonna as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting; and as it is said an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan*,† which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and sense of the fair as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your Fan is mounted so soon; but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a mandarine to fan himself cool after a debate, and a statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie. I am, &c.

* A nice judge of beauty.

## LETTER LXXXV.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

September 23, 1714.

Dear Mr. Gay,

Welcome to your native soil![‡]

† A poem of Mr. Gay's, so entitled.

‡ In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! Whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future. Whether returned a triumphant whig or a desponding tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complained they had heard nothing of you since the queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons to themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits; even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journey I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this, the demand Homer had upon me to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over: come and make merry with me in much feasting: we will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? Or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner, kicked his Rosalinda. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses; Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you, directed to the post-house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the king, or prince, or princess. On whatsoever footing you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end; and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you; though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely as ever, your, &c.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I am extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the great-

est of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the summer, and have concluded the season in grief for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons: because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes.* I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wished you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters; and I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing, but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother-poets of these days.

The Duchess, lord Warwick, lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I cannot tell who else, had your letters. Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a whig. My lord Burlington tells me she has as much outshined all the French ladies, as she did the English before; I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those nuns and orthodox beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church. Yours, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

## LETTER LXXXVII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

July 13, 1722.

I was very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge; and that my lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours; and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you I think your sentiments upon it are

* A Poem entitled, "To my ingenious and worthy friend, W. Lowndes, Esq. Author of that celebrated treatise in Folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL."

the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment to know their greatest interest, to encourage and choose honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good-nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle doves, instead of princes and court ladies.

By the end of this week Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a playfellow of the maiden. I am your, &c.

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

I faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you were here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as I fear hers must decline! I believe that would be very fast. May the life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself than from any expectation or trust in others! May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live, and while I live) your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this—do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

## LETTER LXXXIX.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

I am glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time; and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him; every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tendernesses, and become wretched individuals again as we began. Adieu! This is my birthday; and this is my reflection upon it:—

With added days, if life give nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let ev'ry pleasure through;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more!
Is this a birthday?—'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year!

Your, &c.

## LETTER XC.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

Oct. 6, 1727.

Dear sir,

I have many years ago, magnified, in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all court dependence: I dare say I shall find you the better and the honester man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuler and cheerfuler into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes, indeed, and peers (the lackeys of princes), and ladies (the fools of peers), will smile on you the less; but men of worth and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which kings and queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give)—liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, to engage them in their passions. He is the greatest favourite who is the falsest; and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: so many a minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you sent by my lord Grantham: I presume you writ it not without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any decency you ought to

observe; for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with court omens? Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly speech: while you are nobody's servant, you may be any one's friend, and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling you shall have sixpence; nay, eight pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am, faithfully, your, &c.

## LETTER XCI.

*The Earl of Peterborow to Mr. Pope.*

Whenever you apply as a good Papist to your female mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom, which fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our shepherdess* in voluntary slavery? Why must our dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us? And why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys beforehand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of corruption. Your, &c.

* Mrs. H.

## LETTER XCII.

*Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow.*

My lord,

I never knew or heard of any person, so volatile, and so fixed as your lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me, in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe, and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs; whereas, according to the usual method of court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the

church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick.

The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head; and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and showing my depending parsons a letter from the earl of Peterborow. I am, &c.

## LETTER XCIII.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Richardson.*

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead.* I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent: and as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all.—Adieu! May you die as happily. Your, &c.

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93.

## LETTER XCIV.

### *Mr. Pope to Mr. Bethel.*

Aug. 9, 1733.

You might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant), and going to Cirencester to lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with lord Peterborow. The court and Twit'nam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend,† who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in

† Mrs. B.

such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the park as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man: there will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear); and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach: besides that, in this age, I see too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

## LETTER XCV.

### *Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

July 26, 1734.

I thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant, because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: examples are pictures, and strike the senses, nay, raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred; so that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires.

As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters* I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischief in the dark, have seldom the courage

* The character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter; and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it: for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I, have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was that Horace was protected and caressed; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banished.

I would not have said so much, but to show you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.*

## LETTER XCVI.

### *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

June 18, 1714.

Whatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance I know by experience a letter is a very useful as well as an amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures either doubling it into a pyramidical or twisting it into a serpentine form

* This excellent person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat:* but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy in him or you; and I, who am half a whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement: and a wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the ministry now are like those heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work; and I shall translate Homer by the bye. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun; and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which, I fear, you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, yours, &c.

* Some time before the death of queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

## LETTER XCVII.

*Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.*

I am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You resemble perfectly the two alehouse keepers in Holland,

who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity), was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life and mine may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me, and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with such profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buzz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabrians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I was ever of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as Party. Alas! I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantùm rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim.** The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate

* Now I am not good by rule, but in such a way, that I not only can do right, but cannot do wrong.

and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life; good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed not to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both; but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine

## LETTER XCVIII.

### *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.*

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months, on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends; and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love; for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here. *Non sum qualis eram.** I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours; to which, if you add the dulness of the air and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*,† unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as mi

* I am not what I was.

† On the contempt of the world and the flight of time.

nisters do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do; for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by whigs and tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me: I believe every man is born with his *quantum;* and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way; I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done; they are seldom above three or four contemporaries; and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose companions out of those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago; and have several things to finish, which I put off to twenty years hence. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet, when he returns to London, I will engage you will find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Operas, and the coffee house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay. I think there are no more *eodem tertios** between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with lord Peterborow, or he with you. I am ever, &c.

## LETTER XCIX.

### *Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.*

Nov. 17, 1726

About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one

* Third persons.

Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week: and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search of particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The duchess dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares that she has now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say, his design is impious: and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand: though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed lords and commons *nemine contradicente*;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*;† which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a

* Without opposition.

† With the first swallow.

black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house; which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you; but you are mistaken: we envy those you are with; for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

## LETTER C.

### *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

Oct. 2, 1727.

It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: but the best way of convincing you of my indulgence will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better; and I do not find it did. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that, before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there; but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu, for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled. Yours, &c.

## LETTER CI.

### *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope*

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in; and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home: I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am; and I have no where to retire to, therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world; and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state: and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy: yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my license expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me: you could not refuse to see any body; and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs: to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animum æquum tibi ipse parabis.** You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too. Yours, &c.

* May he give health and wealth—you will find a contented mind for yourself.

## LETTER CII.

### *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

March 23, 1727-8.

I send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England; wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age; which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound: he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar, as Cato said: for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you; and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my Dulness (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine studiorum.** Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment; and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we shall be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking

* In an intimacy of studies.

me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that, it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean that *my Iliad;* and I call it *Nescio quid,* which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows,† it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom. Adieu.

## LETTER CIII.

### *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.*

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I have with great pleasure shown the New England newspaper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my lord lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side, who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland *(Quanquam O);* and for England, I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper, who hath been my *W–lp–le* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the com-

* Retire, ye Roman writers, ye Greeks, retire,
A something rises greater than the Iliad.

† It did in a little time effectually silence them.

mand of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which, as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad: but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora**—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedit uti conviva satur.*† Adieu.

## LETTER CIV.

### *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.*

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I lived very easily in the country: sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better; she is perfectly well-bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time past very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another lord lieutenant was only in a common newspaper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly, if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious, good-humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than, Poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with every body. Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my lady A—, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my lord —— who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once

* Have a great run.
† It retires, like a sated guest.

more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

## LETTER CV.

### *Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.*

Nov. 19, 1729.

I find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris et hirundine prima.** I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception; or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? Or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*)† begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought that soothes my mind like this; I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty‡ of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a-year, as well as with 5000*l.*; the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly, and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one, and will be, in his hands, an original.§ His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness; it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead: I do not except Horace. Adieu.

## LETTER CVI.

### *Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.*

March 29.

I have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last,

* With the zephyrs and the first swallow.

† There is no true friendship but among the good.

‡ Viz. Reason.

§ Essay on Man.

in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself; but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you were here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.—You shall not stay for my next so long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents *(munuscula)* that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers: this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for her continuing so

long a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now, too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. While we do live, we must make the best of life.

*Cantantes* licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus,*

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

## LETTER CVII.

### *Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.*

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1739.

I writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill-used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their graces have done. I believe my lord Carteret, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill; and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors; and I confess, at the same time, that he had (six times) a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth; and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command; and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefulest lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it: and, if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eus-

* Let us go on singing, for the journey will be lighter.

den in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I, therefore, sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministers, by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my £200. to have left place for as many more.

*To the Duchess.*

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance; and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.

## LETTER CVIII.

*Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.*

Dublin, April 13, 1730-1.

Your situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer; and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c., like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring 'squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new

heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput ?—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way in all places, except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only I expect to have mine; so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege, in the third article, of speaking your own mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty millions times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that, under these disadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice ? and will you let me sit at your left hand, at least within three of you ? for of two bad ears, my right is the best. My groom tells me that he likes your park; but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon and hold his tongue ? Is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours ? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I protest that you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour, when I began to endure their company: which, however, I think, was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid; for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the great-

est regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

*To Mr. Gay.*

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

## LETTER CIX.

### **Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

Dec. 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered my two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the most of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection have been shown, and continued attendance to this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and I believe, at last, a mortification of the bowels: it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning.—I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years: I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, sir, your, &c.

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; Received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding some misfortune." (This note is endorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.)

## LETTER CX.

### *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.*

Dublin, 1732-3.

I received yours with a few lines from the doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long-living hath not hardened me; for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wish that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here; and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends; one (for instance) to my lord Bolingbroke, another to lord Oxford, and so on. Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual by day-light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change;—and particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P—, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty: a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service; I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old; nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am

told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you; she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

## LETTER CXI.

*Dr. Swift to the Duke of Dorset.*

Dec. 30, 1735.

My lord,

Your grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove: I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly: that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain; and this arrear I have assigned to Mr. John Jackson, who is vicar of Santry, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris** of two bishoprics; among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club,† to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture:—Although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish, about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family-house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy, to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes,

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of Ireland.

some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tithes.

Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation; and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers, even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other that will answer the same end.

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

# SECTION II.

## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

### LETTER I.

*Dr. Swift to Miss Jane Waryng.**

Dublin, May 4, 1700.

Madam,

I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years; and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The letter you desired me to answer, I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required: however, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over. If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in; both on the account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air, and before such examples. All I had in answer from you was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great

* This letter, Mr. Faulkner says, was written 'to a lady of family in the north of Ireland;" and he adds, that it was "supposed to be previous to Dr. Swift's acquaintance with Stella." It was written not long before the time of Stella's fixing her residence in Ireland.

sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover: but I have since observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own: all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony: but since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to. I asked, in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour easy in a married state. I think it comes to almost a hundred pounds a year; and I think at the same time, that no young woman in the world of the same income would dwindle away her health and life in such a sink, and among such family conversation; neither have all your letters been once able to persuade that you have the least value for me, because you so little regarded what I so often said upon that matter. The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings,* I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, you can best draw consequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery;† but the place of residence for that they have given me, is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way, but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so close, and so much required of me; but our government sits very loose, and I believe will change in a few months; whether our part‡ will partake in the change, I know not, though I am very apt to believe it; and then I shall be at leisure for a short journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will before that time persuade you from the place where you are. I desire my service to your mother, in return for her remembrance: but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon: and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that cause, than you have to be angry with my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! my education has been otherwise. My uncle Adam§ asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you,

* Those of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when one of the lords justices in Ireland; and was promoted to the deanery of Derry, which had been previously promised to Dr. Swift; but Mr. Bush, the principal secretary, for weighty reasons best known to himself, laid Dr. Swift aside, unless he would pay him a large sum; which the Doctor refused with the utmost contempt and scorn. Dr. Bolton, who was also minister of St. Werberg's, Dublin, was advanced to the bishopric of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; translated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; to Cashel, Jan. 6, 1729; and died in 1744. He was one of the most eloquent speakers of his time, and was particularly skilled in ecclesiastical history.

‡ Meaning lord Berkeley, who was then one of the three lords justices.—The earl of Rochester was appointed lord-lieutenant in September following.

§ Whose daughter, Anne, married a clergyman of the name of Perry.

because it might be a hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you) was to this effect: —"That I hoped I was no hindrance to you; because the reason you urged against an union with me was drawn from your indisposition, which still continued: That you also thought my fortune not sufficient, which is neither at present in a condition to offer you: That, if your health and my fortune were as they ought, I would prefer you above all your sex; but that, in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy: That had you any other offers which your friends or yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have answered it. I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? Are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor visited? Can you bend your love, esteem, and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? Shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a—? Have you so much good nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? Shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts and cities without him? In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made, I shall be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire indeed a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women; and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this without —, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, madam, your most faithful humble servant.

## LETTER II.

*Dr. Tillotson to the Earl of Mulgrave.*

Oct. 23, 1679.

My lord,

It was a great satisfaction to me to be anywise instrumental in the gaining of your lordship to our religion,

which I am most firmly persuaded to be the truth; but yet I am, and always was, more concerned that your lordship should continue a virtuous and good man, than become a protestant; being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understandings will find a much easier forgiveness with God than the faults of their wills. I remember your lordship once told me, you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life; I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man, after your profession to have embraced a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be among the first that should hear of it. Before the time I last waited on your lordship, I had heard something which afflicted me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth then to trouble your lordship about it; but having heard the same since from those whom I believe to bear no ill-will to your lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue, two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your lordship to have great command and conduct of yourself, but am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age; and therefore I earnestly beseech your lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation, what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience, and how great a violence you will offer to the good principles of your nature and education, and to a mind the best made for virtuous and worthy things. And do not imagine you can stop when you please; experience shows us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for men to think to set bounds to themselves in any thing that is bad: I hope in God that no temptation hath yet prevailed upon your lordship so far as to be guilty of any lewd act: if it have, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to a habit. The retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed; God is so merciful, that upon our repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to do better for the future; but I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable and easy to receive good counsel; I shall only desire your lordship to think again and again how great a point of wisdom it is in all our actions to consult the peace of our own minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us, we may quit their company: but he that is displeased at himself is unavoidably unhappy, because he hath no way to get rid of himself.

My lord, for God's sake, and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation; and determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition than to gratify the inclinations of youth in any way but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the contentment to be assured from your lordship, either that there hath been no ground for this report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have now only

to beg of your lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good-will that one man can possibly bear to another.

I pray God every day for your lordship, with the same constancy and fervour of devotion as for myself; and do now more earnestly beg of him, that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

## LETTER III.

*Earl of Mulgrave to Dr. Tillotson.*

Whitehall, March 27, 1689.

Sir,

Nothing in this world is, nor ought to be, so dear to any man as his reputation; and consequently the defence of it is the greatest obligation that one man can lay on another; there are also some circumstances, that render this obligation yet more acceptable and valuable; as when it is conferred generously, without any self-interest, or the least desire of invitation from the person so defended. All this happens to be my case at this time; and therefore I hope you will not be surprised to find I am not the most ungrateful and insensible man living; which certainly I should be, if I did not acknowledge all your industrious concern for me about the business of the ecclesiastical commission, which now makes so much noise in the world. You have, as I am told, so cordially pleaded my cause, that it is almost become your own; and therefore, as unwilling as I am to speak of myself, especially in a business which I cannot wholly excuse, yet I think myself now a little obliged to show my part in this matter, though imprudent enough, yet is not altogether unworthy of so just and so considerable an advocate.

The less a man says of himself, the better; and it is so well known already how I was kept out of all secret councils, that I need not justify myself, nor trouble you as to those matters: only I appeal to the unquestionable testimony of the Spanish ambassador, if I did not zealously and constantly take all occasions to oppose the French interest; because I knew it directly opposite both to the king and kingdom's good, which are indeed things inseparable, and ought to be so accounted, as a fundamental maxim in all councils of princes.

This, I hope, will prepare the way a little for what I have to say concerning my being one of the ecclesiastical commissioners; of which error I am now as sensible as I was at first ignorant, being so unhappily conversant in the midst of a perpetual court flattery, as never to have heard the least word of any illegality in that commission before I was unfortunately engaged in it.

For though my lord of Canterbury had very prudently refused to be of it, yet it was talked at court, it proceeded only from his unwillingness to act at that time, and not from any illegality he suspected in the commission; having excused himself from it the most respectful way, by the infirmities he lay under. Being thus ignorant of the laws, and in such a station at court, I need not desire a man of your judgment and candour to consider the hardness of my case, when I was commanded to serve in a commission with a lord chancellor, a lord chief justice, and two bishops, who had all of them already acted some time there, without showing the least diffidence of their power, or any hesitation in the execution of it; and perhaps a man of more discretion than I can pretend to, might have been easily persuaded to act in such a conjunction, and to think he might do it safely, both in law and conscience; but I need not

say much to show my desire to have avoided, if possible, a troublesome employment, that had not the least temptation of honour or profit to recommend it; and which therefore I continued in upon no account in the world but to serve both king and clergy with the little ability I had, in moderating those councils, which I thought might grow higher if I left my place to be filled by any of those who waited for it greedily, in order to their ill designs.

And I may expect the more credit in this, when it is considered that the two important affairs which passed in that ecclesiastical court, being the bishop of London's suspension, and the incapacitating the members of Magdalen college: the first was done some months before I was a commissioner; and I opposed the last, both in voting and speaking, and with all the interest I was able to make use of, which indeed was but little after that opposition; in which, being outvoted, I seldom came, and never acted in that court after, except to restore the bishop of London, though sent for continually, by reason of my lodging so near it.

And since I have been forced to mention my good-will at least, if not my service, to such learned men of the clergy, who I thought deserved it, it may be allowed me to give this one instance more of it; that although in preferring men to all other places of the household, I ever used to ask permission first, and accordingly was often refused, for the sake of Roman Catholics and others, who were recommended by persons more in favour than myself; yet I was so careful of keeping that considerable part of the family unmixed with mean or unworthy chaplains, whom others, I feared, would have imposed on his majesty, that I constantly filled up those vacancies without giving him the least notice or trouble about it, and supplied them with the ablest approved divines I could possibly find, most commonly recommended to me by the bishops who were not of the court: which I conceived the most proper course, in a matter concerning clergymen, with a king of a different persuasion from theirs, and intended for his real service, believing it had been better for him, as well as the kingdom, if the greater ecclesiastical dignities had been disposed of by others with as much caution.

And thus, sir, I have endeavoured to confirm you in your favourable opinion of me, which must be acknowledged by every body an approbation of such weight, that as I hope it may be an example of authority to many, so it is sufficient of itself to balance the censoriousness of others. I am, &c.

## LETTER IV.

### *Dr. Lewis Atterbury* to Bishop Atterbury.*

April ..., 1720.

Dear brother,

It is reported that the archdeacon [of Rochester] is dead; and I have sent my servant to inform me, whether it is so or not. I have since considered all that you said to me yesterday; and both from reason and matter of fact, still am of opinion, that there can be no just matter of exception taken.

I shall only lay down two or three instances which lie uppermost in my thoughts. Your lordship very well knows, that Lanfranc, archbishop of

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury, elder brother of the bishop, was born at Caldecot, in the parish of Newport Pagnel, in Buckinghamshire, the second of May, 1656. He was educated at Westminster school, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, between whom and our divine's father, Dr. Lewis Atterbury, there was a friendship and intimacy.

Canterbury,* had a brother for his arch-deacon; and that sir Thomas More's father was a puisne judge when he was lord chancellor:† and thus, in the sacred history, did God himself appoint, that the safety and advancement of the patriarchs should be procured by their younger brother; and that they, with their father, should live under the protection and government of Joseph. I instance in those obvious examples, only to let your lordship see that I have canvassed these matters in my own thoughts; and I see no reason but to depend on your kind intentions, intimated in your former letter, to your most affectionate brother, &c.

## LETTER V.

### *Bishop Atterbury to his Brother.*

Bromley, Wednesday, April ..., 1720.

Dear brother,

Your letter directed to Westminster found me here this morning. I hope to be at Westminster to-morrow. In the mean time you may assure yourself of any thing that is in my disposal. At present the gentleman‡ you mention is well, and likely to continue so. His distemper is the same as mine, though he has it in a worse degree. However, he is sixteen or seventeen years younger than I am, and may probably therefore outlive me. When he was in danger of late, the first person I thought of was you. But there are objections against that, in point of decency, which, I own, stick with me; and which, after I have laid them before you, you shall allow, or overrule, as you think fit. It had been a much properer post for my nephew,§ if God had pleased to spare his life. You need not mention any thing of this kind to me; for you may depend upon it, you are never out of the thoughts of your ever affectionate brother.

* From 1070 till 1093. Anschibillus was made archdeacon in 1075.

† On the disgrace of Wolsey, in 1530, the great seal was entrusted to sir Thomas More, who was the first layman that enjoyed that honour, which he resigned in 1533, and was executed in 1535. His father, sir John, outlived him thirty-five years.

‡ Thomas Sprat, M. A. (son to the famous bishop of that name). He was archdeacon of Rochester; and a prebendary of Westminster, Winchester, and Rochester. He died May 10, 1720.

## LETTER VI.

### *Bishop Atterbury to his Brother.*

Deanery, Tuesday night.

Dear brother,

I hope you have considered the matter of the archdeaconry, and do at last see it in the same light that I do. I protest to you, I cannot help thinking it the most unseemly indecent thing in the world; and I am very sure the generality of those, whose opinions I regard, will be of that opinion. I was so far from apprehending that such a station, under me, would be in the least welcome to you, that I discoursed of it, and proposed it to another person‖ some time ago, and am entered very far into engagements on that head; and had you not written to me, I do frankly own, that I should never have spoken a word to you about it. Believe me, when I tell you that this is a plain state of the fact; and should you at last come to be of my opinion, I dare say you will not, at long run, think yourself mistaken. I am sure I shall not be at ease till you are in

§ Dr. Lewis Atterbury had three sons; of whom the first and second died in their infancy. The third, named Bedingfield Atterbury, was born Jan. 3, 1693, and died of the small-pox, Dec. 27, 1718.

‖ Dr. Brydges. See the next letter.

some good dignity in the church; such as you, and I, and all the world, shall agree, is every way proper for you. I am, &c.

## LETTER VII.

*Bishop Atterbury to his Brother.*

May 20, 1720.

Dear brother,

The person, to whom I told you I had gone very far towards engaging myself for the archdeaconry, was Dr. Brydges,* the duke of Chandois's brother; and him I am this day going to collate to it. I hope you are convinced by what I have said and written, that nothing could have been more improper than the placing you in that post, immediately under myself. Could I have been easy under that thought, you may be sure, no man living should have had the preference to you. I am, &c.

## LETTER VIII.

*Bishop Atterbury to his Son at Oxford.*

[Of uncertain date.]

Dear Obby,

I thank you for your letter, because there are manifest signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and by consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom; and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently: get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought, in letters, by all means to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of yours, which have an air of poetry, and do naturally resolve themselves in blank verse. I send you the letter again, that you yourself may now make the same observation; but you took the hint of the thought from a poem; and it is no wonder therefore if you have heightened your phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be; and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity in it, that, if it comes from the heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me: with these good qualities an incorrect letter would please me; and without them, the finest thoughts and language would make no lasting impression upon me. The Great Being says (you know), "My son, give me thy heart"—implying, that without it all other gifts signify nothing. let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which (as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity) is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise throws away truth for good-breeding; I need not tell you how little his character gets by such an exchange. I say not this as if I suspected that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in good earnest from the beginning to

* Dr. Brydges was an old and intimate acquaintance of the bishop. He died May 9, 1728

the end of it, as much even as I am when I tell you that I am your loving father.

## LETTER IX.

*Bishop Atterbury to Lord Townend.*

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

My lord,

I am thankful for the favour of seeing my daughter any way; but was in hopes the restraint of an officer's presence in respect of her might have been judged needless, at a time when her husband is allowed to be as often and as long with me as he pleases without witness, especially since we have been parted now for near eight months,* and must soon, if the bill takes place,† be parted for ever.

My lord, I have many things to say to her, in relation to herself, her brother, and my little family affairs, which cannot with ease, to her or me, be said in presence of others; and I dare say your lordship does not apprehend that the subject of our conversation will be of such a nature as to deserve to be in any degree watched or restrained. She has been the comfort of my life; and I shall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments (though when I am stripped of them I shall have nothing to support me). Nor is there scarce any loss, besides that of my country, which will touch me so nearly.

Your lordship, who is known to be a tender father,‡ will feel what I say; and consider how far it is fit to indulge me in so innocent a request.

It is a little thing I ask; but nothing is little that can give any relief to a man in my sad circumstances, which deserve your lordship's compassion, and I hope will obtain it.

I am, with all respect, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant.

* The bishop was apprehended Aug. 24, 1722.

† It passed the house of commons on the 9th of April, and received the royal assent May 27.

‡ This nobleman retired from public business in 1730, and died June, 1738.

## LETTER X.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mrs. Morice.*

Montpelier, Sept. 3, 1729.

My dear heart,

I have so much to say to you, that I can hardly say any thing to you till I see you. My heart is full; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thousand desires to see you, which are checked by a thousand fears, lest any ill accident should happen to you in the journey. God preserve you in every step of it, and send you safe hither! And I will endeavour, by his blessing and assistance, to send you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey, as far as the law of England will suffer me. I stay here only to receive and take care of you (for no other view should have hindered my coming into the north of France this autumn); and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable to you: for I see not of what use I am, or can be, in other respects. I shall be impatient till I hear you are safely landed, and as impatient after that till you are safely arrived in your winter quarters God, I hope, will favour you with good weather, and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as easy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice

about every thing I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road, and shall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a mistake under which I find myself. I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly; but I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with. God will reward you, I hope, for your piety to me, which had, I doubt not, its share in producing this resolution, and will, in rewarding you, reward me also; that being the chief thing I have to beg of Him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I see you! and till then satisfy yourself, that, whatever uneasiness your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and must do violence to myself to stop here—but I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpelier.

A line, under your own hand, pray, by the post that first sets out after you land at Bourdeaux.

## LETTER XI.

### *Mr. J. Evans to his Brother in London.*

Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1729.

Dear brother,

After a very tedious and fatiguing journey, Mr. Morice and his lady arrived here on Monday morning, the 7th, about seven o'clock, when she met her father: the only thing, I believe, she had to desire of God in this world. She went to bed, and never slept till she slept her last; and well may it be called so; for never was death received in so composed a manner, as I shall distinctly relate to you from Montpelier. She received the sacrament (upon her earnestly desiring to have it if possible) about an hour and a half before she expired. That remaining time she employed in directing what she would have done in the most material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the last was to call her husband to her; when she said; "Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the children—I know you will: remember me to the duchess of Buckingham!"——This fatal stroke being given on the way to her intended port, must, you will think, put us into uncommon disorder. Mr. Morice goes for England as soon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I shall, from Montpelier, do the same at large, as well as to yourself. Adieu! Yours, most affectionately.

## LETTER XII.

### *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

I venture to thank you for your kind and friendly letter, because I think myself very sure of a safe conveyance; and I am uneasy till I have told you what impressions it made upon me. I will do it with the same simplicity and truth with which I wrote to you from Montpelier upon a very melancholy occasion; the memory of which would have been in the most touching manner awakened by what you writ, had it been entirely laid asleep, as it never will or can be. Time, and a succession of other objects, added to reason and religion (for even these great principles, that should command our nature, want now and then some assistances from it), may divert the attention of my mind from what it loves too much to think of, though it finds no pleasure in such thoughts: they may deaden the quick sense of grief, and prevent

the frequent returns of it; but where it is well fixed, they cannot extinguish it.

## LETTER XIII.

*The Bishop of Rochester to* * * * *.

[Undated.]

Dear sir,

Your endeavours that I may forget my misfortune are truly noble. It would be to deserve them to fly from resolution. They shall not depress me: but I must help to bear what you tell me lies so heavy upon my friends. I preserve a mean; which is the excellence, justice, and fitness of all things in the moral system:

> Virtue's a mean, and vice is an excess,
> In doing more than's fit, or doing less.

To poetise, my friend, is no mark of a depressed fancy or excessive sorrow; but a sort of comical way of treating things serious, not after the subtle fashions of those you speak of, that would magnify Nature by depressing the Deity; who, setting forth their necessary agreement, make unnecessary strife. With reverence do I mention these things, and know

> How the great love of nature fills thy mind,
> And universal kindness to thy kind.

I am, while thus juvenile, an advocate for, and not a railer against, extremes. Those symptoms strongly bode a second youth, that vapours with a feeble and defective flame! It is the enervated arm of Priam impotently raised against the thundering rage of youthful Pyrrhus. However, this epistle, my dear friend, shall not become more tawdry by its not being of a piece; for I will conclude with answering your last serious question with another scrap of poetry:

> Whate'er the soul of nature has design'd,
> And wrought on matter, is th' effect of mind;
> The form of substance is the former's art,
> Hence beauty and design that strike the heart;
> There's nought in simple matter to delight,
> 'Tis the fair workmanship that takes the sight.
> The beautiful effect of mind alone
> Is comely, and in all things comely shown.
> Where mind is not, there horror needs must be
> For matter formless is deformity.

## LETTER XIV.

*Dr. King to Bishop Atterbury.*

1699.

Give me leave, sir, to tell you a secret—that I have spent a whole day upon Dr. Bentley's late volume of scandal and criticism;* for every one may not judge it for his credit to be so employed. He thinks meanly, I find, of my reading; as meanly as I think of his sense, his modesty, or his manners; and yet, for all that, I dare say I have read more than any man in England besides *him* and *me;* for I have read his book all over.

If you have looked into it, sir, you have found, that a person, under the pretence of criticism, may take what freedom he pleases with the reputation and credit of any gentleman; and that he need not have any regard to another man's character, who has once resolved to expose his own.

It was my misfortune once in my life to be in the same place with Dr. Bentley, and a witness to a great deal of his rude and scurrilous language; which he was so liberal of, as to throw it out at random in a public shop; and is so silly now as to call it *eaves-dropping* in me, because he was so noisy, and I was so near, that I could not help hearing it.

You desired me, at some years' distance, to recollect what passed at that meeting, and I obeyed your commands. Shall I reckon it an

* The Dissertation on Phalaris.

advantage, that Dr. Bentley, who disputes the other testimonies, falls in entirely with mine? I would, if I were not apprehensive that on that very account it might be one step farther from being credited.

However, such is his spite to me, that he confirms the truth of all I told you. For the only particular I could call to mind he grants, with some slight difference in the expression. And as to the general account I gave of his rudeness and insolence, he denies it indeed; but in so rude and insolent a manner, that there is no occasion for me to justify myself on that head.

I had declared, it seems, that he said, "the MS. of Phalaris would be worth nothing if it were collated." He sets me right; and avers, the expression was, "That, after the various lections were once taken, and printed, the MS. would be like a squeezed orange, and little worth for the future." The similitude of "a squeezed orange," is indeed a considerable circumstance, which I had forgotten; as I doubtless did several others; but, for all that, I remember the general drift and manner of his discourse, as well as if all the particular expressions were present to me. Just as I know his last book to be a disingenuous, vain, confused, unmannerly performance; though, to my happiness, hardly any of his awkward jests or impertinent quotations stick by me.

I had owned it to be my opinion, "that a MS. was worth nothing unless it were collated." The doctor cunningly distinguishes upon me; and says, "It is worth nothing indeed to the rest of the world; but it is better for the owner, if a price were to be set upon it." I beg his pardon for my mistake. I thought we were talking of books in the way of scholars: whereas he answers me like a bookseller, and as if he dealt in MSS. instead of reading them. For my part, I measure the value of these kind of things from the advantage the public may receive from them, and not from the profit they are likely to bring in to a private owner; and therefore I have the same opinion of the Alexandrian MS.* (which, he says, "he keeps in his lodgings") now, as I should have had before the editors of the English Polyglott published the collation of it; though it may not perhaps bear up to the same price in St. Paul's Churchyard, or at an auction; but I hope, if it be safely kept, it need never come to the experiment.

As to the particular reflections he has cast on me, it is no more than I expected. I could neither hope nor wish for better treatment from one that had used you so ill. It is reputable both to men and books to be ill spoken of by him; and a favourable presumption on their side, that there is something in both which may chance to recommend them to the rest of the world. It is in the power of every little creature to throw dirty language; but a man must have some credit himself in the world, before things that he says can lessen the reputation of another; and if Dr. Bentley must be thus qualified to mischief me, I am safe from all the harm that his malice can do me. I am, sir, your obliged humble servant.

## LETTER XV.

*Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.*

Blechingley, Feb. 25, 1735.

Dear Sir,

I received your letter, and was indeed extremely affected with the bad news of your loss. It is most certainly a prodigious one to you,

* Or the Old Testament.

and has carried off a great share of your happiness. I do not wonder to hear it got the better of your philosophy. Nature is too strong for reason and speculation, and the finest sayings of the finest moralists are flat and unaffecting upon these trying occasions. The only thing that can give the mind any solid satisfaction, is a certain complacency and repose in the good Providence of God, under a sincere conviction that he orders every thing for the best.

I am glad you have got the better of your own indisposition; the loss of both parents would have been a blow to your poor boy, in which his friends would have felt for him exceedingly.

I read over your wife's letter, and it melted me into tears; and, to say the truth (she is now incapable of being flattered), I was not less edified with the sincerity, and wisdom, and constancy of her mind, than I was affected with the tenderness of her concern for her husband and her child . . . . . I thank you for the favour of the ring, and am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

## LETTER XVI.

### *Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.*

Rochester,* Nov. 3, 1738.

Dear Sir,

I have taken up your kind letter three times to answer, and as often been interrupted. I brought it with me to this place yesterday, and resolved not to miss another post. I thank you most affectionately for your obliging inquiry after me, and I bless God, have the satisfaction to inform you, that I am very well, after the most agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled slowly and commodiously, and found Wales a country altogether as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and bespeaks the magnificence of nature, and enlarged my mind so much, in the same manner as the stupendousness of the ocean does, that it was some time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries. Their beauties were all in the little taste; and, I am afraid, if I had seen Stow in my way home, I should have thrown out some very unmannerly reflections upon it; I should have smiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with something like the rubbish of a creation. Not but that Wales has its little beauties too, in delightful streams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vast ocean, and ranges of rocks, whose foundations are hid, and whose tops reach the clouds. I know something of your cast of mind, I believe; and I will therefore take the liberty to give you an account of an airing one fine evening which I shall never forget. I went out in the cool of the day, and rode near four miles upon the smooth shore, with a vast extended view of the ocean, whose waves broke at our feet in gentle murmurs: from thence we turned into a village, with a neat church and houses, which stood just at the entrance of a deep valley; the rocks rose high and near, at each hand of us, but were, on one side, covered with a fine turf, full of sheep and goats, and grazing herds; and, on the other, varied with patches of yellow corn, and spots of wood, and here and there a great piece of a bare rock projecting. At our feet ran a stream, clear as crystal, but large and foaming, over vast stones

* Atterbury.—His Lordship held this deanery in commendam with his bishopric.

rudely thrown together, of unequal magnitudes, and over it a wooden bridge, which could scarce be said to be made by the hands of art; and, as it was the evening, the hinds appeared, in many parts of the scene, returning home with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place, till our prospect was closed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, shut the valley. All these images together put me much in mind of Poussin's drawings, and made me fancy myself in Savoy, at least, if not nearer Rome. Indeed, both the journey, and the country, and the residence, were most pleasing to me.

Your letters always entertain me, as your last did by an agreeable poem; and, in some sort of return, I cannot help mentioning a French book to you, which I brought in the coach with me, "*Le Paysan parvenue.*"* It is a book of gallantry, but very modest; but the things which entertained me, were the justness of some characters in it, and the great penetration into human nature. I am your, &c.

## LETTER XVII.

### *Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.*

Rochester, Dec. 16, 1740.

Dear Sir,

I am sure it is high time for me to make my acknowledgments to you for two most entertaining letters. Your reproofs of my ingratitude are very genteel, but very strong and efficacious; and there is no bearing the reprimand of a second obliging letter, when the first had been neglected.

The verses you sent me are very sensible and touching, and the sentiments in them, I doubt not, exhilarated the blood for some time, and suspended the black execution; but his distemper, it may be said, got the better, and carried him off at last. I would willingly put that construction upon these melancholy accidents, and then leave the sufferers to the Father of mercies. I read them to a young gentleman here, a Wrexham man, who knew the author, and lived in that country with an uncle who was intimate with him.

I have been amused, in my leisure hours from business, with "Anti-Machiavel;" indeed, much entertained with him. You know the author is a royal one;† and if he puts his speculations into practice, if bad times should come, and honest men be forced to quit Old England, I would endeavour, if I could support that character, to put myself under his government and protection. He has exposed, very justly, the littleness of Machiavel's principles, who formed his maxims among the petty states of Italy, and supported the justness of them upon the example of a Cæsar Borgia. In my opinion, this book of the king of Prussia is much more in the style and character of a great prince, than the celebrated Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ, unless we are to suppose every Christian prince to support the two characters of king and priest; for the book last mentioned is more agreeable to the sacred function, as I believe, in real truth, it was the work of one of us. I am, &c.

## LETTER XVIII.

### *Rev. Mr. Dyer to Mr. Duncombe.*

Coningsby, Jan. 31, 1757

Dear Sir,

Want of health was a cause of not writing, that gave me concern. I hope it happens but seldom; and that it was owing to what makes

* By Marivaux.

† The king of Prussia.

most people out of order—bad weather; the ill effects of which, here at least, are general. I think I never was so weather-sick: the deep snows forbid me air and exercise; and my best medicine is a friend's letter. You see how much I am obliged to you.

Your son also I am obliged to: and am under strong temptation—You are adding to my bill of fare. I feel your kind art in twisting and strengthening the silken cord, which, probably, in the spring, will draw me to town; where, I have reason to flatter myself, I shall see, what I so much like and covet, two or three cheerful countenances, easy simplicity, and soft humanity; and, if a sweet female voice should come in, I am still able to hear the murmur of music, which I excessively love.

Your good liking of those verses, "Have my friends in the town," &c. should have been acknowledged in my last. I have a wicked memory: it is a great misfortune. Neither did I thank you for mentioning the new kind of trumpet—but I never use any; for, putting my hand to my ear, I can give it such a form as will increase my hearing. Besides, cold bathing, frequent and moderate exercise, frequent frictions of my head and ears, warm feet, warm water with my wine, and supperless nights, have much abated my deafness.

Mr. Dodsley indeed has the "Fleece." I did not think this a fit season for its publication; but my friend Mr. Wray overcame me; and though it has lain long "by" me, not much "before" me, it is now precipitated to the press, with such faults, as must be imputed to the air of a fenny country, where I have been, for the most part, above these five years, without health, without books, and without proper conversation. I say not this in any arrogant sense—for, God knows, I am far from despising either the peasant or the country parson.

Good Mr. Edwards* was my particular friend; even Mr. Wray cannot lament him more than I do. How seasonable are your presents! they have an additional beauty in being new to me. Even the "Rambler" has not reached this place; nor have the beams of his "Sunday"† ever shone upon me. You see what proofs I give you of being quite out of the world.

Most expressive, I am afraid, is that one word of yours, *fuimus*. . . . I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant.

## LETTER XIX.

### *Mr. Dyer to Mr. Duncombe.*

Coningsby, March 19, 1757.

Dear Sir,

I who want so many apologies myself, must be ashamed to read any from you; but I too have been ill; and my coughs have been so continual and violent, that I dreaded the posture of writing; yet though it gives me shame, it gives me also pleasure to observe, that your apology and inclination to a correspondence with me, show your warm benevolence; for we, in the country, who see nothing but earth and sky, who hear nothing but the inarticulate voices of beasts and birds, cannot correspond with you in town upon an equal footing: wanting bustle and news, we can furnish only trifles in exchange, and must always depend upon your generosity; therefore the calling any letter from Coningsby "agreeable" gives me a clear view of your benevolence. . . . .

* Of Turrick in Buckinghamshire, author of the "Canons of Criticism," &c. He died about three weeks before the date of this letter (on a visit) at Mr. Richardson's, at Parsons' Green.

† An allegorical paper, so signed, written by the late excellent Mrs. Catherine Talbot.

It is my wish, forgive me, that the gout may pay you many an annual visit. I would wish no such thing, were you a younger man, or did you not discover such a resignation, as will ever preserve a relish for an useful life; and useful always is the life of every good man. So that I cannot imagine how so many of the wise and virtuous Romans, &c. could, in any circumstance, approve of self-killing—But my thoughts grow over-grave—it is no wonder, for I am now confined by illness—yet I can taste pleasure—and am rejoiced to hear, that the merits of my generous friend, your son, are so well taken notice of by our humane archbishop. I have been at Canterbury; it is an agreeable city, in a very pleasant country.

I never heard of any collection of letters by Mr. Edwards: yet there may be such: he gave all his studies a turn to criticism.

—Ah! just this moment the Stamford Mercury comes to me, and mentions the death of the good archbishop. Your son and all mankind have lost a friend. I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant.

## LETTER XX.

### *Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough.*

Piercy Lodge, Feb. 25, 1754.

Dear madam,

Pray never think excuse can be necessary to me about exactness in answering my letters; I am always glad to hear from you when it is agreeable to you to write, but am not one of those overkind friends who are for ever out of humour with those whom they rather enthral than oblige, by giving them that name. As a proof I never wish to act so by my friends, or am afraid of being treated so by them, I will own to you, I am not quite sure I should have answered your last letter so soon, were it not that I am under serious concern to find how awkwardly I must have expressed myself to Mr. Shenstone, if I gave him room to believe I harboured a secret wish to have so fine a poem as his Ode suppressed. On the contrary, I should think myself guilty of a very great crime and injustice to the public, if I were to be the means of depriving them of so charming and rational an entertainment. I gave him the true reasons in my letter, for desiring that my own name, nor that of my humble yet peaceful dwelling, might be inserted. You know I always envied the lot of "*la violette qui se cache sous l'herbe.*"*

It is true, my dear lady Luxborough, times are changed with us, since no walk was long enough, or exercise painful enough, to hurt us, as we childishly imagined: yet after a ball or masquerade, have we not come home very well contented to pull off our ornaments and fine clothes, in order to go to rest? Such methinks is the reception we naturally give to the warnings of our bodily decays; they seem to undress us by degrees, to prepare us for a rest that will refresh us far more powerfully than any night's sleep could do. We shall then find no weariness from the fatigues which either our bodies or our minds have undergone; but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow, and crying, and pains, shall be no more; we shall then without weariness move in our new vehicles, transport ourselves from any part of the skies to another, with much more ease and velocity than we could have done in the prime of our strength, upon the fleetest horses the distance of a mile. This cheerful prospect enables us to see our strength fail, and await the tokens

* The violet which buds under the grass.

of our approaching dissolution with a kind of awful pleasure. I will ingenuously own to you, dear madam, that I experience more true happiness in the retired manner of life that I have embraced, than I ever knew from all the splendour or flatteries of the world. There was always a void; they could not satisfy a rational mind; and at the most heedless time of my youth, I well remember, that I always looked forward with a kind of joy, to a decent retreat, when the evening of life should make it practicable.

Boadicea I have read; there is an interesting scene or two in it; but there is something wanting in the management of the drama to keep up the spirits of the audience. Philoclea I have not seen, nor have heard such a character of it as to raise my curiosity. If you have not read Deformity, an Essay, by Mr. Hay, nor his *Religio Philosophi* (I do not know how that last word should end), I believe they will entertain you very well in their different ways. The Adventurer will soon be published in volumes, and will be very well worth buying. I doubt I must agree with Mr. Shenstone, that the style of Sir Charles Grandison is too prolix; and yet I do not know any of it I should be willing to part with, except Harriet Byron's conversation with the Oxonian, in the first volume, and the preparations and entertainments at sir Charles's wedding in the fifth.

When I came home from taking the air on Friday, I was very agreeably surprised to find lady Northumberland ready to receive me, as I had no notion of her coming. She had been alarmed with a false report, that I had not been so well for some days as she left me. I took the opportunity of showing her your letter, and she desired me to make her compliments to your ladyship, and tell you, she keeps no servant about lady Elizabeth, while she is at school, and at her return will think it necessary to have a person of a middle age about her. Such a one she now has about her little boy; a pretty sort of woman, who speaks French and English equally well, is grave and properly behaved, and, I believe, hopes for lady Elizabeth's place, when her little angel of a master goes into the hands of the men. His mamma took him away with her on Saturday, after lending him to me for a month (though she is excessively fond of him), because she sees he is the joy of my life. He has some faint resemblance (though not a good one) of his poor uncle; but his openness and mildness of temper are the very same. Her eldest boy too is a very sensible and good one. He and lady Greville dine with me from Eton every Sunday; they are here at present for two or three days, on account of there being holidays. I have hardly left myself room to make Mr. Cowslad's compliments, and subscribe myself, dear madam, your, &c.

## LETTER XXI.

*Countess of Hertford to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some Meditations the Doctor sent her, upon the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp.*

Sir,

I am very sensibly obliged by the kind compassion you express for me, under my heavy affliction. The meditations you have furnished me with, afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost was the pride and joy of my heart; but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was

not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me, in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person; but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shown the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents; and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think on the agonies which must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly content to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of his birth-day, which completed him nineteen. You will not be surprised, sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow; yet, at the same time, it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is happier than our fondest wishes and care could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, sir, your, &c.

# BOOK THE FOURTH.

# RECENT LETTERS.

## SECTION I.

### FROM THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ. AND MR. GRAY, TO AND FROM THEIR FRIENDS.

#### LETTER I.

*Mr. Shenstone to a Friend.*

From Mr. Wintle's, Perfumer,
near Temple Bar, &c.
6th Feb. 1740.

Dear sir,

I am now, with regard to the town, pretty much in the same state in which I expect to be always with regard to the world; sometimes exclaiming and railing against it; sometimes giving it a good word, and even admiring it. A sunshiny-day, a tavern-supper after a play well acted, and now and then an invigorating breath of air in the Mall, never fail of producing a cheerful effect. I do not know whether I gave you any account of Quin's acting Falstaff in my former letter; I really imagined that I saw you tittering on one side me, shaking your sides, and sometimes scarce containing yourself. You will pardon the attitude in which I placed you, since it was what seemed natural at that circumstance of time. Comus I have once been at, for the sake of the songs, though I detest it in any light; but as a dramatic piece, the taking of it seems a prodigy; yet indeed such a one, as was pretty tolerably accounted for by a gentleman who sat by me in the boxes. This learned sage, being asked how he liked the play, made answer, "He could not tell—pretty well, he thought—or indeed as well as any other play—he always took it, that people only came there to see and to be seen—for as for what was said, he owned, he never understood any thing of the matter." I told him, I thought a great many of its admirers were in his case, if they would but own it.

On the other hand, it is amazing to consider to what an universality of learning people make pretensions here. There is not a drawer, a chair or hackney coach man, but is politician, poet, and judge of polite literature. Chimney sweepers damn the convention, and black shoe boys cry up the genius of Shakspeare. "The Danger of writing Verse" is a very good thing; if you have not read it, I would recommend it to you as poetical. But now I talk of learn-

ing, I must not omit an interview which I accidentally had the other night in company with lord D—— and one Mr. C——. We were taken to sup at a private house, where I found a person whom I had never seen before. The man behaved exceeding modestly and well; till, growing a little merry over a bottle (and being a little countenanced by the subject we were upon), he pulls out of his pocket about half a dozen ballads, and distributes them amongst the company. I (not finding at first they were of his own composition) read one over, and, finding it a dull piece of stuff, contented myself with observing that it was exceedingly well printed. But to see the man's face on this occasion would make you pity the circumstance of an author as long as you live. His jollity ceased (as a flame would do, should you pour water upon it); and I believe, for about five minutes, he spoke not a syllable. At length recovering himself, he began to talk about his country seat, about Houghton Hall, and soon after desired a health, imagining (as I found afterwards) that lord D— would have given sir Robert's. But he did not, naming sir T— L—. Mine, which followed, was that of Mr. L. Now, who do you think this should be, but honest Ralph Freeman (at least the writer of the paper so subscribed), your father's old friend and intimate, sir Robert's right hand, a person that lives elegantly, drives six of the best horses in town, and plays on St. John's organ (you know Mr. L— is not only sir Robert's greatest enemy, but the Gazetteer's proper antagonist). We were invited to see him very civilly; and indeed the man behaved with the utmost good-humour, without arrogance, or any attempts at wit, which probably would not have been very successful.—Ask your father what he would say to me, if I should join in the cause with his old friend, and take a good annuity under sir Robert, which, I believe, I might have; and little encouragement, God knows, have I met with on the other side of the question. I say, I believe I might have, because I know a certain person gives pensions of three pounds a-week to porters and the most illiterate stupid fellows you can imagine, to talk in his behalf at alehouses; where they sit so long a time, and are as regularly relieved as one sentry relieves another.—At least tell him that I expect in his answer to my letter (which I shall not allow him to assign to you) he write something to confirm me in my integrity, and to make me prefer him, and you, and honesty, to lace, brocade, and the smiles of the ladies.

But I hope to keep my Hercules in view, whether in print or manuscript; and though I am as fond of pleasure as most people, yet I shall observe the rule,

Positam sic tangere noli.*

I desire I may hear from you next post: I have a line or two, which I intend for the sons of utter darkness (as you call them) next magazine: I would send them to you, for your advice, but cannot readily find them. I like every thing in Mr. Somervile's but the running of the last line. I think to insert them. Should be glad to have a line or two of yours, that one may make a bold attack. I look on it as fun, without the least emotion, I assure you. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER II.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago, on the Death of his Father.*

Leasowes, Aug. 23, 1740.

Dear Mr. Jago,

I find some difficulty in writing to

* Touch it not so.

you on this melancholy occasion. No one can be more unfit to attempt to lessen your grief than myself, because no one has a deeper sense of the cause of your affliction. Though I would by no means be numbered by you amongst the common herd of your acquaintance that tell you they are sorry, yet it were impertinent in me to mention a mere friend's concern to a person interested by so many more tender regards. Besides, I should be glad to alleviate your sorrow, and such sort of condolence tends but little to promote that end. I do not choose to flatter you; neither could I, more especially at this time; but though I could perhaps find enough to say to persons of less sense than you, I know of nothing but what your own reason must have suggested. Concern indeed may have suspended the power of that faculty; and upon that pretence, I have a few things that I would suggest to you. After all, it is time alone that can and will cure all afflictions, but such as are the consequence of vice; and yours, I am sure, proceeds from a contrary principle.

I heard accidentally of this sorrowful event, and accompanied you to London with the utmost concern. I wished it was in my power to mitigate your griefs by sharing them, as I have often found it in yours to augment my pleasures by so doing.

All that I can recommend to you is, not to confine your eye to any single event in life, but to take in your whole circumstances before you repine.

When you reflect that you have lost one of the best of men in a father, you ought to comfort yourself that you had such a father; to whom I cannot forbear applying these lines from Milton:—

———"Since to part!
Go, heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger!
Sent by whose sovereign goodness we adore!
Gentle to me and affable has been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful'st memory——"
End of Book viii. PAR. LOST.

I would have you by all means come over hither as soon as you can. I will endeavour to render the time you spend here as satisfactory as it is in my power; and I hope you will ever look upon me as your hearty friend, through all the vicissitudes of life.

Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Jago and your brother. I am, &c.

## LETTER III.

### *Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Reynolds.*

Leasowes, Aug. 1740.

Dear sir,

Wonderful were the dangers and difficulties through which I went the night I left you at Barels; which I looked upon as ordained by fate for the temporal punishment of obstinacy. It was very kind, and in character, for you to endeavour to deter me from the ways of darkness; but having a sort of *penchant* for needless difficulties, I have an undoubted right to indulge myself in them so long as I do not insist upon any one's pity. It is true, these ought not to exceed a certain degree; they should be *lenia tormenta*;* and I must own the labour I underwent that night did not come within the bounds which my imagination had prescribed. I cannot forbear mentioning one imminent danger. I rode along a considerable piece of water, covered so close with trees, that it was as probable I might have pursued the channel, which was dangerous, as my way out of it. Or, to put my case in a more poetical light, having by night intruded upon an amour betwixt a Wood-nymph and a River-god,

* Gentle torments.

owed my escape to Fortune, who conveyed me from the vengeance which they might have taken. I put up finally at a little alehouse about ten o'clock, and lay all night awake, counting the cords which supported me, which I could more safely swear to than to either bed or blanket. For farther particulars, see my epistle to the Pastor Fido of Lapworth. Mr. Graves says, he should be glad to show you any civilities in his power, upon his own acquaintance; and will serve you as far as his vote goes, upon my recommendation; but is afraid, without the concurrence of some more considerable friends, your chance will be but small this year, &c. If the former part of this news gives you any pleasure, I assure you it gives me no less to communicate it; and this pleasure proceeds from a principle, which would induce me to serve you myself if it should ever be in my power. I saw Mr. Lyttleton last week; he is a candidate for the county of Worcester, together with lord Deerhurst; I hope Mr. Somervile will do him the honour to appear as his friend, which he must at least think second to that of succeeding.

I hear you are commenced chaplain since I saw you. I wish you joy of it. The chaplain's title is infinitely more agreeable than his office; and I hope the scarf, which is expressive of it, will be no diminutive thing, no four-penny-half-penny piece of ribboning; but that it will

> "High o'er the neck its rustling folds display,
> Disdain all usual bounds, extend its sway,
> Usurp the head, and push the wig away."

I hope it will prove ominous, that my first letter is a congratulatory one; and if I were to have opportunities of sending all such, it would entirely quadrate with the sincere wishes of your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Somervile, Mrs. Knight, and your family.

## LETTER IV.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. ———, on his taking Orders in the Church.*

Leasowes, June 8, 1741.

Dear sir,

I write to you out of the abundant inclination I have to hear from you; imagining that, as you gave me a direction, you might possibly expect to receive a previous letter from me. I want to be informed of the impressions you receive from your new circumstances. The chief aversion which some people have to orders is, what I fancy you will remove in such as you converse with. I take it to be owing partly to dress, and partly to the avowed profession of religion. A young clergyman, that has distinguished his genius by a composition or two of a polite nature, and is capable of dressing himself and his religion in a different manner from the generality of his profession, that is, without formality, is certainly a genteel character. I speak this not with any sly design to advise, but to intimate that I think you very capable of shining in a dark-coloured coat. You must consider me yet as a man of the world, and endeavouring to elicit that pleasure from gaiety which my reason tells me I shall never find. It is impossible to express how stupid I have been ever since I came home, insomuch that I cannot write a common letter without six repetitions. This is the third time I have begun yours, and you see what stuff it is made up of. I must e'en hasten to matter of fact, which is the comfortable resource of dull people, though, even as to that, I have nothing to communicate. But I would be glad to know, whether you are under a necessity of residing on week days;

and, if not, why I may not expect you a day or two at the Leasowes very soon. Did you make any inquiry concerning the number of my poems sold at Oxford? Or did you hear any thing concerning it that concerns me to hear?—Will. S— (for that is his true name) is the excess of simplicity and good nature. He seems to have all the industry imaginable to divert and amuse people, without any ambitious ends to serve, or almost any concern whether he has so much as a laugh allowed to his stories, any farther than as a laugh is an indication that people are delighted. This, joined with his turn of thought, renders him quite agreeable. I wish it were in my power to conciliate acquaintance with half his ease. Pray do not delay writing to me. Adieu.

## LETTER V.

*Mr. Shenstone to a Friend, expressing his Dissatisfaction at the Manner of Life in which he is engaged.*

1741.

Dear sir,

I wonder I have not heard from you lately—of you indeed I have, from Mr. W—. If you could come over, probably I might go back with you for a day or two; for my horse, I think, gets rather better, and may, with indulgence, perform such a journey. I want to advise with you about several matters;—to have your opinion about a building that I have built, and about a journey which I design to Bath; and about numberless things, which, as they are numberless, cannot be comprehended in this paper. I am your, &c.

Now I am come home from a visit—every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry, and envious, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, "that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." My soul is no more suited to the figure I make, than a cable rope to a cambric needle:—I cannot bear to see the advantages alienated, which I think I could deserve and relish so much more than those that have them. Nothing can give me patience but the soothing sympathy of a friend, and that will only turn my rage into simple melancholy.—I believe soon I shall bear to see nobody. I do hate all hereabouts already, except one or two. I will have my dinner brought upon my table in my absence, and the plates fetched away in my absence; and nobody shall see me; for I can never bear to appear in the same stupid mediocrity for years together, and gain no ground. As Mr. G—— complained to me (and, I think, you too, both unjustly), "I am no character."—I have in my temper some rakishness, but it is checked by want of spirits; some solidity, but it is softened by vanity; some esteem of learning, but it is broke in upon by laziness, imagination, and want of memory, &c.—I could reckon up twenty things throughout my whole circumstances wherein I am thus tantalized. Your fancy will present them.—Not that all I say here will signify to you: I am only under a fit of dissatisfaction and to grumble does me good—only excuse me, that I cure myself at your expense. Adieu!

## LETTER VI.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on Benevolence and Friendship.*

The Leasowes, Jan. 19, 1741-2.

Dear Mr. Graves,

I cannot forbear immediately writing to you: the pleasure your last letter gave me, put it out of my power to restrain the overflowings of my benevolence. I can easily conceive, that, upon some extraordinary instances of friendship, my heart might be *si fort attendri* that I could not bear any restraint upon my ability to show my gratitude. It is an observation I made upon reading to-day's paper, which contains an account of C. Khevenhuller's success in favour of the queen of Hungary. To think what sublime affection must influence that poor unfortunate queen, should a faithful and zealous general revenge her upon her enemies, and restore her ruined affairs!

Had a person shown an esteem and affection for me, joined with any elegance or without any elegance in the expression of it, I should have been in acute pain till I had given some sign of my willingness to serve him. From all this, I conclude that I have more humanity than some others.

Probably enough I shall never meet with a larger share of happiness than I feel at present. If not, I am thoroughly convinced, my pain is greatly superior to my pleasure. That pleasure is not absolutely dependent on the mind, I know from this, that I have enjoyed happier scenes in the company of some friends than I can possibly at present;—but, alas! all the time you and I shall enjoy together, abstracted from the rest of our lives, and lumped, will not perhaps amount to a solid year and a half. How small a proportion!

People will say to one that talks thus, "Would you die?" To set the case upon a right footing, they must take away the hopes of greater happiness in this life, the fears of greater misery hereafter, together with the bodily pain of dying, and address me in a disposition betwixt mirth and melancholy; and I could easily resolve them.

I do not know how I am launched out so far into this complaint; it is, perhaps, a strain of constitutional whining; the effect of the wind—did it come from the winds? to the winds will I deliver it.

I will be as happy as my fortune will permit, and make others so;

> Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
> Arbor æstiva recreatur aura——*

I will be so. The joke is, that the description which you gave of that country was, that you had few trees about you; so that I should trick fortune if she should grant my petition implicitly. But, in earnest, I intend to come and stay a day or two with you next summer.

Mr. Whistler is at Mr. Gosling's, bookseller, at the Mitre and Crown, in Fleet Street, and inquired much after you in his last letter to me. He writes to me; but I believe his affection for one weighs less with him while the town is in the other scale; though he is very obliging. I do not know whether I do right, when I say I believe we three, that is, in solitary circumstances, have an equal idea of, and affection for, each other. I say, supposing each to be alone, or in the country, which is nearly the same; for scenes alter minds as much as the air influences bodies. For instance, when Mr. Whistler is in town, I suppose we love him better than he does us; and when we are in town, I suppose the same may be said in regard to him.

The true burlesque of Spenser,

* Lead me to those dull plains, where no tree is refreshed by the summer air.

whose characteristic is simplicity, seems to consist in a simple representation of such things as one laughs to see or to observe one's self, rather than in any monstrous contrast betwixt the thoughts and words. I cannot help thinking, that my added stanzas have more of his manner than what you saw before, which you are not a judge of till you have read him.

## LETTER VII.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.*

1743.

Dear sir,

I long heartily to talk over affairs with you *tête-à-tête;* but am an utter enemy to the fatigue of transcribing what might pass well enough in conversation. I shall say nothing more concerning my departure from L—, than that it was necessary, and therefore excusable. I have been since with a gentleman upon the borders of Wales, Bishop's Castle, from whence I made a digression one day beyond Offa's Dyke; saw mountains which converted all that I had seen into mole-hills; and houses, which changed the Leasowes into Hampton Court: where they talk of a glazed window as a piece of magnificence; and where their highest idea of his majesty is, that he can ride in such a coach as 'squire Jones or 'squire Pryce's. The woman of the inn, at one place, said, "Glass (in windows) was very genteel, that it was; but she could not afford such finery."

You agree with the rest of the married world in a propensity to make proselytes. This inclination in some people gives one a kind of dread of the matter. They are ill-natured, and can only wish one in their own state because they are unhappy; like persons that have the plague, who, they say, are ever desirous to propagate the infection. I make a contrary conclusion when you commend marriage, as you seem to do, when you wish Miss —— may reconcile me to more than the name of wife. I know not what you have heard of my amour; probably more than I can thoroughly confirm to you. And what if I should say to you, that marriage was not once the subject of our conversation?

Do not you think every thing in nature strangely improved since you were married, from the tea table to the warming pan?

I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper; but she must write something in my praise. Pray see you to it, in your next letter.

I could parodize my lord Carteret's letter from Dettingen, if I had it by me. "Mrs. Arnold (thanks be praised!) has this day gained a very considerable victory. The scold lasted two hours. Mrs. S——e was posted in the hall, and Mrs. Arnold upon the staircase; which superiority of ground was of no small service to her in the engagement. The fire lasted the whole space, without intermission; at the close of which the enemy was routed, and Mrs. Arnold kept the field."

Did you hear the song to the tune of "The Cuckow?"

> "The Baron stood behind a tree,
> In woful plight, for nought heard he
> But cannon, cannon, &c.
> O word of fear!
> Unpleasing to a German ear.

The notes that fall upon the word "cannon" express the sound with its echo admirably.

I send you my pastoral elegy (or ballad, if you think that name more proper), on condition that you return it with ample remarks in your next letter: I say "return it," because I have no other copy,

and am too indolent to take one. Adieu.

## LETTER VIII.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves; written in Hay Harvest.*

July 3, 1743.

Dear Mr. Graves,

I did not part from you without a great deal of melancholy. To think of the short duration of those interviews which are the objects of one's continual wishes, has been a reflection that has plagued me of old. I am sure I returned home with it then, more aggravated, as I foresaw myself returning to the same series of melancholy hours from which you had a while relieved me, and which I had particularly suffered under all this last spring. I wish to God you might happen to be settled not far from me: a day's journey distance, however; I mean an easy one. But the odds are infinitely against me. I must only rely for my happiness on the hopes of a never-ceasing correspondence!

Soon after you were gone I received my packet. The History of Worcestershire is mere stuff. T— I am so fond of, that I believe I shall have his part of the collection bound over again, neatly and separately. But sure Hammond has no right to the least inventive merit, as the preface writer would insinuate. I do not think there is a single thought, of any eminence, that is not literally translated. I am astonished he could content himself with being so little an original.

Mr. Lyttelton and his lady are at Hagley. A malignant caterpillar has demolished the beauty of all her large oaks. Mine are secured by their littleness. But I guess the park suffers; a large wood near me being a mere winter-piece for nakedness.

At present I give myself up to riding and thoughtlessness; being resolved to make trial of their efficacy towards a tolerable degree of health and spirits. I wish I had you for my director. I should proceed with great confidence of success; though I am brought very low by two or three fits of a fever since I saw you. Had I written to you in the midst of my dispirited condition, as I was going, you would have had a more tender and unaffected letter than I can write at another time; what I think, perhaps, at all times; but what sickness can alone elicit from a temper fearful of whining.

Surely the *nunc formosissimus annus** is to be limited to hay harvest. I could give my reasons: but you will imagine them to be, the activity of country people in a pleasing employment; the full verdure of the summer; the prime of pinks, woodbines, jasmines, &c. I am old, very old; for few things give me so much mechanical pleasure as lolling on a bank in the very heat of the sun,

> "When the old come forth to play
> On a sunshine holiday."

And yet it is as much as I can do to keep Mrs. Arnold from going to neighbouring houses in her smock, in despite of decency and my known disapprobation.

I find myself more of a patriot than I ever thought I was. Upon reading the account of the battle I found a very sensible pleasure, or, as the Methodists term it, "perceived my heart enlarged," &c. The map you sent me is a pretty kind of toy, but does not enough particularize the scenes of the war, &c., which was the end I had in view when I sent for it.

* Now 'tis the finest season of the year.

About half the appetite, digestion, strength, spirits, &c. of a mower, would make me the happiest of mortals! I would be understood literally and precisely. Adieu.

## LETTER IX.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves; after the Disappointment of a Visit.*

The Leasowes, Nov. 9, 1743.

Dear sir,

I am tempted to begin my letter as Memmius does his harangue, "*Multa me dehortantur a vobis, ni studium virtutis vestræ omnia exsuperet.*"* You contrive interviews of about a minute's duration; and you make appointments in order to disappoint one; and yet, at the same time that your proceedings are thus vexatious, force one to bear testimony to the inestimable value of your friendship! I do insist upon it, that you ought to compound for the disappointment you have caused me, by a little letter every post you stay in town. I shall now scarce see you till next summer, or spring at soonest; and then I may probably take occasion to visit you, under pretence of seeing Derbyshire. Truth is, your prints have given me some curiosity to see the original places. I am grateful for your intentions with regard to giving me part of them, and impertinent in desiring you to convey them to me as soon as you can well spare them. Let me know if they are sold separately at the print shops. I think to recommend them to my new acquaintance, Mr. Lyttelton Brown. I like the humour of the ballad you mention, but am more obliged for your partial opinion of me. The notes that fall upon the word "cannon, cannon," are admirably expressive of the sound, I dare say; I mean jointly with its echo: and so, I suppose, you will think, if you ever attended to the Tower guns. I find I cannot afford to go to Bath previously to my London journey; though I look upon it as a proper method to make my residence in town more agreeable. I shall probably be there about the first of December; or before, if I can accelerate my friend Whistler's journey. The pen I write with is the most disagreeable of pens! But I have little else to say; only this—that our good friend Jack Dolman is dead at Aldridge, his father's benefice.

I beg, if you have leisure, you would inclose me in a frank the following songs, with the notes: "Stella and Flavia," "Gentle Jessy," "Sylvia, wilt thou waste thy prime?" and any other that is new. I should be glad of that number of the British Orpheus which has my song in it, if it does not cost above sixpence. Make my compliments to your brother and sister; and believe me, in the common forms, but in no common degree, dear Mr. Graves's most affectionate friend and servant.

Do write out the whole ballad of "The Baron stood behind a Tree."

* Many things would persuade me to leave you, did not my esteem for your virtues overcome them all.

## LETTER X.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, with Thoughts on Advice.*

The Leasowes, Sept. 21, 1747.

Dear Mr. Graves,

I am under some apprehension that you dread the sight of a letter from me, as it seems to lay claim to the compliment of an answer. I will therefore write you one that shall wave its privilege, at least till such time as your leisure encourages, or your present dissipation

does not forbid you to send one. I dare now no longer expatiate upon the affair you have in hand; it is enough for me if you will excuse the freedom I have taken. I have often known delay produce good effects in some cases, which even sagacity itself could not surmount; and, if I thought I did not go too far, would presume to recommend it now. You know I have very little of the temper of an alderman. I almost hate the idea of wealthiness as much as the word. It seems to me to carry a notion of fulness, stagnation, and insignificancy. It is this disposition of mine that can alone give any weight to the advice I send you, as it proves me not to give it through any partiality to fortune. As to what remains, you are, I hope, assured of the value I must ever have for you in any circumstances, and the regard I shall always show for any that belongs to you. I cannot like you less or more. I now drop into other matters. Bergen, I see, is taken at last; pray what are the sentiments of your political companions? I dined some time ago with Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Pitt, who both agreed it was worth twenty thousand men to the French; which is a light in which I never used to consider it. Any little intimation that you please to confer upon me, enables me to seem wise in this country for a month; particularly if I take care to adjust my face accordingly. As I was returning last Sunday from church, whom should I meet in my way, but that sweet-souled bard Mr. James Thomson, in a chaise drawn by two horses lengthways? I welcomed him into the country, and asked him to accompany Mr. Lyttelton to the Leasowes (who had offered me a visit), which he promised to do. So I am in daily expectations of them and all the world this week. I fancy they will lavish all their praises upon nature, reserving none for poor art and me. But if I ever live, and am able to perfect my schemes, I shall not despair of pleasing the few I first began with, the few friends prejudiced in my favour; and then *Fico por los malignatores.** Censures will not affect me; for I am armed so strong in vanity, that they will pass by me as the idle wind which I regard not. I think it pretty near equal, in a country place, whether you gain the small number of tasters, or the large crowd of the vulgar. The latter are more frequently met with, and gape, stupent, and stare much more. But one would choose to please a few friends of taste before mob or gentry, the great vulgar or the small; because therein one gratifies both one's social passions and one's pride, that is, one's self-love. Above all things, I would wish to please you; and if I have a wish that projects or is prominent beyond the rest, it is to see you placed to your satisfaction near me; but Fortune must vary from her usual treatment before she favours me so far. And yet there was a time, when one might probably have prevailed on her. I knew not what to do. The affair was so intricately circumstanced—your surprising silence after the hint I gave. Mr. D— offering to serve any friend of mine; nay, pressing me to use the opportunity. His other relations, his guardians teasing him with sure symptoms of a rupture in case of a refusal on their side. Mr. P— soliciting me if the place were sold, which it could not legally be. Friendship, propriety, impartiality, self-interest (which I little regarded), endeavouring to distract me; I think I never spent so disagreeable an half-year since I was born. To close the whole, I could not foresee the event, which is almost foretold in your last letter, and I knew I could not serve you; but I must render it

* A fig for my enemies.

a necessary one. In short, when I can tell you the whole affair at leisure, you will own it to be of such a nature, that I must be ever in suspense concerning my behaviour, and of course shall never reflect on it with pleasure. Believe me, with the truest affection, yours.

## LETTER XI.

### *Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.*

It is somewhere about the 20th of Sept. 1747; and I write from The Leasowes.

Dear sir,

I think I have lived to out-correspond almost all my correspondents; whether you are the last that is to be subdued, I will not say; the rest are so fatigued, that they are not able to achieve a line. Apprised of this, and being by nature disposed to have mercy on the vanquished *(parcere subjectis)*, I seldom write a syllable more than is requisite to further some scheme, or ascertain some interview, the latter of these being the purpose of this mine epistle. I am in great hopes I shall be at liberty to see you ere many weeks be past; and would beg of you, in the mean time, to inform me, by a letter, when I am likely, or when very unlikely, to meet with you at home. I am detained, just at present, by continual expectations of the Hagley family.

As I was returning from church on Sunday last, whom should I meet, in a chaise with two horses lengthways, but that right friendly bard Mr. Thomson? I complimented him upon his arrival in this country, and asked him to accompany Mr. Lyttelton to the Leasowes, which he said he would with abundance of pleasure: and so we parted. You will observe, that the more stress I lay upon this visit, and the more I discover to you, the more substantial is my apology for deferring mine into Warwickshire. I own, I am pleased with the prospect of showing them something at the Leasowes beyond what they expect. I have begun my terrace on the high hill I showed you, made some considerable improvements in Virgil's Grove, and finished a walk from it to the house, after a manner which you will approve. They are going to build a castle in the park round the lodge, which, if well executed, must have a good effect; and they are going likewise to build a rotund to terminate the vista. The fault is, that they anticipate every thing which I propose to do when I become rich; but as that is never likely to be, perhaps it is not of any importance; but what I term rich, implies no great deal; I believe you are a witness to the moderation of my desires; and I flatter myself that you will believe your friend in that respect something above the vulgar. If I come to your house, positively I will not go to see Mr. M——. He has been twice as near me as the Grange, with C— L—, and never deemed my place worth seeing. I doubt, you are a little too modest in praising it wherever you go. Why do not you applaud it with both hands, *utroque pollice?* I am so very partial to my native place, that it seems a miracle to me that it is not more famous. But I complain unjustly of you; for, as you have always contributed to my happiness, you have taken every opportunity to contribute to my figure. I wish I could say the same of some who have it more in their power.

I have yet about a thousand things to say to you, not now, though; lady L—h's visit I reserve till I see you. A coach with a coronet is a pretty kind of phœnomenon at my door, few prettier, except the face of such a friend as you; for I do not want

the grace to prefer a generous and spirited friendship to all the gewgaws that ambition can contrive. I have wrote out my Elegies, and heartily wish you had them to look over before I come.—I know not how to send them.—I shall bring and leave some poetry with you.—"*Thus et odores!*"* or rather a proper covering for "*Thus, et odores, et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.*"† Adieu! dear sir, believe me ever yours.

## LETTER XII.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.*

1747.

Dear sir,

Being just returned from a small excursion, it was with the utmost pleasure that I read over your letter; and, though it abounds both in wit and waggery, I sit down incontinently to answer it with none.

The agreeableness of your letters is now heightened by the surprise they give me. I must own, I have thought you in a manner lost to the amusements in which you once delighted, correspondences, works of taste and fancy, &c. If you think the opinion worth removing, you need only favour me with such a letter now and then, and I will place you (in my imagination) where you shall see all the favourites of fortune cringing at your feet.

I think I could add about half a dozen hints to your observations on electricity, which might at least disguise the facts: and then why will you not put it into some newspaper, or monthly pamphlet? You might discover yourself to whom you have a mind. It would give more than ordinary pleasure at this time.—Some other will take the hint.—Pity your piece should not have the advantage of novelty as well as of wit!

I dined and stayed a night with Dr. E—: he was extremely obliging, and I am glad of such a friend to visit at B—. He asked much after you.—He showed me his Ovid—I advised him to finish some one epistle highly, that he might show it.—The whole will not take, though it goes against me to tell him so. I should be glad he could succeed at B—; and could I serve him, it would be with a safe conscience, for I take him to excel the rest of B—'s physicians far in point of speculation and diligence, &c.

I send you the song you asked for, and request of you to write me out your new edition of the Election Verses; and, at your leisure, a copy of the poem which we altered.

THE LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song;
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear,
To simple British birds belong.

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine:
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat that witless beau
And all his motley race with scorn;
And heal deserving Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

I am, sir, your most faithful friend and servant.

## LETTER XIII.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.*

The Leasowes, March 23, 1747-8.

Dear sir,

I have sent Tom over for the pa-

* Frankincense and odours.

† Frankincense, and odours, and pepper, and every thing that is tied up in waste paper.

pers which I left under your inspection; having nothing to add upon this head, but that the more freely and particularly you give me your opinion, the greater will be the obligation which I shall have to acknowledge.

I shall be very glad if I happen to receive a good large bundle of your own compositions; in regard to which, I will observe any commands which you shall please to lay upon me.

I am favoured with a certain correspondence, by way of letter, which I told you I should be glad to cultivate; and I find it very entertaining.

Pray did you receive my answer to your last letter, sent by way of London? I should be extremely sorry to be debarred the pleasure of writing to you by the post, as often as I feel a violent propensity to describe the notable incidents of my life; which amount to about as much as the tinsel of your little boy's hobby-horse.

I am on the point of purchasing a couple of busts for the niches of my hall; and believe me, my good friend, I never proceed one step in ornamenting my little farm, but I enjoy the hopes of rendering it more agreeable to you, and the small circle of acquaintance which sometimes favour me with their company.

I shall be extremely glad to see you and Mr. Fancourt when the trees are green; that is, in May; but I would not have you content yourself with a single visit this summer. If Mr. Hardy (to whom you will make my compliments) inclines to favour me so far, you must calculate so as to wait on him whenever he finds it convenient; though I have better hopes of making his reception here agreeable to him when my lord Dudley comes down. I wonder how he would like the scheme I am upon, of exchanging a large tankard for a silver standish.

I have had a couple of paintings given me since you were here. One of them is a Madonna, valued, as it is said, at ten guineas in Italy, but which you would hardly purchase at the price of five shillings. However, I am endeavouring to make it out to be one of Carlo Maratt's, who was a first hand, and famous for Madonnas; even so as to be nick-named *Cartuccio delle Madonne*, by Salvator Rosa. Two letters of the cypher (C M) agree; what shall I do with regard to the third? It is a small piece, and sadly blackened. It is about the size (though not quite the shape) of the Bacchus over the parlour door, and has much such a frame.

A person may amuse himself almost as cheaply as he pleases. I find no small delight in rearing all sorts of poultry; geese, turkeys, pullets, ducks, &c. I am also somewhat smitten with a blackbird which I have purchased: a very fine one; brother by father, but not by mother, to the unfortunate bird you so beautifully describe, a copy of which description you must not fail to send me;—but as I said before, one may easily habituate one's self to cheap amusements; that is, rural ones (for all town amusements are horridly expensive);—I would have you cultivate your garden; plant flowers, have a bird or two in the hall (they will at least amuse your children); write now and then a song; buy now and then a book; write now and then a letter to your most sincere friend and affectionate servant.

P. S. I hope you have exhausted all your spirit of criticism upon my verses, that you may have none left to cavil at this letter; for I am ashamed to think, that you, in particular, should receive the dullest I ever wrote in my life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Jago.—She can

go a little abroad, you say.—Tell her, I should be proud to show her the Leasowes. Adieu!

## LETTER XIV.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. ——, on his Marriage.*

This was written August 21, 1748; but not sent till the 28th.

Dear sir,

How little soever I am inclined to write at this time, I cannot bear that you should censure me of unkindness in seeming to overlook the late change in your situation. It will, I hope, be esteemed superfluous in me to send you my most cordial wishes that you may be happy; but it will, perhaps, be something more significant to say, that I believe you will: building my opinion on the knowledge I have long had of your own temper, and the account you give me of the person whom you have made choice of, to whom I desire you to pay my sincere and most affectionate compliments.

I shall always be glad to find you *præsentibus æquum*,* though I should always be pleased when I saw you *tentantem majora*.† I think you should neglect no opportunity at this time of life to push your fortune so far as an elegant competency, that you be not embarrassed with those kind of solicitudes towards the evening of your day.

I would have you acquire, if possible, what the world calls, with some propriety, an easy fortune; and what I interpret, such a fortune as allows of some inaccuracy and inattention, that one may not be continually in suspense about the laying out a shilling. This kind of advice may seem extremely dogmatical in me; but if it carries any haughty air, I will obviate it by owning that I never acted as I say. I have lost my road to happiness, I confess; and instead of pursuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which distinguish the region of it, I am got into the pitiful parterre-garden of amusement, and view the nobler scenes at a distance. I think I can see the road too that leads the better way, and can show it others; but I have many miles to measure back before I can get into it myself, and no kind of resolution to take a single step. My chief amusements at present are the same they have long been, and lie scattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée;* I suppose, approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée;* though, if I had money, I should hardly confine myself to such decorations as that name requires. I have made great improvements; and the consequence is, that I long to have you see them.

I have not heard whether Miss —'s match proceeded.—I suppose your objections were grounded on the person's age and temper; and that they had the less weight, as they supposed you acted indiscreetly yourself: I can say but little on the occasion. You know —— better than I do. Only this I must add, that I have so great an esteem for your sister, that it will be necessary to my ease, that whoever marries her she should be happy.

I have little hopes that I shall now see you often in this country; though it would be you, in all probability, as soon as any, that would take a journey of fifty miles,

"To see the poorest of the sons of men."

The truth is, my affairs are miserably embroiled, by my own negligence, and the non-payment of tenants. I believe I shall be forced to

* Pleased with the present.

† Attempting greater things.

seize on one next week for three years and a half's rent, due last Lady-day; an affair to which I am greatly averse, both through indolence and compassion. I hope, however, I shall be always able (as I am sure I shall be desirous) to entertain a friend of a philosophical regimen, such as you and Mr. Whistler; and that will be all I can do.

Hagley park is considerably improved since you were here, and they have built a castle by way of ruin on the highest part of it, which is just seen from my wood; but by the removal of a tree or two (growing in a wood that joins to the park, and which, fortunately enough, belongs to Mr. Dolman and me) I believe it may be rendered a considerable object here.

I purpose to write to Mr. Whistler either this post or the next. The fears you seemed in upon my account are very kind, but have no grounds. I am, dear Mr. —, habitually and sincerely your, &c.

My humble service to your neighbours. — Smith (whom you knew at Derby) will publish a print of my grove in a small collection.

## LETTER XV.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago, with an Invitation to the Leasowes.*

Sept. 3, Saturday night, 1748.

Dear Mr. Jago,

I hardly know whether it will be prudent in me to own, that I wrote you a long letter upon the receipt of your last, which I have now upon my table. I condemn this habit in myself entirely, and should, I am sure, be very unhappy, if my friends, by my example, should be induced to contract the same. The truth is, I had not expressed myself in it to my mind, and it was full of blots, and blunders, and interlinings; yet, such as it was, it had wearied my attention, and given me disinclination to begin it afresh. I am now impatient to remove any scruple you may have concerning my grateful sense of all your favours, and the invariable continuance of my affection and esteem.—I find by your last obliging letter, that my machinations and devices are not entirely private.—You knew of my draught of Hagley castle about the bigness of a barley-corn; you knew of our intended visit to lady Luxborough's; and I must add, Mr. Thomas Hall knew of my contrivance for the embellishment of Mr. Hardy's house. Nothing is there hid that shall not be revealed. Our visit to Barels is now over and past. Lady Luxborough has seen Hagley castle in the original: and as to my desire that my draught might be shown to no Christian soul, you surely did but ill comply with it, when you showed that drawing to a clergyman. However, you may have acted up to my real meaning, if you have taken care not to show it to any connoisseur. I meant chiefly to guard against any one that knows the rules; in whose eyes, I am sure, it could not turn to my credit. Pray how do you like the festoons dangling over the oval windows? It is the chief advantage in repairing an old house, that one may deviate from the rules without any extraordinary censure.

I will not trouble you now with many particulars. The intent of Tom's coming is, to desire your company and Mrs. Jago's this week. I should be extremely glad if your convenience would allow you to come on Monday or Tuesday; but if it is entirely impracticable, I would beseech you not to put off the visit longer than the Monday following, for the leaves of my groves begin to fall a great pace. I beg once more,

you would let no small inconvenience prevent your being here on Monday. As to my visit to Icheneton, you may depend upon it soon after; and I hope you will not stand upon punctilio, when I mention my inclination that you may all take a walk through my coppices before their beauty is much impaired. Were I in a sprightly vein, I would aim at saying something genteel by way of answer to Mrs. Jago's compliment. As it is, I can only thank her for the substance, and applaud the politeness of it. I postpone all other matters till I see you. I am, habitually and sincerely, your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Hardy.

P. S. I am not accustomed, my dear friend, to send you a blank page; nor can I be content to do so now.

I thank you very sensibly for the verses with which you honour me. I think them good lines, and so do others that have seen them; but you will give me leave, when I see you, to propose some little alteration. As to an epistle, it would be executed with difficulty, and I would have it turn to your credit as well as my own. But you have certainly of late acquired an ease in writing: and I am tempted to think that what you write henceforth will be universally good. Persons that have seen your Elegies like "The Blackbirds" best, as it is most assuredly the most correct; but I, who pretend to great penetration, can foresee that "The Linnets" will be made to excel. More of this when I see you. Poor Miss G—, J— R— says, is married; and poor Mr. Thomson, Mr. Pitt tells me, is dead. He was to have been at Hagley this week, and then I should probably have seen him here. As it is, I will erect an urn in Virgil's Grove to his memory. I was really as much shocked to hear of his death, as if I had known and loved him for a number of years; God knows, I lean on a very few friends: and if they drop me, I become a wretched misanthrope.

## LETTER XVI.

*Mr. Shenstone to a Friend disappointing him of a visit.*

Fie on Mr. N—! he has disappointed me of the most seasonable visit that heart could wish or desire. My flowers in blossom, my walks newly cleaned, my neighbours invited, and I languishing for lack of your company! Meantime you are going to dance attendance on a courtier.—Would to God he may disappoint you! according to the usual practice of those gentlemen; I mean, by giving you a far better living than you ever expected.

I have no sooner made than I am ready to recall that wish, in order to substitute another in its place; which is, that you may rather squat yourself down upon a fat goose living in Warwickshire, or one in Staffordshire, or perhaps Worcestershire, of the same denomination. I do not mention Shropshire, because I think I am more remote from the main body of that county than I am from either of the others. But, nevertheless, by all means wait on Mr. N—; show him all respect, yet so as not to lay out any of the profits of your contingent living in a black velvet waistcoat and breeches to appear before him. True merit needeth nought of this. Besides, peradventure, you may not receive the first quarter's income of it this half year. He will probably do something for you one time or other; but you shall never go into Ireland, that is certain, for less than a deanery; not for less than the deanery of St. Patrick's, if you take my advice. Lower your hopes only to advance your surprise, "*grata supervenient quæ non sperabimus.*"* Come to me as you

* We are agreeably surprised by what we did not hope.

may. A week is elapsed since you began to be detained; you may surely come over in a fortnight now at farthest; I will be at home. However, write directly; you know our letters are long upon their journey. I expected you the beginning of every week, till I received your last letter, impatiently.

For my own part, I begin to wean myself from all hopes and expectations whatever. I feed my wild-ducks, and I water my carnations; happy enough, if I could extinguish my ambition quite, or indulge (what I hope I feel in an equal degree) the desire of being something more beneficial in my sphere. Perhaps some few other circumstances would want also to be adjusted.

I have just read lord Bolingbroke's three Letters, which I like as much as most pieces of politics I ever read. I admire, especially, the spirit of the style. I as much admire the editor's unpopular preface. I know the family hitherto seemed to make it a point to conceal Pope's affair; and now, the editor, under lord B's inspection, not only relates, but invites people to think the worst of it. What collateral reasons my lord may have for thinking ill of Mr. Pope, I cannot say; but surely it is not political to lessen a person's character that had done one so much honour. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

I have this moment received a long letter from lady Luxborough; and you are to look on all I said concerning both lord Bolingbroke's affair and her resentment as premature. My lady's daughter and son-in-law visit her next week.

## LETTER XVII.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.*

From the Leasowes, as it appears on a rainy evening, June 1749.

Dear Sir,

It would probably be so long before you can receive this letter by the post, that I cannot think of subjecting my thanks for your last, or my hopes of seeing you soon, to such an uncertainty. I shall now have it in my power to meet you at Mr. Wren's immediately, so would lose no time in requesting your company here next week, if you please. I hope Mrs. Jago also will accompany you, and that you will set out the first day of the week, even Monday; that you may not leave me in less than six days' time, under a pretence of necessity. As to the verses you were so kind to convey, I will take occasion, when you come,

"To find out, like a friend,
Something to blame, and mickle to commend."

So I say no more at present on that head.

I love to read verses, but I write none. I will not say none; for I wrote the following at breakfast yesterday, and they are all I have wrote since I saw you. They are now in one of the root houses of Virgil's Grove, for the admonition of my good friends the vulgar; of whom I have multitudes every Sunday evening, and who very fortunately believe in fairies, and are no judges of poetry.

"Here in cool grot, and mossy cell,
We tripping fauns and fairies dwell:
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
Oft as the moon, ascended high,
Darts through yon limes her quiv'ring beam,
We frisk it near this crystal stream.

"Then fear to spoil these sacred bowers;
Nor wound the shrubs, nor crop the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound,
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But ill betide or nymph or swain,
Who dares these hallow'd haunts profane."

*Oberon.*

I suppose the rotund at Hagley is completed; but I have not seen it hitherto; neither do I often journey or visit any where, except when a shrub or flower is upon the point of

blossoming near my walks. I forget one visit I lately made in the neighbourhood, to a young clergyman of taste and ingenuity. His name is Pixell; he plays finely upon the violin, and very well upon the harpsichord; has set many things to music, some in the soft way, with which I was much delighted. He is young, and has time to improve himself. He gave me an opportunity of being acquainted with him, by frequent visiting, and introducing company to my walks. I met him one morning with an Italian in my grove, and our acquaintance has been growing ever since. He has a share in an estate that is near me, and lives there at present; but I doubt will not do so long; when you come, I will send for him. Have you read my lord Bolingbroke's Essays on Patriotism, &c.? and have you read Merope? and do you take in the *Magazin des Londres?* and pray how does your garden flourish? I warrant you do not yet know the difference betwixt a ranunculus and an anemone—God help ye! Come to me, and be informed of the nature of all plants, "from the cedar on Mount Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Pray do not fail to decorate your new garden, whence you may transplant all kinds of flowers into your verses. If by chance you make a visit at I——— fifty years hence, from some distant part of England, shall you forget this little angle where you used to muse and sing?

I expect by the return of Tom to receive a trifle that will amuse you. It is a small gold seal of Vida's head, given by Vertue to a relation of mine, who published Vida, and introduced Vertue into business. Perhaps you remember Mr. Tristram of Hampton, and the day we spent there from school; it was his. I am, very cordially, yours.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Mr. Shenstone to C—— W——, Esq.*

The Leasowes, Nov. 2, 1753.

Dear sir,

It never can be that I owe you for three letters: as to two, I will agree with you; one that I received together with my books, and the other soon after; but that I am indebted for more than these—

Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego.*

Even that same *Judæus Apella* who affords me this very opportunity of sending my compliments to you and Mrs. W—, and of assuring you that if I had not purposed to have seen you, I had wrote to you long ago.

Master Harris talks very respectfully of your garden; and we have no dispute, save only in one point—he says, that you labour very hard in your vocation; whereas I am not willing to allow that all the work you ever did, or will do in it, is worth a single bunch of radishes. However, I dare not contradict him too much, because he waits for my letter.

How happy are you that can hold up your spade, and cry, "Avaunt, Satan!" when a toyman offers you his deceitful vanities! Do not you rejoice inwardly, and pride yourself greatly in your own philosophy?

"Twas thus—
The wise Athenian crossed a glitt'ring fair:
Unmov'd by tongues and sights he walk'd the place,
Through tape, tags, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,
And, 'What a world I never want!' he cries."
PARNELL.

Meantime do not despise others that can find any needful amusement in what, I think, Bunyan very aptly calls Vanity Fair; I have been at it

* Let the Jew Apella believe it, not I.

many times this season, and have bought many kinds of merchandise there. It is a part of philosophy, to adapt one's passions to one's way of life; and the solitary unsocial sphere in which I move makes me think it happy that I can retain a relish for such trifles as I can draw into it. Meantime, I dare not reason too much upon this head. Reason, like the famous concave mirror at Paris, would in two minutes vitrify all the Jew's Pack: I mean, that it would immediately destroy all the form, colour, and beauty, of every thing that is not merely useful. But I ramble too far, and you do not want such speculations. My intent, when I sat down, was to tell you that I shall probably see you very soon, and certainly remain in the mean time, and at all times, sir, your, &c.

## LETTER XIX.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Shenstone's Brother.*

The Leasowes, Feb. 14, 1752.

Dear Mr. Graves,

You will be amazed at my long silence; and it might reasonably excite some disgust, if my days had passed of late in the manner they used to do: but I am not the man I was; perhaps I never shall be. Alas! my dearest friend! I have lost my only brother! and, since the fatal close of November, I have had neither peace nor respite from agonizing thoughts!

You, I think, have seen my brother; but perhaps had no opportunity of distinguishing him from the group of others whom we called good-natured men. This part of his character was so visible in his countenance, that he was generally beloved at sight: I, who must be allowed to know him, do assure you, that his understanding was no way inferior to his benevolence. He had not only a sound judgment, but a lively wit and genuine humour. As these were many times eclipsed by his native bashfulness, so his benevolence only suffered by being shown to an excess. I here mean his giving too indiscriminately into those jovial meetings of company, where the warmth of a social temper is discovered with least reserve; but the virtues of his head and heart would soon have shone without alloy. The foibles of his youth were wearing off; and his affection for me and regard to my advice, with his own good sense, would soon have rendered him all that I could have wished in a successor. I never in my life knew a person more sincere in the expression of his love or dislike. But it was the former that suited the propensity of his heart; the latter was as transient as the starts of passion that occasioned it. In short, with much true genius and real fortitude, he was, according to the English acceptation, "a truly honest man;" and I think I may also add, a truly English character; but "*Habeo, dixi? immo habui fratrem et amicum, Chreme!*"* All this have I lost in him. He is now in regard to this world no more than a mere idea; and this idea, therefore, though deeply tinged with melancholy, I must, and surely ought to, cherish and preserve.

I believe I wrote you some account of his illness last spring; from which to all appearance he was tolerably well recovered. He took the air, and visited about with me, during the warmer months of summer; but my pleasure was of short duration. "*Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo!*"† The peripneumony under which he laboured in the spring

* Have I, did I say? nay, I had a brother and friend, Chremes.

† The fatal arrow was fixed in his side

had terminated in an adhesion of the lungs to the pleura, so that he could never lie but upon his right side; and this, as the weather grew colder, occasioned an obstruction that could never be surmounted.

Though my reason forewarned me of the event, I was not the more prepared for it. Let me not dwell upon it. It is altogether insupportable in every respect, and my imagination seems more assiduous in educing pain from this occasion, than I ever yet found it in administering to my pleasure. This hurts me to no purpose—I know it; and yet, when I have avocated my thoughts, and fixed them for a while upon common amusements, I suffer the same sort of consciousness as if I were guilty of a crime. Believe me, this has been the most sensible affliction I ever felt in my life; and you, who know my anxiety when I had far less reason to complain, will more easily conceive it now, than I am able to describe it.

I cannot pretend to fill up my paper with my usual subjects. I should thank you for your remarks upon my poetry; but I despise poetry: and I might tell you of all my little rural improvements; but I hate them. What can I now expect from my solitary rambles through them, but a series of melancholy reflections and irksome anticipations? Even the pleasure I should take in showing them to you, the greatest they can afford me, must be now greatly inferior to what it might formerly have been.

How have I prostituted my sorrow on occasions that little concerned me! I am ashamed to think of that idle "Elegy upon Autumn," when I have so much more important cause to hate and to condemn it now: but the glare and gaiety of the spring is what I principally dread; when I shall find all things restored but my poor brother, and something like those lines of Milton will run for ever in my thoughts:

> "Thus, with the year,
> Seasons return; but not to me returns
> A brother's cordial smile, at eve or morn."

I shall then seem to wake from amusements, company, every sort of inebriation with which I have been endeavouring to lull my grief asleep, as from a dream; and I shall feel as if I were, that instant, despoiled of all I have chiefly valued for thirty years together; of all my present happiness, and all my future prospects. The melody of birds, which he no more must hear; the cheerful beams of the sun, of which he no more must partake; every wonted pleasure will produce that sort of pain to which my temper is most obnoxious. Do not consider this as poetry. Poetry on such occasions is no more than literal truth. In the present case it is less; for half the tenderness I feel is altogether shapeless and inexpressible.

After all, the wisdom of the world may perhaps esteem me a gainer. Ill do they judge of this event, who think that any shadow of amends can be made for the death of a brother, and the disappointment of all my schemes, by the accession of some fortune, which I never can enjoy!

This is a mournful narrative: I will not, therefore, enlarge it. Amongst all changes and chances, I often think of you; and pray there may be no suspicion or jealousy betwixt us during the rest of our lives. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

## LETTER XX.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. G—, on the Receipt of his Picture.*

The Leasowes, Oct. 3, 1752.

Dear Mr. G—,

I am very unfeignedly ashamed to

reflect how long it is since I received your present, and how much longer it is since I received your letter. I have been resolving to write to you almost daily ever since you left me; yet have foolishly enough permitted avocations (of infinitely less importance than your correspondence) to interfere with my gratitude, my interest, and my inclination. What apology I have to make, though no way adequate to my negligence, is in short as follows. After the receipt of your letter, I deferred writing till I could speak of the arrival of your picture. This did not happen till about a month or five weeks ago, when I was embarrassed with masons, carvers, carpenters, and company, all at a time. And though it were idle enough to say, that I could not find one vacant hour for my purpose, yet in truth my head was so confused by these multifarious distractions, that I could have written nothing satisfactory either to myself or you; nothing worth a single penny, supposing the postage were to cost you no more. The workmen had not finished my rooms a minute, when lady Luxborough, Mrs. Davies, and Mr. Outing arrived, with five servants and a set of horses, to stay with me for some time. After a nine days' visit, I returned with them to Barels, where I continued for a week; and whither (by the way) I go again with lord Dudley in about a fortnight's time. Other company filled up the interstices of my summer; and I hope my dear friend will accept of this apology for so long a chasm of silence, during which I have been uniformly at his service, and true to that inviolable friendship I shall ever bear him.

I proceed now to thank you for the distinction you show me, in sending me your picture: I do it very sincerely. It is assuredly a strong likeness, as my lady Luxborough with all her servants, that have seen you, pronounce, as well as I; consequently more valuable to a friend than a face he does not know, though it were one of Raphael's. The smile about the mouth is bad; as it agrees but ill with the gravity of the eyes, and as a smile ever so little *outré* has a bad effect in a picture where it is constant, though it may be ever so graceful in a person where it is transitory. However, this may be altered, when I can meet with a good painter. I have no other objection, but to the prominence of the belly. The hair, I think, is good; and the coat and band no way exceptionable. I have given it all the advantage I can: it has a good light, and makes part of an elegant chimney-piece in a genteel, though little breakfast room, at the end of my house.

Mr. Whistler and I are now upon terms, and two or three friendly letters have been interchanged betwixt us. He presses me to come to Whitchurch, and I him to come over to the Leasowes; but the winter cometh, when no man can visit. The dispute is adjusted by time, whilst we are arguing it by expostulation—no uncommon event in most sublunary projects!

Lady Luxborough said very extraordinary things in praise of Mrs. G—, after you left us at Barels: yet I sincerely believe no more than she deserves. I took the liberty of showing her your letter here, as it included a compliment to her which I thought particularly genteel—She will always consider you as a person of genius, and her friend.

During most of this summer, (wherein I have seen much company either here or at lord Dudley's), I have been almost constantly engaged in one continued scene of jollity. I endeavoured to find relief from such sort of dissipation; and, when I had once given into it, I was

obliged to proceed; as they say, is the case when persons disguise their faces with paint. Mine was a sort of painting applied to my temper—"*Spem vultu simulare, premere atrum corde dolorem.*"* And the moment I left it off, my soul appeared again all haggard and forlorn. My company has now deserted me; the spleen-fogs begin to rise; and the terrible incidents of last winter revive apace in my memory. This is my state of mind, while I write you these few lines; yet, I thank God, my health is not much amiss.

I did not forget my promise of a box, &c. to Mrs. G—. I had a dozen sent me, one or two of which I could have liked, had they been better finished. They were of good oval, white enamel, with flowers, &c.; but horridly gilt, and not accurately painted. I beg my best service to her, and will make a fresh essay. My dearest friend, accept this awkward letter for the present. In a few posts I will write again. Believe me yours from the bottom of my soul.

I will send you a label for made wine, after my own plan. It is enamel, with grapes, shepherd's pipe, &c. The motto "*Vin de Paisan.*"

## LETTER XXI.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.*

The Leasowes, Feb. 27, 1753.

Dear Mr. Jago,

I wrote you some account of myself, and enclosed some trivial criticisms, in a letter I sent you about a fortnight ago, which I hope you have received.—Tom comes now to inquire after your health, and to bring back my "Ode to Colonel Lyttleton;" in regard to which, I desire that you will not be sparing of your animadversions. I whispered my difficulties to Mr. Miller at Hagley, how delicate I found the subject, and how hard it was to satisfy either myself or others; in all which points he agreed with me. Nevertheless, having twice broken my promise of sending a corrected copy to sir George, I was obliged to make my peace by a fresh one, which, I suppose, I must of necessity perform.—Give me your whole sentiments hereupon, I beseech you: in particular and in general, as a critic and as a friend.—The bad state of spirits which I complained of in my last, for a long time together made me utterly irresolute: every thing occasioned me suspense; and I did nothing with appetite.—This was owing in a great measure to a slow nervous fever, as I have since discovered by many concurrent symptoms. It is now I think, wearing off by degrees. I seem to anticipate a little of that "vernal delight" which Milton mentions, and thinks

> "able to chase
> All sadness, but despair."

At least, I began to resume my silly clue of hopes and expectations: which I know, however, will not guide me to any thing more satisfactory than before.

I have read scarce any new books this season. Voltaire's new tragedy was sent me from London; but what has given me the most amusement has been the "*Lettres de Madame de Maintenon.*" You have probably read them already in English, and then I need not recommend them. The "Life of Lord Bolingbroke" i entirely his public life, and the book three parts filled with political remarks.

As to writing, I have not attempted it this year and more; nor do I know when I shall again. However, I would be glad to correct that "Ode to the Duchess of Somerset," when once I can find in whose hands it is deposited. I was shown a very

* I feigned hope in my looks, but hid dark sorrow in my heart.

elegant letter of hers, the other day; wherein she asks for it with great politeness; and as it includes nothing but a love of rural life, and such sort of amusements as she herself approves, I shall stand a good chance of having it received with partiality. She lives the life of a *religieuse*. She has written my lady Luxborough a very serious letter of condolence upon the misfortune in her family; and need enough has lady Luxborough of so unchangeable a friend; for sure nothing could have happened to a person in her situation more specifically unfortunate. Mr. Reynolds has been at Barels, I hear, and has brought her a machine that goes into a coat-pocket, yet answers the end of "a jack for boots, a reading-desk, a cribbage-board, a pair of snuffers, a ruler, an eighteen-inch rule, three pair of nut-cracks, a lemon-squeezer, two candlesticks, a piquet-board, and the Lord knows what beside." Can you form an idea of it? If you can, do you not think it must give me pain to reflect, that I myself am useful for no sort of purpose, when a paltry bit of wood can answer so many? But, indeed, whilst it pretends to these exploits, it performs nothing well; and therein I agree with it. So true it is, with regard to me, what I told you long ago,

Multa et præclara minantem
Vivere nec recte, nec suaviter!*

We have a turnpike-bill upon the point of being brought into the House of Commons; it will convey you about half the way betwixt Birmingham and Hales, and from thence to Hagley; but, I trust, there will be a left-hand attraction, which will always make you deviate from the straight line.

I should be ashamed to reflect how much I have dwelt upon myself in this letter, but that I seriously approve of egotism in letters; and were I not to do so, I should not have any other subject. I have not a single neighbour, that is either fraught with politeness, literature, or intelligence; much less have I a tide of spirits to set my invention afloat: but the less I am able to amuse you, the more desirous am I of your letters; which afford me the truest entertainment, even when my spirits are ever so much depressed.

That universal cheerfulness, which is the lot of some people, persons that you and I may envy at the same time that we despise, is worth all that either fortune or nature can bestow.

I am, with entire affection, yours.

* Threatening to do many great things, he lives neither well nor agreeably.

## LETTER XXII.

### *Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Whistler.*

The Leasowes, June 7, 1754.

Dear Mr. Graves,

The melancholy account of our dear friend Whistler's death was conveyed to me, at the same instant, by yours and by his brother's letter. I have written to his brother this post; though I am very ill able to write upon the subject, and would willingly have waved it longer, but for decency. The triumvirate, which was the greatest happiness and the greatest pride of my life, is broken! The fabric of an ingenuous and disinterested friendship has lost a noble column! yet it may, and will, I trust, endure till one of us be laid as low. In truth, one can so little satisfy one's self with what we say upon such sad occasions, that I made three or four essays before I could endure what I had written to his brother. Be so good as excuse me to him as well as you can, and establish me in the good opinion of him and Mr. Walker.

Poor Mr. Whistler! how do all our little strifes and bickerments appear to us at this time! Yet we may with comfort reflect, that they were not of a sort that touched the vitals of our friendship; and I may say, that we fondly loved and esteemed each other, of necessity. Poor Mr. Whistler! not a single acquaintance have I made, not a single picture or curiosity have I purchased, not a single embellishment have I given to my place, since he was last here, but I have had his approbation and his amusement in my eye. I will assuredly inscribe my larger urn to his memory; nor shall I pass it without a pleasing melancholy during the remainder of my days. We have each of us received a pleasure from his conversation, which no other conversation can afford us at our present time of life.

Adieu! my dear friend! may our remembrance of the person we have lost be the strong and everlasting cement of our affection! Assure Mr. John Whistler of the regard I have for him, upon his own account, as well as his brother's. Write to me; directly if you have opportunity. Whether you have or no, believe me to be ever most affectionately yours.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Graves.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on hearing that his Letters to Mr. Whistler were destroyed.*

The Leasowes, Oct. 23, 1754.

Dear Mr. Graves,

It is certainly some argument of a peculiarity in the esteem I bear you, that I feel a readiness to acquaint you with more of my foibles than I care to trust with any other person. I believe nothing shows us more plainly either the different degrees or kinds of regard that we entertain for our several friends (I may also add the difference of their characters), than the ordinary style and tenor of the letters we address to them.

I confess to you, that I am considerably mortified by Mr. John W—'s conduct in regard to my letters to his brother; and, rather than they should have been so unnecessarily destroyed, would have given more money than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chef-d'œuvres;* and, could I be supposed to have the least pretensions to propriety of style or sentiment, I should imagine it must appear principally in my letters to his brother, and one or two more friends. I considered them as the records of a friendship that will be always dear to me, and as the history of my mind for these twenty years last past. The amusement I should have found in the perusal of them would have been altogether innocent; and I would gladly have preserved them, if it were only to explain those which I shall preserve of his brother's. Why he should allow either me or them so very little weight as not to consult me with regard to them, I can by no means conceive. I suppose it is not uncustomary to return them to the surviving friend. I had no answer to the letter which I wrote Mr. J. W——. I received a ring from him; but as I thought it an inadequate memorial of the friendship which his brother had for me, I gave it to my servant the moment I received it; at the same time I have a neat standish, on which I caused the lines Mr. W—— left with it to be inscribed, and which appears to be a much more agreeable remembrancer.

I have read your new production with pleasure; and as this letter begins with a confession of foibles, I

will own, that through mere laziness I have sent you back your copy in which I have made some erasements, instead of giving you my reasons on which those erasements were founded. Truth is, it seems to me to want mighty few variations from what is now the present text; and that, upon one more perusal, you will be able to give it as much perfection as you mean it to have. And yet, did I suppose you would insert it in Dodsley's Collection, as I see no reason you have to the contrary, I would take any pains about it that you would desire me. I must beg another copy, at your leisure.

I should like the inscription you mention upon a real stone urn, which you purchase very reasonable at Bath: but you must not risque it upon the vase you mention, on any account whatever.

Now I mention Bath, I must acquaint you, that I have received intelligence from the younger Dodsley, that his brother is now there, and that none of the papers I sent him are yet sent to press; that he expects his brother home about the fourth or fifth of November, when he proceeds with his publication. Possibly you may go to Bath whilst he is there, and, if so, may choose to have an interview.

I shall send two or three little pieces of my own, in hopes that you will adjust the reading, and return them as soon as you conveniently can. All I can send to-night is this "Ode to Memory." I shall in the last place desire your opinion as to the manner of placing what is sent. The first pages of his Miscellany must be already fixed. I think to propose ours for the last; but as to the order, it will depend entirely upon you.

Adieu! in other words, God bless you. I have company at the table all the time I am writing. Your ever most affectionate, &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

### *Mr. West to Mr. Gray.*

Christ Church, Nov. 14, 1735.

You use me very cruelly: you have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing: next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your *quondam* school-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Thro' many a flowery path and shelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to yours, &c.

P. S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively, *a history of your own time.

## LETTER XXV.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. West*

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

Permit me again to write to you, though I have so long neglected my duty; and forgive my brevity, when

* Alluding to his grandfather's history.

I tell you it is occasioned wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleasure than the sight of you; for I am preparing for London in a few days at furthest. I do not wonder in the least at your frequent blaming my indolence, it ought rather to be called ingratitude, and I am obliged to your goodness for softening so harsh an appellation. When we meet, it will, however, be my greatest of pleasures to know what you do, what you read, and how you spend your time, &c. &c., and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c.; for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill; only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress, and gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was; I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you the history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the Reformation.* However, as the most undeserving people in the world must sure have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there: it is asking you to an old play, indeed; but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while past I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game of quoits together; you will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you may have a little pique to him. I send you my translation,† which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to show you how I mispend my days.

Third in the labours of the Disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd and fir'd by Mnestheus fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The pond'rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales, and woods, and echoing hills re bound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay;
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

### *Mr. West to Mr. Gray.*

Christ Church, May 24, 1736

I agree with you that you have broke Statius's head, but it is in like

* Carrying on the allusion to the other History, written by Mr. West's grandfather.

† This consisted of about 110 lines, which were sent separately; and as it was Mr. Gray's first attempt in English verse, it is a curiosity not to be entirely withheld from the reader.

manner as Apollo broke Hyacinth's, you have foiled him infinitely at his own weapon: I must insist on seeing the rest of your translation, and then I will examine it entire, and compare it with the Latin, and be very wise and severe, and put on an inflexible face, such as becomes the character of a true son of Aristarchus, of hypercritical memory. In the mean while

And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold

is exactly Statius—*Summos auro mansueverat ungues.* I never knew before that the golden fangs on hammer-cloths were so old a fashion. Your "Hymeneal"* I was told was the best in the Cambridge Collection before I saw it, and indeed it is no great compliment to tell you I thought so when I had seen it, but sincerely it pleased me best. Methinks the college bards have run into a strange taste on this occasion. Such soft unmeaning stuff about Venus and Cupid, and Peleus and Thetis, and Zephyrs and Dryads was never read. As for my poor little Eclogue, it has been condemned and beheaded by our Westminster judges; an exordium of about sixteen lines absolutely cut off, and its other limbs quartered in a most barbarous manner. I will send it you in my next as my true and lawful heir, in exclusion of the pretender, who has the impudence to appear under my name.

As yet I have not looked into Sir Isaac. Public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence: history, morality, and natural philosophy, have the greatest charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry? They call it idleness, but it is surely the most enchanting thing in the world. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

* Published in the Cambridge Collection of Verses, on the Prince of Wales's marriage.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. West.*

Peterhouse, Dec. 1736.

You must know that I do not take degrees, and after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas! I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, (now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon,) that the Prophet spoke when he said, "the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses: there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest."

You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle; and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward queen; I too in no small degree own her sway;

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own, at least for our sakes, and do not be so soon weary of this little world: I do not know what refined friendships you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than yours most sincerely, &c.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *Mr. West to Mr. Gray.*

Christ Church, Dec. 22, 1736.

I congratulate you on your being about to leave college, and rejoice much you carry no degrees with you. For I would not have you dignified, and I not, for the world; you would have insulted me so. My eyes, such as they are, like yours, are neither metaphysical, nor mathematical; I have, nevertheless, a great respect for your connoisseurs that way, but am always contented to be their humble admirer. Your collection of desolate animals pleased me much; but Oxford, I can assure you, has her owls that match yours, and the prophecy has certainly a squint that way. Well, you are leaving this dismal land of bondage: and which way are you turning your face? Your friends, indeed, may be happy in you; but what will you do with your classic companions? An inn of court is as horrid a place as a college, and a moot case is as dear to gentle dulness as a syllogism. But wherever you go, let me beg you not to throw poetry "like a nauseous weed away:" cherish its sweets in your bosom, they will serve you now and then to correct the disgusting sober follies of the common law: *misce stultitiam consiliis brevem; dulce est desipere in loco;** so said Horace to Virgil, those two sons of Anac in poetry, and so say I to you, in this degenerate land of pigmies,

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure,
Each day of business has its hour of leisure.

In one of these hours, I hope, dear sir, you will sometimes think of me, write to me, and know me yours,

Ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω,†

that is, write freely to me and openly, as I do to you; and to give you a proof of it I have sent you an elegy of Tibullus translated. Tibullus, you must know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excels him only in wit, of which no poet had more in my opinion. The reason I choose so melancholy a kind of poesie, is because my low spirits and constant ill health (things in me not imaginary, as you surmise, but too real, alas! and I fear, constitutional) "have tun'd my heart to elegies of woe;" and this likewise is the reason why I am the most irregular thing alive at college, for

* Mix a little folly with your wisdom; it is pleasant to trifle now and then

† Speak out, conceal it not, that we both may know.

you may depend upon it I value my health above what they call discipline. As for this poor unlicked thing of an elegy, pray criticise it unmercifully, for I send it with that intent. Indeed your late translation of Statius might have deterred me; but I know you are not more able to excel others, than you are apt to forgive the want of excellence, especially when it is found in the productions of your most sincere friend.

## LETTER XXIX.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.*

Peterhouse, Dec. 23, 1736.

You can never weary me with the repetition of any thing that makes me sensible of your kindness; since that has been the only idea of any social happiness that I have almost ever received, and which (begging your pardon for thinking so differently from you in such cases) I would by no means have parted with for an exemption from all the uneasinesses mixed with it: but it would be unjust to imagine my taste was any rule for yours; for which reason my letters are shorter and less frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with. Love and brown sugar must be a poor regale for one of your *goût:* and, alas! you know I am by trade a grocer.* Scandal (if I had any) is a merchandise you do not profess dealing in; now and then, indeed, and to oblige a friend, you may perhaps slip a little out of your pocket, as a decayed gentlewoman would a piece of right Mecklin, or a little quantity of run tea, but this only now and then, not to make a practice of it. Monsters appertaining to this climate you have seen already, both wet and dry. So you perceive within how narrow bounds my pen is circumscribed, and the whole contents of my share in our correspondence may be reduced under the two heads of, 1st, You; 2dly, I: the first is, indeed, a subject to expatiate upon, but you might laugh at me for talking about what I do not understand; the second is so tiny, so tiresome, that you shall hear no more of it than that it is ever yours.

* *i. e.* A man who deals only in coarse and ordinary wares.

## LETTER XXX.

### *Mr. West to Mr. Gray.*

Christ Church, July 4, 1737.

I have been very ill, and am still hardly recovered. Do you remember Elegy 5th, Book 3d, of Tibullus, "*Vos tenet,*" &c.; and do you remember a letter of Mr. Pope's, in sickness, to Mr. Steele? This melancholy elegy and this melancholy letter I turned into a more melancholy epistle of my own, during my sickness, in the way of imitation; and this I send to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot, but merely to show them how sincere I was when sick: I hope my sending it to them now may convince them I am no less sincere, though perhaps more simple, when well.

## LETTER XXXI.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. West.*

London, Aug. 22, 1737.

After a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of seeing you. If what you sent me last be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that

you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were self-interested, I ought to wish for the continuance of any thing that could be the occasion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come, I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them! If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spirit of amber, nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's widow, should persuade me to part with them: but, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of lady Walpole's death on Saturday night last. Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account obliges me to have done, in reminding you that I am yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.*

September, 1737.

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach-wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe* at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people, who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous: both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

> And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
> In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me *(il penseroso)*, and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve: but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, talk to you; but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old,† and

* At Burnham in Buckinghamshire.

† He lived nine years longer, and died at the great age of eighty-six. Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same

has almost wholly lost his memory: but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.*

August, 1738.

My dear sir, I should say Mr. Inspector General of the exports and imports;* but that appellation would make but an odd figure in conjunction with the three familiar monosyllables above written, for

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur Majestas et amor.†

Which is, being interpreted, Love does not live at the Custom-house. However, by what style, title, or denomination soever you choose to be dignified or distinguished hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a bur, and you can no more get quit of these and your Christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig. My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum, or (Dr. Longically‡ speaking) oscillatory. I swing from chapel or hall home, and from home to chapel or hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journeys and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful is, that it now rains exceedingly; this has refreshed the prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance, castles, I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the works of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve, in many places, the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and, if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia; there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enlighten the view all around. The country is exceedingly fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but not to tire you with my travels, I abruptly conclude yours, &c.

time that he blamed his ill-taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called Tragi-comedy.

* Mr. Walpole was just named to that post, which he exchanged soon after for that of usher of the exchequer.

† For majesty and love do not agree together.

‡ Dr. Long, the master of Pembroke-hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. West.*

Sept. 1738.

I am coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me, without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbridge fair. Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all is one for that; I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little proctorlings to see its order executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest Henley§ and his gilt tub should come to the fair and seduce their young ones: but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bedsteads, and tutors that are about my ears,

§ Orator Henley.

you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedness in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in *Pastor Fido* that begins, "*Care selve beati.*"*

## LETTER XXXV.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. West.*

London, May 27, 1742.

Mine, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ça ne laisse que de s'amuser.*† The only fault of it is insipidity, which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo, quia impossibile est*;‡ for it believes, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but He and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society: so, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of hens: "*Poulets à la broche, poulets en ragoût, poulets en hâchis, poulets en fricasées.*"———Reading here, reading there; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my dessert then; for though that be reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her roses.

I shall see Mr. —— and his wife, nay, and his child too, for he has got a boy. Is it not odd to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father? There are my lords —— and ——, they are statesmen; do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then; no, not for having been beyond sea. Pray how are you?

* Dear happy woods.

† Does nothing but seek amusement.

‡ I believe, because it is impossible.

## LETTER XXXVI.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*§

Cambridge, Dec. 27, 1742.

I ought to have returned you my thanks a long time ago, for the pleasure, I should say prodigy, of your letter; for such a thing has not happened above twice within this last age to mortal man, and no one here can conceive what it may portend. You have heard, I suppose, how I have been employed a part of the time; how, by my own indefatigable application for these ten years past, and by the care and vigilance of that worthy magistrate the man in blue‖ (who, I assure you, has not spared his labour, nor could have done more for his own son), I am got half way to the top of jurisprudence,¶ and bid

§ Of Old Park, near Durham. With this gentleman Mr. Gray contracted an acquaintance very early; and though they were not educated together at Eton, yet afterwards at Cambridge, when the doctor was fellow of Pembroke Hall, they became intimate friends, and continued so to the time of Mr. Gray's death.

‖ A servant of the vice-chancellor's for the time being, usually known by the name of Blue Coat, whose business it is to attend acts for degrees, &c.

¶ *i. e.* Bachelor of civil law.

as fair as another body to open a case of impotency with all decency and circumspection. You see my ambition. I do not doubt but some thirty years hence I shall convince the world and you that I am a very pretty young fellow; and may come to shine in a profession, perhaps the noblest of all except man-midwifery. As for you, if your distemper and you can but agree about going to London, I may reasonably expect in a much shorter time to see you in your three-cornered villa, doing the honours of a well-furnished table with as much dignity, as rich a mien, and as capacious a belly, as Dr. Mead. Methinks I see Dr. —, at the lower end of it, lost in admiration of your goodly person and parts, cramming down his envy (for it will rise) with the wing of a pheasant, and drowning it in neat Burgundy. But not to tempt your asthma too much with such a prospect, I should think you might be almost as happy and as great as this even in the country. But you know best, and I should be sorry to say any thing that might stop you in the career of glory; far be it from me to hamper the wheels of your gilded chariot. Go on, sir Thomas; and when you die (for even physicians must die), may the faculty in Warwick Lane erect your statue in the very niche of sir John Cutler's.

I was going to tell you how sorry I am for your illness, but I hope it is too late now: I can only say that I really was very sorry. May you live a hundred Christmasses, and eat as many collars of brawn stuck with rosemary. Adieu, &c.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.*

Cambridge, 1747.

I had been absent from this place a few days, and at my return found Cibber's book* upon my table. I return you my thanks for it, and have already run over a considerable part; for who could resist Mrs. Letitia Pilkington's recommendation? (By the way, is there any such gentlewoman?† or has somebody put on the style of a scribbling woman's panegyric to deceive and laugh at Colley?) He seems to me full as pert and as dull as usual. There are whole pages of common-place stuff, that for stupidity might have been wrote by Dr. Waterland, or any other grave divine, did not the flirting saucy phrase give them at a distance an air of youth and gaiety; it is very true, he is often in the right with regard to Tully's weaknesses; but was there any one that did not see them? Those, I imagine, that would find a man after God's own heart, are no more likely to trust the Doctor's recommendation than the Player's; and as to reason and truth, would they know their own faces, do you think, if they looked in the glass, and saw themselves so bedizened in tattered fringe and tarnished lace, in French jewels aud dirty furbelows, the frippery of a stroller's wardrobe?

Literature, to take it in its most comprehensive sense, and include every thing that requires invention or judgment, or barely application and industry, seems indeed drawing apace to its dissolution, and remarkably since the beginning of the war. I remember to have read Mr. Spence's pretty book; though (as he then had not been at Rome for the last time) it must have increased greatly since that in bulk. If you ask me what I read, I protest I do not recollect one syllable; but only in general, that they were the best-bred sort of men in the world, just the kind of *frinds*

* Entitled "Observations on Cicero's Character."

† This lady made herself more known some time after the date of this letter.

one would wish to meet in a fine summer's evening, if one wished to meet any at all. The heads and tails of the dialogues, published separate in 16mo, would make the sweetest reading in *natiur* for young gentlemen of family and fortune, that are learning to dance. I rejoice to hear there is such a crowd of dramatical performances coming upon the stage. Agrippina can stay very well, she thanks you, and be damned at leisure: I hope in God you have not mentioned, or showed to any body, that scene (for trusting in its badness, I forgot to caution you concerning it); but I heard the other day, that I was writing a play, and was told the name of it, which nobody here could know, I am sure. The employment you propose to me much better suits my inclination; but I much fear our joint-stock would hardly compose a small volume; what I have is less considerable than you would imagine, and of that little we should not be willing to publish all. ***†.

This is all I can any where find. You, I imagine, may have a good deal more. I should not care how unwise the ordinary run of readers might think my affection for him, provided those few, that ever loved any body, or judged of any thing rightly, might, from such little remains, be moved to consider what he would have been; and to wish that Heaven had granted him a longer life and a mind more at ease.

I send you a few lines, though Latin, which you do not like, for the sake of the subject;‡ it makes part of a large design, and is the beginning of the fourth book, which was intended to treat of the passions. Excuse the three first verses; you know vanity, with the Romans, is a poetical license.

† What is here omitted was a short catalogue of Mr. West's Poetry, then in Mr. Gray's hands.

‡ The admirable apostrophe to Mr. West.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.*

Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima, was it? or Fatima?), or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or, if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor: Oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry;

"Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris."§

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives time to rejoice with you on your new honours.‖ This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a freemason, or gormogon at least. Heigh ho! I feel (as you to be sure have done long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your cat, *feue Mademoiselle Selime*, whom I am about

§ I seek leisure, repose, and a space for grief.

‖ Mr. Walpole was about this time elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows * * * * *.† There's a poem for you; it is rather too long for an epitaph.

## LETTER XXXIX.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Stoke, June 5, 1748.

Your friendship has interested itself in my affairs so naturally, that I cannot help troubling you a little with a detail of them.‡ * * * * * * And now, my dear Wharton, why must I tell you a thing so contrary to my own wishes and yours? I believe it is impossible for me to see you in the North, or to enjoy any of those agreeable hours I had flattered myself with. This business will oblige me to be in town several times during the summer, particularly in August, when half the money is to be paid; besides, the good people here would think me the most careless and ruinous of mortals, if I should take such a journey at this time. The only satisfaction I can pretend to, is that of hearing from you, and particularly at the time when I was bid to expect the good news of an increase of your family. Your opinion of Diodorus is doubtless right; but there are things in him very curious, got out of better authorities now lost. Do you remember the Egyptian history, and particularly the account of the gold mines? My own readings have been cruelly interrupted: what I have been highly pleased with, is the new comedy from Paris by Gresset, called *le Méchant:* if you have it not, buy his works altogether in two little volumes; they are collected by the Dutch booksellers, and consequently contain some trash; and then there are the Ververt, the Epistle to P. Bougeant, the Chartreuse, that to his Sister, an Ode on his Country, and another on Mediocrity, and the Sidnei, another comedy, all which have great beauties. There is also a poem lately published by Thomson, called The Castle of Indolence, with some good stanzas in it. Mr. Mason is my acquaintance; I liked that Ode§ much, but have found no one else that did. He has much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty; I take him for a good and well meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves every body he meets with: he reads little or nothing; writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and your family: does that name include any body I am not yet acquainted with?

† The reader need hardly be told, that the 4th Ode in the collection of his Poems was inserted in the place of these asterisks.

‡ The paragraph here omitted contained an account of Mr. Gray's loss of a house by fire in Cornhill, and the expense he should be at in rebuilding it. Though it was insured, he could at this time ill bear to lay out the additional sum necessary for the purpose.

## LETTER XL.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Stoke, August 19, 1748.

I am glad you have had any pleasure in Gresset; he seems to me a truly elegant and charming writer; The Méchant is the best comedy I ever read; his Edward I could scarce get through; it is puerile; though there are good lines, such as this, for example:

"Le jour d'un nouveau regne est le jour des ingrats."

But good lines will make any thing rather than a good play: however, you are to consider this a collection made up by the Dutch booksellers.

§ Ode to a Water-Nymph, published about this time in Dodsley's Miscellany.

many things unfinished, or written in his youth, or designed not for the world, but to make his friends laugh, as the *Lutrin vivant*, &c. There are two noble lines, which, as they are in the middle of an Ode to the King, may perhaps have escaped you:

"Le cri d'un peuple heureux est la seule eloquence,
Qui sçait parler des Rois:"*

which is very true, and should have been a hint to himself not to write Odes to the King at all.

As I have nothing more to say at present, I fill my paper with the beginning of an Essay; what name to give it I know not; but the subject is the Alliance of Education and Government: I mean to show that they must both concur to produce great and useful men. I desire your judgment upon it before I proceed any farther.

## LETTER XLI.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Warburton.*

Cambridge, Aug. 8, 1749.

I promised Dr. Keene long since to give you an account of our magnificence here;† but the newspapers, and he himself in person, have got the start of my indolence, so that by this time you are well acquainted with all the events that adorn that week of wonders. Thus much I may venture to tell you, because it is probable nobody else has done it, that our friend ——'s zeal and eloquence surpassed all power of description. Vesuvio in an eruption was not more violent than his utterance, nor (since I am at my mountains) Pelion, with all its pine-trees in a storm of wind, more impetuous than his action; and yet the Senate house still stands, and (I thank God) we are all safe and well at your service. I was ready to sink for him, and scarce dared to look about me, when I was sure it was all over; but soon found I might have spared my confusion; all people joined to applaud him. Every thing was quite right, and I dare swear not three people here but think him a model of oratory; for all the duke's little court came with a resolution to be pleased; and when the tone was once given, the University, who ever wait for the judgment of their betters, struck into it with an admirable harmony: for the rest of the performances, they were just what they usually are. Every one, while it lasted, was very gay and very busy in the morning, and very owlish and very tipsy at night; I make no exceptions from the Chancellor to Blue coat. Mason's Ode was the only entertainment that had any tolerable elegance; and, for my own part, I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly well on such an occasion. Pray let me know your sentiments; for doubtless you have seen it. The author of it grows apace into my good graces, as I know him more; he is very ingenious, with great good-nature and simplicity; a little vain, but in so harmless and so comical a way, that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant in the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and so undisguised, that no mind, with a spark of generosity, would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all. After all, I like him so well, I could wish you knew him.

* The cry of a happy people is the only eloquence which can speak to kings.

† The duke of Newcastle's installation as chancellor of the University.

## LETTER XLII.

*Mr. Gray to his Mother.*

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.

The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me.* I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself: and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of his goodness both to her and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

* The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November, and was buried in a vault in Stoke Churchyard near the chancel door, in which also his mother and himself (according to the direction in his will) were afterwards buried.

## LETTER XLIII.

*Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.*

Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1751.

As you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it), who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hand: they tell me that an ingenious poem, called Reflections in a Country Churchyard, has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the excellent author of it is I by name, and that they beg not only his indulgence, but the honour of his correspondence, &c. As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be, Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard. If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better. If you behold the Magazine of Magazines in the light that I do, you will not refuse to give yourself this trouble on my account, which you have taken of your own accord before now. If Dodsley

do not do this immediately, he may as well let it alone.

## LETTER XLIV.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

Durham, Dec. 26, 1753.

A little while before I received your melancholy letter, I had been informed by Mr. Charles Avison of one of the sad events you mention.* I know what it is to lose persons that one's eyes and heart have long been used to; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea beforehand; and that your father suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible. After I have said this, I cannot help expressing my surprise at the disposition he has made of his affairs. I must (if you will suffer me to say so) call it great weakness; and yet perhaps your affliction for him is heightened by that very weakness; for I know it is impossible to feel an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even where that fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves. Let me desire you not to expose yourself to any farther danger in the midst of that scene of sickness and death; but withdraw as soon as possible to some place at a little distance in the country; for I do not, in the least, like the situation you are in. I do not attempt to console you on the situation your fortune is left in; if it were far worse, the good opinion I have of you tells me, you will never the sooner do any thing mean or unworthy of yourself: and consequently I cannot pity you on this account; but I sincerely do on the new loss you have had of a good and friendly man, whose memory I honour. I have seen the scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is: I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts: the deeper it is engraved the better.

* The death of Mr. Mason's father, and of Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young physician of his own age, with whom he was brought up from infancy, who died of the same infectious fever.

## LETTER XLV.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Stoke, Sept. 18, 1754.

I am glad you enter into the spirit of Strawberry Castle; it has a purity and propriety of Gothicism in it (with very few exceptions) that I have not seen elsewhere. My lord Radnor's vagaries I see did not keep you from doing justice to his situation, which far surpasses every thing near it; and I do not know a more laughing scene than that about Twickenham and Richmond. Dr. Akenside, I perceive, is no conjuror in architecture; especially when he talks of the ruins of Persepolis, which are no more Gothic than they are Chinese. The Egyptian style (see Dr. Pocock, not his discourses, but his prints) was apparently the mother of the Greek; and there is such a similitude between the Egyptian and those Persian ruins, as gave Diodorus room to affirm, that the old buildings of Persia were certainly performed by Egyptian artists. As to the other part of your friend's opinion, that the Gothic manner is the Saracen or Moorish, he has a great authority to support him, that of sir Christopher Wren; and yet I cannot help thinking it undoubtedly wrong. The palaces in Spain I never saw but in description, which gives us little or

no idea of things; but the Doge's palace at Venice I have seen, which is in the Arabesque manner: and the houses of Barbary you may see in Dr. Shaw's book, not to mention abundance of other Eastern buildings in Turkey, Persia, &c. that we have views of; and they seem plainly to be corruptions of the Greek architecture, broke into little parts indeed, and covered with little ornaments, but in a taste very distinguishable from that which we call Gothic. There is one thing that runs through the Moorish buildings, that an imitator would certainly have been first struck with, and would have tried to copy; and that is the cupolas which cover every thing, baths, apartments, and even kitchens; yet who ever saw a Gothic cupola? It is a thing plainly of Greek original. I do not see any thing but the slender spires that serve for steeples, which may perhaps be borrowed from the Saracen minarets on their mosques.

I take it ill you should say any thing against the Mole; it is a reflection I see cast at the Thames. Do you think that rivers, which have lived in London and its neighbourhood all their days, will run roaring and tumbling about like your tramontane torrents in the North? No, they only glide and whisper.

## LETTER XLVI.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

Stoke, July 25, 1756.

I feel a contrition for my long silence; and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about. Nevertheless, I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a mercer's wife that imitates people who go a-visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better; for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness: but you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing. Not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours; but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's Lisbon,* which angers you so. I have had no more muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind. You will not expect, therefore, I should give you any account of my *Verve*, which is at best (you know) of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year. But I shall inquire after yours, and why it is off again? It has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your Reviewers have frighted it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your other critics) am something a better judge than all the men-midwives and presbyterian parsons† that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too:) I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste. And can then the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all, either in good or in bad; but this we must all swallow: I mean not only we that write, but all the *we's* that ever did any thing to be talked of.

While I am writing I receive yours, and rejoice to find that the genial influences of this fine season,

* His poem *Sur la Destruction de Lisbon*, published about that time.

† The reviewers, at the time, were supposed to be of these professions.

which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you.* I see, methinks, as I sit on Snowdon, some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with, I will be sure to send you when I return to Cambridge; but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the Druids from modern bishops at this distance. I can only tell you not to go and take Mona for the Isle of Man: it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menai, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a house together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write.

## LETTER XLVII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Hurd.*†

Stoke, Aug. 25, 1757.

I do not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to;‡ but attribute it to the excess of your politeness: and the more so, because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to *admire*, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice, that they are doing a very unfashionable thing; for all people of condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand. One very great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times; and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above *thirty questions* to ask. Another (a peer) believes that the last stanza of the second Ode relates to king Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not *succeed*, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of nobody but an actor and a doctor of divinity that profess their esteem for them. Oh yes, a lady of quality (a friend of Mason's), who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was any thing said about Shakspeare or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents. No such thing; I have not heard from him these two months. I will be sure to scold in my own name, as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous; not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours both public and private, but for yours too; for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing: indeed I have one excuse; my health (which you have so kindly inquired after) is not extraordinary, ever since I came hither. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear

* Mr. Mason had sent him his first idea of Caractacus, drawn out in a short argument.

† Afterwards bishop of Worcester.

‡ A present of his two Pindaric Odes, just then published.

whether Content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge.

## LETTER XLVIII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

Cambridge, Dec. 12, 1757.

A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same sort, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you; and can only tell you, that one, who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too on a scene not very promising, with some hope, and some expectations of a better day. The cause, however, which occasioned your reflection (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it), does not seem, at present, to be weighty enough to make you take any such resolution as you meditate. Use it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of any thing you take ill; on the contrary, if such a thing had happened at the time of your transmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance.

As to myself, I cannot boast, at present, either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can. I expect to see Caractacus completed, and therefore I send you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furnish you with any new matter; but they are well enough written, and easily read. I told you before, that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the Edda, without entering too minutely on particulars; but if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself; for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

I send you back the elegy,* as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking): the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did not you forbid me) that it is

* Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.

sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes); the descriptive part is excellent.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them? All I can say is, that your elegy must not end with the worst line in it. It is flat; it is prose; whereas that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it into an apophthegm; stick a flower in it; gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

The other particular expressions which I object to, I mark on the manuscript. Now, I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say farther than as it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy, with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning *paw* words.

I hope you couched my refusal* to lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the duke. If you hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know; for I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it; Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson; Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses.

* Of being poet-laureat on the death of Cibber, which place the late duke of Devonshire (then lord Chamberlain) desired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray; and his lordship had commissioned Mr. Mason (then in town) to write to him concerning it.

## LETTER LXIX.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

February 21, 1758.

Would you know what I am doing? I doubt you have been told already, and hold my employments cheap enough; but every one must judge of his own capability, and cut his amusements according to his disposition. The drift of my present studies is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach that may be worth seeing, whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument; to whom it doth or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages. You will say this is the object of all antiquaries; but pray what antiquary ever saw these objects in the same light, or desired to know them for a like reason? In short, say what you please, I am persuaded whenever my list is finished you will approve it, and think it of no small use. My spirits are very near the freezing point; and for some hours of the day this exercise, by its warmth and gentle motion, serves to raise them a fewer degrees higher.

I hope the misfortune that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's canary bird will not be the ruin of Agis: it is probable you will have curiosity enough to see it, as it is by the author of Douglas.

## LETTER L.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Cambridge, March 8, 1758.

It is indeed for want of spirits, as

you suspect, that my studies lie among the cathedrals, and the tombs, and the ruins. To think, though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not, or cannot think, I dream. At present I feel myself able to write a catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments and such authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing perhaps what is not half so well worth while. As to posterity, I may ask (with somebody whom I have forgot), what has it ever done to oblige me?

To make a transition from myself to as poor a subject, the tragedy of Agis: I cry to think that it should be by the author of Douglas: why, it is all modern Greek; the story is an antique statue painted white and red, frizzed, and dressed in a negligee made by a Yorkshire mantuamaker. Then here is the Miscellany (Mr. Dodsley has sent me the whole set gilt and lettered; I thank him.) Why, the two last volumes are worse than the four first; particularly Dr. Akenside is in a deplorable way. What signifies learning and the ancients (Mason will say triumphantly); why should people read Greek to lose their imagination, their ear, and their mother tongue? But then there is Mr. Shenstone, who trusts to nature and simple sentiment, why does he do no better? He goes hopping along his own gravel walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost.

I have read Dr. Swift, and am disappointed.* There is nothing of the negotiations that I have not seen better in M. de Torcy before. The manner is careless, and has little to distinguish it from common writers. I meet with nothing to please me but the spiteful characters of the opposite party and its leaders. I expected much more secret history.

* His History of the four last years of Queen Anne.

## LETTER LI.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Sunday, April 9, 1758.

I am equally sensible of your affliction,† and of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment: would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation which I have often received from you when I most wanted it! but your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh to admit of any such endeavour: what, indeed, is all human consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us, that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition, is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffered worse; or that we ourselves might have suffered the same misfortune at times and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrived at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support, and when he might chance to have been your only support; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful lingering distemper, you might have lost him. Such has been the fate

† Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at that time his only) son.

of many an unhappy father. I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce; but I think you must own the other to be a stronger and more overwhelming sorrow. Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot, by degrees, get the better of that dejection of spirits, which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and throws a sort of voluntary gloom, not only over your present, but future days; as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you; and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you as to any person you know; the condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair; and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution. It is sure we have great power over our own minds, when we choose to exert it; and though it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and bias of our own temper, it is yet possible, and still more so, to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, which we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton's or your own state of health; I will not talk to you more upon this subject till I hear you are both well: for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any thing that I can do* could at all alleviate the just concern your loss has given you; but I cannot flatter myself so far, and know how little qualified I am at present to give any satisfaction to myself on this head, and in this way much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration; but yet I affirm, that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary; it is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You, that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

* His friend had requested him to write an epitaph on the child.

## LETTER LII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Stonehewer.*

London, June 29, 1760.

Though you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves.† It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert, and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could only taste a little of the first course; it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself; and the discourses on elocution, and on the liberty of music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though that author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind because it is merely description, but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five bards pass the night at the castle of a chief (himself a principal bard); each goes in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extem-

† Mr. Stonehewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the bishoprick of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.

pore picture of the changes he has seen (it is an October night, the harvest month of the highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees ghosts (more or less). The idea that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night!
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;
Their songs are of other worlds!

Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes; he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his Winter. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides;
The boat is brimful in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream:
Her lover promised to come;
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are these his groans in the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the shore?

## LETTER LIII.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Clarke.**

Pembroke Hall, Aug. 12, 1760.

Not knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) doing something, that is, racketing about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill† like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. — (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner; but his fare was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week! but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.

† Near Henley.

## LETTER LIV.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

Cambridge, Aug. 20, 1760.

I have sent Musæus back as you desired me, scratched here and there; and with it also a bloody satire, written against no less persons than you and I by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. * *, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite minions of taste and fashion, especially as to odes. For to them his ridicule is confined; so it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to lady Bath, author of the Connoisseur, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not every where); but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our lyricisms at their finger-ends), letters come out in Lloyd's Evening Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it, well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible. The Monthly Review, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says one of us at least has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is; I think I know. You simpleton you! you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it.

## LETTER LV.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

London, 1761.

I rejoice to find that you not only grow reconciled to your northern scene, but discover beauties round you that once were deformities: I am persuaded the whole matter is to have always something going forward. Happy they that can create a rose-tree or erect a honey-suckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water: it is with a sentiment of envy I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent Garden. I will not, however, believe in the vocality of Old-Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust to my own ears.

The *Nouvelle Heloise* cruelly disappointed me; but it has its partisans, amongst which are Mason and Mr. Hurd: for me, I admire nothing but Fingal (I conclude you have seen it, if not Stonehewer can lend it you); yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world; whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable; *je m'y perd.*

I send you a Swedish and English calendar; the first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus; the second by Mr. Stillingfleet; the third (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend your plantations and take your walks, how the spring advances in the north, and whether Old Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. The latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam; all the country about is a dead flat; you see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place); and this is the description Mr. Stillingfleet gives of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which he retires in the summer, and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this philosopher, who

lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him; he is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always cheerful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man: his present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle, Theophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for so many ages; and this he has got proposed to lord Bute, no unlikely person to put it into execution, as he is himself a botanist.

## LETTER LVI.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

August, 1761.

Be assured your York canon never will die; so the better the thing is in value, the worse for you.* The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor; age and diseases vanish at your name; fevers turn to radical heat, and fistulas to issues; it is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease, when he was about it; and all his family (I suppose) are cursing you for it.

I wrote to lord —— on his recovery; and he answers me very cheerfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it, he says, not by scampering, racketing, and riding post, as I had supposed; but by going with ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him, if you see him) of an old alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack, punch, and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last, that he owed it to two grapes, which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess, at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Bellisle. It is a task I do not love, knowing sir William Williams so slightly as I did: but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt; however, I have showed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

* This written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, dean of York, Mr. Mason expected to be made a residentiary in his cathedral.

## LETTER LVII.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1762.

I feel very ungrateful every day that I continue silent; and yet now that I take my pen in hand, I have only time to tell you, that of all the places which I saw in my return from you, Hardwicke pleased me the most.† One would think that Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the Park with her guard for half an hour; her gallery, her room of audience, her ante-chamber, with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them; a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable; and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter.

When I arrived in London, I found

† A seat of the duke of Devonshire, in Derbyshire.

professor Turner* had been dead above a fortnight; and being cockered and spirited up by some friends (though it was rather the latest) I got my name suggested to lord Bute. You may easily imagine who undertook it, and indeed he did it with zeal.† I received my answer very soon, which was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of his desire to serve me on future occasions, and many more fine words that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason: so you see I have made my fortune like sir Francis Wronghead. This nothing is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now. To-day I hear Mr. E. Delaval‡ has got it, but we are not yet certain; next to myself I wished for him.

You see we have made a peace. I shall be silent about it, because if I say any thing anti-ministerial, you will tell me you know the reason; and if I approve it, you will think I have my expectations still. All I know is, that the duke of Newcastle and lord Hardwicke both say it is an excellent peace, and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

## LETTER LVIII.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

Whatever my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old-Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest of the whole family; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one apiece to all the others; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small,) as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me before. The whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden; orchards, cherry grounds, hop gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages; gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham Down.§ In these parts the whole soil is chalk; and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet; saw Margate (which is Bartholomew-fair by the sea-side,) Ramsgate, and other places there; and so came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkstone, and Hithe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and picturesque, and

* Professor of modern languages in the university of Cambridge.

† This person was the late sir Henry Erskine. The place in question was given to the tutor of sir James Lowther.

‡ Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, and of the Royal Society.

§ At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, esq. late member for Canterbury, then resided.

the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a shipless sea, but every where peopled with white sails, and vessels of all sizes in motion: and take notice (except in the Isle, which is all corn-fields, and has very little inclosure) there are in all places hedge-rows, and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach. Particularly, Hithe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires at night (ay and at day too) several times in June; but do not go and take advantage in the north at this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

My compliments to Mrs. Wharton and all your family: I will not name them, lest I should affront any body.

## LETTER LIX.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

March 28, 1767.

I break in upon you at a moment, when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me: but if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

## LETTER LX.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.*

Old Park, near Darlington, Durham, August 12, 1767.

I received from Mr. Williamson that very obliging mark you were pleased to give me of your remembrance: had I not entertained some slight hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end: but I do not therefore despair of seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you choose to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good as to send me, I think excellent; the sentiments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart; the diction is elegant and unconstrained: not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose: the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is * * * *

You see, sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in, when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Ferguson's book. There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it; and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has

not the fault you mention: his application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious; which those great men, had they lived in better times, and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour lord Gray is pleased to do me:* but if his lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it. I say not this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I will beg you to present my respectful humble service to his lordship.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him: but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I possessed, you would soon see your obliged, &c.

## LETTER LXI.

### *Mr. Gray to the Duke of Grafton.*

Cambridge, July, 1768.

My lord,

Your grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgments. Yet your grace must excuse me, they will have their way; they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of, my lord, your grace's most obliged and devoted servant.

* Lord Gray had said that Mr. Gray was related to his family.

## LETTER LXII.

### *Mr Gray to Mr. Nicholls.*†

Jermyn-street, Aug. 3, 1768.

That Mr. Brockett has broken his neck, by a fall from his horse, you will have seen in the newspapers; and also, that I, your humble servant, have kissed the king's hand for his succession: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almost as little in the second event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following, his grace the duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say, that his majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant professorship, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more, too high for me to transcribe: so on Thursday the king signed the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because every body that goes to court, does so; besides, the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said.

Adieu! I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge; to be sure my dignity

† Rector of Lounde and Bradwell, in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a student of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed, it will do for me.

## LETTER LXIII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.*

Pembroke-Hall, Oct. 31, 1768.

It is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my Poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town; it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of fifteen thousand, and the other seven hundred and fifty, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and through you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expense he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of last summer his majesty was pleased to appoint me regius professor of modern history in this university: it is the best thing the crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is 400£ per ann.; but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the king offered me this office, with many additional expressions of kindness on his grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation: if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction than, dear sir, &c.

## LETTER LXIV.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls.*

I was absent from College, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday; so you must not attribute this delay to me, but to accident; to sympathize with you in such a loss* is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy: can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person that, through a great part of your life, has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are), by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment; from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty, and to himself; nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; time (by appointment of the same Power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow: but such as preserve them longest (for it is partly left in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden loss, I see them well, and I think, in a like situation, could fortify my mind, so as to support them

* The death of his uncle, governor Floyer.

with cheerfulness and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. When you have time to turn yourself round, you must think seriously of your profession; you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago: but I will not dwell on this subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure; but to serve and oblige them is still greater; and this, with independence, (no vulgar blessing), are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise: without it they are hardly attainable. Remember I speak from experience.

In the mean time, while your present situation lasts, which I hope will not be long, continue your kindness and confidence in me, by trusting me with the whole of it; and surely you hazard nothing by so doing: that situation does not appear so new to me as it does to you. You well know the tenor of my conversation (urged at times perhaps a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, and to familiarise your mind with this spectre, which you call by its worse name: but remember that "*Honesta res est læta paupertas.*" I see it with respect, and so will every one, whose poverty is not seated in their mind. There is but one real evil in it (take my word, who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them. You have youth: you have many kind, well-intentioned people belonging to you; many acquaintances of your own, or families that will wish to serve you. Consider how many have had the same, or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes. Adieu! I sincerely wish your happiness.

P. S. I have just heard that a friend of mine is struck with a paralytic disorder, in which state it is likely he may live incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come: think how many things may befal a man far worse than poverty or death.

## LETTER LXV.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls*

Pembroke-College, June 24, 1769.

And so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused? Are you not ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat-lane, or Camomile-street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling-stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate,* and got a thousand guineas, and fourscore pounds a year for my old aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the Treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall

* Consisting of houses on the west side of Hand-Alley, London. Mrs. Olliffe was the aunt here mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew.

have new window-curtains : are you advised of that ? Ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My Ode has been rehearsed again and again,* and the scholars have got scraps by heart : I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the North-Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music-meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over ; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Lande's Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes ; he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man ! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions ; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned ; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it ; his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped : I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter ; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own), I send it for your use on some great occasion.

" *Dear sir,*

" After so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and prospect of forgiveness, might seem entirely extinct or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault : how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign ?" &c. &c. &c.

* Ode for Music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation.

## LETTER LXVI.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.*

Pembroke-Hall, July 2, 1770.

I rejoice to hear that you are restored to better state of health, to your books, and to your Muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure ; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new poem :† on the contrary, if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the

† The Minstrel.

harp and assume the profession of a minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? (what service I must leave to your invention) such as no general, no statesman, no moralist, could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations: besides, it will be a full answer to all the hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will show their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly (what weighs most with me), it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest, into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language or versification you will permit me to remark.* * *

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*, because I have not yet given it all the attention it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure; besides, I am partial; for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice; for every child is capable of the same thing, without any study at all. Is not that *naïveté* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that unhappily has been taught to read and write? That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand.

## LETTER LXVII.

### *Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls.*

It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.* Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent,

* He seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. After his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them: it seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence the eye catches some long reach of the Thames and Medway, with all their shipping: in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but no matter; you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudden sleeve. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me: you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c. &c. I must not wish for you here; besides I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

## LETTER LXVIII.

### *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

May 24, 1771.

My last summer's tour was through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light and capital feature of my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat for near forty miles from Ross to Chepstow. Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties; one out of many you may see not ill described by Mr. Whately, in his Observations on Gardening, under the name of the New-Weir: he has also touched upon two others, Tinterne Abbey and Persfield, both of them famous scenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river, in a vale that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland and Chepstow castles; Ludlow, Malvern-Hills, Hampton-Court, near Lemster; the Leasowes, Hagley, the three cities and their Cathedrals; and lastly Oxford (where I passed two days on my return with great satisfaction), were the rest of my acquisitions; and no bad harvest in my opinion: but I made no journal myself, else you should have had it: I have indeed a short one written by the companion of my travels,* that serves to recal and fix the fleeting images of these things.

I have had a cough upon me these three months, which is incurable. The approaching summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park; but I make not promise, and can answer for nothing; my own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience: and yet travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were, but now I even tremble at an east wind.

* Mr. Nicholls.

# BOOK THE FOURTH

# RECENT LETTERS.

## SECTION II.

### FROM THE LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE, AND OTHERS.

#### LETTER I.

*Mr. Sterne to Miss L——.*

I have offended her whom I so tenderly love !—what could tempt me to it ! but, if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, wouldst thou not open the door, and be melted with compassion?——I know thou wouldst, for Pity has erected a temple in thy bosom.—Sweetest, and best of all human passions ! let thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form of Affliction, and soften the darkest shades of Misery ! I have re-considered this apology, and, alas ! what will it accomplish ? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the nature of things—very true—so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad accident ; and what is worse, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this sudden stroke.—If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have secured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate.—These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence often make the best of human hearts complain.—Who can paint the distress of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring !——God ! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task !) a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend ; and, what is more excellent, an honest man. My L. ! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire in the death of——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account.—But, my L., thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over. —At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a discharge.—In such a situation the poet might well say,

"The soul uneasy," &c.

My L. talks of leaving the country—may a kind angel guide thy steps hither!—Solitude at length grows tiresome.—Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret—I think so too.—Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with—I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house—almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them at the same time with a sigh, you are going to leave them.—Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss.—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou hast reared with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure?—Who will be the successor to nurse them in thy absence?—Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree.—If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine.

## LETTER II.

*Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F——.*

York, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1759.

Dear madam,

Your kind inquiries after my health deserve my best thanks.—What can give one more pleasure than the good wishes of those we value?—I am sorry you give so bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water—it has been of infinite service to me.—I suppose my good lady, by what you say in your letter, "that I am busy writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York—the fountain-head of all chit-chat news—and—no matter.—Now for your desire of knowing the reason of my turning author? why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—'Tis a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person.—I depend much upon the candour of the public, but I shall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongst——, and—till you read my Tristram, do not, like some people, condemn it.—Laugh I am sure you will at some passages.—I have hired a small house in the Minster Yard for my wife and daughter—the latter is to begin dancing, &c.: if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at least give her an education.—As I shall publish my works very soon, I shall be in town by March, and shall have the pleasure of meeting with you.—All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the same estimation that your sincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady; believe me, with every wish for your happiness, your most faithful, &c.

## LETTER III.

*Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Esq.*

Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

Dear H——,

I sympathized for, or with you, on the detail you gave me of your late agitations—and would willingly have taken my horse, and trotted to the oracle to have inquired into the etymology of all your sufferings, had I not been assured that all that evacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it, (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exercise,) will have left you better than it found you.—

Need one go to D—, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more foolishly than your apothecary), opening, saponaceous, dirty-shirt, sud-washing liquors are proper for you, and consequently all styptical potations death and destruction?—If you had not shut up your gall-ducts by these, the glauber salts could not have hurt—as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raising a fresh combustion, as all physic does at first, so that you have been let off—nitre, brimstone, and charcoal (which is blackness itself), all at one blast—'twas well the piece did not burst, for I think it underwent great violence: and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much service in this militating world.—Panty* is mistaken, I quarrel with no one.—There was the coxcomb of ——— in the house, who lost temper with me for no reason upon earth but that I could not fall down and worship a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he set up, to the persecution of all true believers—I sat down upon *his altar*, and whistled in the time of his divine service—and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incense pot to the d——; so he retreated, *sed non sine felle in corde suo.*†—I have wrote a clerum, whether I shall take my doctor's degrees or no—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Tristram—I have bought seven hundred books at a purchase dog-cheap—and many good—and I have been a week getting them set up in my best room here—why do not you transport yours to town? but I talk like a fool.—This will just catch you at your spaw—I wish you *incolumen apud Londinum*‡—do you go there for good and all—or ill? I am, dear cousin, yours affectionately.

* The reverend Mr. R—— L——.

† But not without rage in his heart.

‡ Safe at London

## LETTER IV.

### *Mr. Sterne to Lady D——.*

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1761.

I return to my new habitation fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you most cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my lord Fauconberg's having presented me with the curacy of this place—though your congratulation comes somewhat of the latest, as I have been possessed of it some time.—I hope I have been of some service to his lordship, and he has sufficiently requited me.——'Tis seventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred—but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.—'Tis within a mile of his lordship's seat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaise I purchased for my wife.—Lyd* has a poney which she delights in. Whilst they take these diversions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram.—These two volumes are, I think, the best—I shall write as long as I live; 'tis in fact my hobby-horse; and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. My Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters.—The coronation of his majesty (whom God preserve!) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town, and my parishioners will, I suppose, be very merry upon the occasion.—You will then be in town—and feast your eyes with a sight, which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to see again——for in point of age we have about twenty years the start of his majesty.—And now, my dear friend, I must finish this—and with every

* His daughter.

wish for your happiness, conclude myself your most sincere well-wisher and friend.

## LETTER V.

*Mr. Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.*

Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

My dear friend,

Think not, because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, say you—but I must not waste paper in *badinage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish, or at least your faith give credit to—by the bye I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I see and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands.—My application to the count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only Mr. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the count de Limbourgh,—the baron d'Holbach has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue, than you will do. This baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the *sçavans* who are no wits—keeps open house three days a week—his house is now, as yours was to me, my own—he lives at great expense. 'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the count de Bissie, which I was at his desire—I found him reading Tristram. This grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments, into the Palais Royal, to view the duke of Orleans' collections every day I have time. I have been at the Doctors of Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from, the delights of this place, which, in the *sçavoir-vivre*, exceed all the places, I believe, in this section of the globe——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartney to Versailles—the next morning I wait upon Mons. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation. I have bought another in verse, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Claron in *Iphigene*—she is extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene—but 'tis too much—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself.—By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke this week *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to send us home to supper all happy—I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good-breeding and good-nature—in a post or two, I will write again—Foley is an honest soul—I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene since these last fourteen days—but more of this

hereafter.—We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remise*—bless you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu!

## LETTER VI.

*Mr. Sterne to Lady D——.*

London,* Feb. 1, 1762.

Your ladyship's kind inquiries after my health are indeed kind and of a piece with the rest of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a vessel in my lungs—hard writing in the summer, together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is ever fatal to me—but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable to be given up—I believe I shall try if the south of France will not be of service to me—his G. of Y. has most humanely given me the permission for a year or two—I shall set off with great hopes of its efficacy, and shall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, else my stay could not be so long.—"Le Fevre's story has beguiled your ladyship of your tears," and the thought of the accusing spirit flying up to heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to say is sublime—my friend Mr. Garrick thinks so too, and I am most vain of his approbation—your ladyship's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wish I had time to take a little excursion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you say in your letter—but 'tis impossible—accept at least my warmest thanks—If I could tempt my friend Mr. H. to come to France I should be truly happy—If I can be of any service to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be, your ladyship's faithful, &c.

* This letter, though dated from *London*, was evidently written at *Paris*.

## LETTER VII.

*Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.*

Paris, May 17, 1762.

My dear,

It is a thousand to one that this reaches you before you have set out—however, I take the chance—you will receive one wrote last night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wish you joy of your arrival in town—to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on—for I have almost drained my brains dry upon the subject.—For God's sake rise early and gallop away in the cool—and always see that you have not forgot your baggage in changing post chaises.—You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris—give the Custom-house officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff—but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and make it yourself, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—'twill keep him out of mischief.—I would advise you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard; but you will look sharp—drink small Rhenish to keep you cool (that is if you like it.) Live well and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper you and go along with you—kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately yours.

## LETTER VIII.

*Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.*

Paris, May 31, 1762.

My dear,

There have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three posts; so

I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still. I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before and during it—so I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-house office at Calais—it shall be sent you next post. You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. 'Tis well I bought you a chaise—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy—the weather was never known to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel till nine—and not stir out again till six;—but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your passport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation———and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive. For my own part I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—present my respects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C get my visitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the inclosure at Rascal, they must be enclosed to me—nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us—so Heaven preserve you both—believe me your affectionate, &c.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought her a gold watch to present to her when she comes.

## LETTER IX.

### *Mr. Sterne to Lady D——.*

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I will not send your ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris—indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here, that I must sing their praises—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable.—I splutter French so as to be understood—but I have had a droll adventure here, in which my Latin was of some service to me—I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, Shandean like, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him.—Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead—so I was forced to appear before the police, and began to tell my story in French, which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely his master, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu like), and that it had neither had corn, nor hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse—but I might as well have whistled as have spoke French, and

I believe my latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabulero—being not understood because of its purity; but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice—no common thing, by the way, in France.—My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizzled.—I wish she may ever remain a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyship well—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouse, which place I shall set out for very soon. I am, with truth and sincerity, your ladyship's most faithful &c.

## LETTER X.

### *Mr. Sterne to Mr. E.*

Paris, July 12, 1762.

Dear sir,

My wife and daughter arrived here safe and sound on Thursday, and are in high raptures with the speed and pleasantness of their journey, and particularly of all they see and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris nothing has given them a more sensible and lasting pleasure than the marks of kindness they received from you and Mrs. E. The friendship, good-will, and politeness of my two friends I never doubted to me, or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken, however, the liberty of sending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. must do me the honour to wear for my wife's sake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the consul of Algiers, who sets off to-morrow morning for London, has been so kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we had but just time to procure it: and had we missed that opportunity, as we should have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend—I wish it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is any thing we can buy or procure for you here (intelligence included), you have a right to command me—for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

## LETTER XI.

### *Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1762.

My dear Foley,

I have had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner—and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit one post more acknowledging the favour—In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love—Thank you for having done what I desired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur Brousse's—I receive all letters through him, more punctual and sooner than when left at the post-house.

H——'s family greet you with mine—we are much together, and never forget you—forget me not to the baron—and all the circle—nor to your domestic circle.

I am got pretty well, and sport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers—so God help them.—I shall hear from you in a post or two at least after you receive this—in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your, &c.

## LETTER XII.

*Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse, Wednesday,
Dec. 3, 1762.

Dear Foley,

I have for the last fortnight every post-day gone to Messrs. B—— and sons, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you with the remittance I desired you to send me here.—When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket—and a thousand miles from home—and in a country where he can as soon raise the d—l as a six-livre piece to go to market with, in case he has changed his last guinea—you will not envy my situation—God bless you—remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this.—We are all at H—'s, practising a play we are to act here this Christmas holidays—all the *Dramatis Personæ* are of the English, of which we have a happy society living together like brothers and sisters—Your banker here has just sent me word the tea Mr. H. wrote for is to be delivered into my hands—'tis all one into whose hands the treasure falls—we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it—we join in our most friendly respects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly yours.

## LETTER XIII.

*Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse, Dec. 17, 1762.

My dear Foley,

The post after I wrote last, I received yours with the inclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks—I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound—so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint.—We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night—fiddling, laughing, and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you—there are a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in making dresses and preparing some of our best comedies—Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends, with the rest of our society, to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement*—and I assure you we do well.—The next week, with a grand orchestra, we play the Busy Body—and The Journey to London the week after; but I have some thoughts of adapting it to your situation—and making it The Journey to Toulouse, which with the change of half a dozen scenes, may be easily done.—Thus, my dear F. for want of something better we have recourse to ourselves, and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials.—My kind love and friendship to all my true friends—My service to the rest. H—'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us—they will be with me all the holidays. In summer we shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities. Adieu, yours most truly.

## LETTER XIV.

*Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse, March 29, 1763.

Dear Foley,

—Though that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H—'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—"How does Tristram do?" you say in yours to him—'Faith, but so so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—though that is a second lie—for poverty of

spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand *per cent.*—I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred-and-thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent—you will make an excellent *grillé*. P— they can make nothing of him, but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve, as they acted out of necessity—not choice.—My kind respects to baron d'Holbach, and all his household—say all that is kind for me to my other friends—you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours.

I have not five louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs—My wife's compliments.

## LETTER XV.

*Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse, April 18, 1763.

Dear Foley,

I thank you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post.—I was not surprised much with your account of lord * * * * * being obliged to give way—and for the rest, all follows in course.—I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters—at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself—which is wishing enough for you—all the rest is in the brain—Mr. Woodhouse (whom you know) is also here—he is a most amiable worthy man, and I have the pleasure of having him much with me—in a short time he proceeds to Italy.—The first week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M—— sets out, at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean hills, at Courtray—from whence to Italy—this is the general plan of operation here—except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances—so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday—On all days of the week believe me yours, with unfeigned truth.

P. S. All compliments to my Parisian friends.

## LETTER XVI.

*Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse, May 21, 1763.

I took the liberty, three weeks ago, to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in a fortnight.—It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres—and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things packed up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London.—But you might have trusted to my honour

–that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing that is not.—I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London.—But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner; for Mr. R— of Montpelier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum. I am, dear F—, your friend and hearty well-wisher.

I saw the family of the H——— yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the living. They said Yea—for they had just received a letter from you.—After all, I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness—All compliments to ——. Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis in my way to England.

## LETTER XVII.

*Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse, June 9, 1763.

My dear Foley,

I this moment received yours—consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it—So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cause; which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you:—I was the best friends with you that ever I was in my life before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, "That he was oppressed with a multitude of business." Go on, my dear F., and have but that excuse (so much do I regard your interest), that I would be content to suffer a real evil without future murmuring—but in truth, my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw, by me—but which, out of nicety of temper, I would not make any use of.—I set out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters.—Dear F—, adieu.—Believe me yours affectionately.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.*

Paris, May 15, 1764.

My dear Lydia,

By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you—I acquiesced in your staying in France—likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough to do—for I have also

sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah—(an odd subject your mother will say). There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too.—I shall leave Paris in a few days.—I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T——;—they are good and generous souls—tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me your affectionate, &c.

## LETTER XIX.

### *Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Esq.*

September, 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Antony—I do not think a week or ten days playing the good-fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough so abominable a thing—but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in the house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to consult in this affair—therefore, as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days—and from pride and naughtiness of heart to see what is doing at Scarborough—steadfastly meaning afterwards to lead a new life, and strengthen my faith.—Now some folk say there is much company there—and some say not—and I believe there is neither the one nor the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so. No, my dear H—, I did not delay sending your letter directly to the post.—As there are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in * * * humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will answer for him, he has seventy times seven forgiven you—and as often wished you at the d——l.—After many oscillations the pendulum will rest firm as ever.——

I send all kind compliments to sir C. D—— and G——s. I love them from my soul.—If G——t is with you, him also.—I go on, not rapidly, but well enough, with my uncle Toby's amours—There is no sitting, and cudgelling one's brains whilst the sun shines bright—'twill be all over in six or seven weeks, and there are dismal months enow after to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side.—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes six tons of alum a week, may do any thing—Lord Granby is to be there——what a temptation! Yours affectionately, &c.

## LETTER XX.

### *Mr. Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.*

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I scalp you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend!—foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recall it—but failed—You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy

own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain?—Puppy, fool, coxcomb, jackass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in your way—I say your way—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—O! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic, irresisted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever.—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel! good Heaven!—give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are, who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

## LETTER XXI.

### *Mr. Sterne to Mr. W.*

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

At this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it pleaseth me—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—it harmonizes the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—*L'amour* (say they) *n'est rien sans sentiment.* —— Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annexed to it—And so much for the same subject called love—I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter—without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*—My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two——there

goes five thousand pounds—then, sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds."—I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean—that is, a flat refusal—I have had a parsonage-house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate's wife—as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present—yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have, I can never call it my own. Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible. Yours sincerely.

My compliments to the Col.

## LETTER XXII.

*Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.*

Naples, Feb. 3, 1766.

My dear girl,

Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry.—Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire and le Cher—which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather—therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse—'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to——but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable, I shall ever honour her—Mr. C. is a diverting companion—what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—the marquis de —— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother—I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours—If fate reserves me not that—the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!—If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—your winters at York—you know my publications call me to London. If Mr. and Mrs. C— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from your fond father.

## LETTER XXIII.

*David Hume, Esq. to ——.*

Edinburgh, Aug. 16, 1760.

Sir,

I am not surprised to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray should have entertained suspicions with regard to the authenticity of these fragments of our Highland poetry. The first time I was shown the copies of some of them in manuscript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be a little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my scruples, by informing me of the manner in which

he procured them from Mr. Macpherson, the translator. These two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffat last autumn; when their conversation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherson extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good scholar and a man of taste, found his curiosity excited: and asked whether he had ever translated any of them? Mr. Macpherson replied, that he never had attempted any such thing; and doubted whether it was possible to transfuse such beauties into our language; but for Mr. Home's satisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the strain of that wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into English. He accordingly brought him one next day; which our friend was so much pleased with, that he never ceased soliciting Mr. Macpherson till he insensibly produced that small volume which has been published.

After this volume was in every body's hands, and universally admired, we heard every day new reasons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity, which the translator ascribes to them, beyond all question: for their antiquity is a point which must be ascertained by reasoning; though the arguments he employs seem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that these poems are in every body's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.

In the family of every Highland chieftain there was anciently retained a bard, whose office was the same with that of the Greek rhapsodists; and the general subject of the poems, which they recited, was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no less celebrated among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This custom is not even yet altogether abolished; the bard and piper are esteemed the most honourable offices in a chieftain's family, and these two characters are frequently united in the same person. Adam Smith, the celebrated professor in Glasgow, told me, that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those poems which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay, lord Rae's brother, also told me, that he remembers them perfectly; as likewise did the laird of Macfarlane, the greatest antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who insists so strongly on the historical truth, as well as on the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the laird and lady Macleod to these authorities, with many more, if these were not sufficient; as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually spread themselves into every mouth, and imprinted on every memory.

Every body in Edinburgh is so convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherson on a way of procuring us more of these wild flowers. He is a modest sensible young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Graham of Balgowan's family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have therefore set about a subscription, of a guinea or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of these Fragments. There is, in particular, a country surgeon somewhere in Lochaber, who, he says, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing: as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed, and the natives have

always employed more the sword than the pen. This surgeon has by heart the epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his preface; and as he is somewhat old, and is the only person living that has it entire, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters.

I own, that my first and chief objection to the authenticity of these Fragments, was not on account of the noble and even tender strokes which they contain; for these are the offspring of Genius and Passion in all countries; I was only surprised at the regular plan which appears in some of these pieces, and which seems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of the specimens of barbarous poetry known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contained this species of beauty: and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, should also come from that rough climate, or uncivilised people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

I remember, Mr. Macpherson told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only, like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but also their own shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths. He mentioned an incident, which put this matter in a remarkable light. A warrior has the head of his spear struck off in battle; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a forge was erected; makes a new one; hurries back to the action; pierces his enemy, while the iron, which was yet red hot, hisses in the wound. This imagery you will allow to be singular, and so well imagined, that it would have been adopted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks allowed him to have employed it.

I forgot to mention, as another proof of the authenticity of these poems, and even of the reality of the adventures contained in them, that the names of the heroes, Fingal, Oscur, Osur, Oscan, Dermid, are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, in the same manner as we affix to them the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector; or the French that of Marlborough.

It gives me pleasure to find, that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these Fragments, as it may convince us, that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossessions, which, however, you know to be a little strong. The translation is elegant; but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it. There appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them in the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad,

> "Ye shepherds, so careless and free,
> Whose flocks never carelessly roam," &c.

Pray ask Mr. Gray whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish? Yours most sincerely.

## LETTER XXIV.

### *David Hume, Esq. to Dr. Campbell.*

Edinburgh, Jan. 7, 1762

Dear sir,

It has so seldom happened that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks, for the civil and obliging manner in which

you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the manuscript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine, that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

I consider myself as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an answer by a person of so much merit; and as I find that the public does you justice with regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom perhaps in strictness you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence; but as I had fixed a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always to leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherways my silence on any future occasion would be construed an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me.

It may perhaps amuse you to learn the first hint which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits College of La Flêche, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging some nonsensical miracle performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at this time composing this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gravelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles; which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow, that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth.

# BOOK THE FOURTH.

# RECENT, NARRATIVE, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

## SECTION III.

### FROM THE LETTERS OF THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM, LORD CHESTERFIELD, LORD LYTTLETON, AND OTHERS.

#### LETTER I.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford).*

My dear child,

I am extremely pleased with your translation now it is writ over fair. It is very close to the sense of the original, and done, in many places, with much spirit, as well as the numbers not lame, or rough. However, an attention to Mr. Pope's numbers will make you avoid some ill sound and hobbling of the verse, by only transposing a word or two, in many instances. I have, upon reading the eclogue over again, altered the third, fourth, and fifth lines, in order to bring them nearer to the Latin, as well as to render some beauty which is contained in the repetition of words in tender passages; for example, *Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva; Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.* "We leave our native land, these fields so sweet; Our country leave: at ease, in cool retreat, You, Thyrsis, bid the woods fair Daphne's name repeat." I will desire you to write over another copy with this alteration, and also to write *smoaks* in the plural number, in the last line but one. You give me great pleasure, my dear child, in the progress you have made. I will recommend to Mr. Leech to carry you quite through Virgil's Æneid from beginning to ending. Pray show him this letter, with my service to him, and thanks for his care of you. For English poetry, I recommend Pope's translation of Homer, and Dryden's Fables in particular. I am not sure if they are not called Tales, instead of Fables. Your cousin, whom I am sure you can overtake if you will, has read Virgil's Æneid quite through, and much of Horace's Epistles. Terence's Plays I would also desire Mr. Leech to make you perfect master of. Your cousin has read them all. Go on, my dear, and you will at least equal him. You are so good, that I have nothing to

wish, but that you may be directed to proper books; and I trust to your spirit, and desire to be praised for things that deserve praise, for the figure you will hereafter make. God bless you, my dear child. Your most affectionate uncle.

## LETTER II.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Bath, Oct. 12, 1751.

My dear nephew,

As I have been moving about from place to place, your letter reached me here, at Bath, but very lately, after making a considerable circuit to find me. I should have otherwise, my dear child, returned you thanks for the very great pleasure you have given me, long before now. The very good account you give me of your studies, and that delivered in very good Latin, for your time, has filled me with the highest expectation of your future improvements: I see the foundations so well laid, that I do not make the least doubt but you will become a perfect good scholar; and have the pleasure and applause that will attend the several advantages hereafter, in the future course of your life, that you can only acquire now by your emulation and noble labours in the pursuit of learning, and of every acquirement that is to make you superior to other gentlemen. I rejoice to hear that you have begun Homer's Iliad; and have made so great a progress in Virgil. I hope you taste and love those authors particularly. You cannot read them too much; they are not only the two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your age to imbibe: lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity, and, in one word, virtue in its true signification. Go on, my dear nephew, and drink as deep as you can of these divine springs: the pleasure of the draught is equal at least to the prodigious advantages of it to the heart and morals. I hope you will drink them as somebody does in Virgil, of another sort of cup: *Ille impiger hausit spumantem pateram.*

I shall be highly pleased to hear from you, and to know what authors give you most pleasure. I desire my service to Mr. Leech: pray tell him I will write to him soon about your studies.

I am, with the greatest affection, my dear child, your loving uncle.

## LETTER III.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Bath, Jan. 12, 1754.

My dear nephew,

Your letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing, time, in London. In the next place, that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instructions you are committed: and, above all, I applaud the sound, right sense, and love of virtue, which appears through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend; I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me; namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and vir-

tuous; not merely to make him more learned. *Macte tuâ virtute:* Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est improba siren, Desidia,** I desire may be affixt to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of: and another rule is, If you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred-fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with, but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers in your road; to guard you against such things as I experience my own defects to arise from; and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one. You will communicate this letter to him, and I hope he will be so good to concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such only, as I have pointed out, may be read. They are as follow: Euclid; a Course of Logic; a Course of Experimental Philosophy; Locke's Conduct of the Understanding; his Treatise also on the Understanding; his Treatise on Government, and Letters on Toleration. I desire, for the present, no books of poetry, but Horace and Virgil: of Horace the Odes, but, above all, the Epistles and Ars Poetica. These parts, *nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ.*† Tully de Officiis, de Amicitiâ, de Senectute. His Catilinarian Orations and Philippics. Sallust. At leisure hours, an abridgment of the History of England to be run through, in order to settle in the mind a general chronological order and series of principal events, and succession of kings: proper books of English history, on the true principles of our happy constitution, shall be pointed out afterwards. Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged by himself, to be read with

* Shun the accursed siren, Sloth.

† Read night and day

great care. Father Paul on Beneficiary Matters in English. A French master, and only Moliere's Plays to be read with him, or by yourself, till you have gone through them all. Spectators, especially Mr. Addison's papers, to be read very frequently at broken times in your room. I make it my request, that you will forbear drawing, totally, while you are at Cambridge; and not meddle with Greek, otherwise than to know a little the etymology of words in Latin, or English, or French; nor to meddle with Italian. I hope this little course will soon be run through: I intend it as a general foundation for many things of infinite utility, to come as soon as this is finished.

Believe me, with the truest affection, my dear nephew, ever yours.

Keep this letter and read it again.

## LETTER IV.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Bath, March 30, 1754.

My dear nephew,

I am much obliged to you for your kind remembrance and wishes for my health. It is much recovered by the regular fit of gout, of which I am still lame in both feet, and I may hope for better health hereafter in consequence. I have thought it long since we conversed: I waited to be able to give you a better account of my health, and, in part, to leave you time to make advances in your plan of study, of which I am very desirous to hear an account. I desire you will be so good to let me know particularly, if you have gone through the Abridgment of Burnet's History of the Reformation, and the Treatise of Father Paul on Benefices; also how much of Locke you have read. I beg of you not to mix any other English reading with what I recommend to you. I propose to save you much time and trouble, by pointing out to you such books, in succession, as will carry you the shortest way to the things you must know to fit yourself for the business of the world, and give you the clearer knowledge of them, by keeping them unmixed with superfluous, vain, empty trash. Let me hear, my dear child, of your French also; as well as of those studies which are more properly university studies. I cannot tell you better how truly and tenderly I love you, than by telling you I am most solicitously bent on your doing every thing that is right, and laying the foundations of your future happiness and figure in the world, in such a course of improvement, as will not fail to make you a better man, while it makes you a more knowing one. Do you rise early? I hope you have already made to yourself the habit of doing it: if not, let me conjure you to acquire it. Remember your friend Horace; *Et ni posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis, invidiâ vel amore miser torquebere.** Adieu. Your ever affectionate uncle.

## LETTER V.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Astrop Wells, Sept. 5, 1754.

My dear nephew,

I have been a long time without conversing with you, and thanking you for the pleasure of your last letter. You may possibly be about to return to the seat of learning on the banks of the Cam; but I will not

* Unless you call for a book and light, unless you apply your mind to studies and honourable affairs, you will be miserably tormented by envy or desire.

defer discoursing to you on literary matters, till you leave Cornwall, not doubting but you are mindful of the Muses amidst the very savage rocks and moors, and yet more savage natives, of the ancient and respectable dutchy. First, with regard to the opinion you desire concerning a common-place book; in general I much disapprove the use of it: it is chiefly intended for persons who mean to be authors, and tends to impair the memory, and to deprive you of a ready, extempore use of your reading, by accustoming the mind to discharge itself of its reading on paper, instead of relying on its natural power of retention, aided and fortified by frequent revisions of its ideas and materials. Some things must be common-placed in order to be of any use; dates, chronological order, and the like; for instance, Nathaniel Bacon ought to be extracted in the best method you can: but in general my advice to you is, not to common-place upon paper, but, as an equivalent to it, to endeavour to range and methodize in your head what you read, and by so doing frequently and habitually to fix matter in the memory. I desired you some time since to read lord Clarendon's History of the civil wars. I have lately read a much honester and more instructive book, of the same period of history; it is the History of the Parliament, by Thomas May,* esq., &c. I will send it to you as soon as you return to Cambridge. If you have not read Burnet's History of his Own Times, I beg you will. I hope your father is well. My love to the girls.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

* May, the translator of Lucan, had been much countenanced by Charles the First, but quitted the court on some personal disgust, and afterwards became secretary to the parliament. His History was published in 1647 under their authority and license, and cannot by any means be considered as an impartial work. It is, however, well worthy of being attentively read; and the contemptuous character given of it by Clarendon (Life, vol. i. p. 35.) is as much below its real merit as Clarendon's own History is superior to it.

## LETTER VI.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Pay Office, April 9, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I rejoice extremely to hear that your father and the girls are not unentertained in their travels: in the mean time your travels through the paths of literature, arts, and sciences (a road, sometimes set with flowers, and sometimes difficult, laborious, and arduous), are not only infinitely more profitable in future, but at present, upon the whole, infinitely more delightful. My own travels at present are none of the pleasantest: I am going through a fit of the gout; with much proper pain, and what proper patience I may. *Avis au lecteur*, my sweet boy: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Let no excesses lay the foundations of gout and the rest of Pandora's box; nor any immoralities or vicious courses sow the seeds of a too late and painful repentance. Here ends my sermon, which, I trust, you are not fine gentleman enough, or, in plain English, silly fellow enough, to laugh at. Lady Hester is much yours. Let me hear some account of your intercourse with the Muses; and believe me ever, your truly most affectionate.

## LETTER VII.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Pay Office, April 15, 1755.

A thousand thanks to my dear boy for a very pretty letter. I like extremely the account you give of

your literary life; the reflections you make upon some West Saxon actors in the times you are reading are natural, manly, and sensible, and flow from a heart that will make you far superior to any of them. I am content you should be interrupted (provided the interruption be not long) in the course of your reading, by declaiming in defence of the thesis you have so wisely chosen to maintain. It is true indeed that the affirmative maxim, *Omne solum forti patria est*, has supported some great and good men under the persecutions of faction and party injustice, and taught them to prefer an hospitable retreat in a foreign land, to an unnatural mother-country. Some few such may be found in ancient times: in our own country also some; such was Algernon Sidney, Ludlow, and others. But how dangerous is it to trust frail, corrupt man, with such an aphorism! What fatal casuistry is it big with! How many a villain might, and has, masked himself in the sayings of ancient illustrious exiles, while he was, in fact, dissolving all the nearest and dearest ties that hold societies together, and spurning at all laws divine and human! How easy the transition from this political to some impious ecclesiastical aphorisms! If all soils are alike to the brave and virtuous, so may all churches and modes of worship; that is, all will be equally neglected and violated. Instead of every soil being his country, he will have no one for his country; he will be the forlorn outcast of mankind. Such was the late Bolingbroke of impious memory. Let me know when your declamation is over. Pardon an observation on style: "I received yours" is vulgar and mercantile; "Your letter" is the way of writing. Inclose your letters in a cover; it is more polite.

## LETTER VIII.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Pay Office, May 20, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I am extremely concerned to hear that you have been ill, especially as your account of an illness you speak of as past, implies such remains of disorder as I beg you will give all proper attention to. By the medicine your physician has ordered, I conceive he considers your case in some degree nervous. If that be so, advise with him whether a little change of air and of the scene, together with some weeks course of steel waters, might not be highly proper for you. I am to go the day after to-morrow to Sunning Hill, in Windsor Forest, where I propose to drink those waters for about a month. Lady Hester and I shall be happy in your company, if your doctor shall be of opinion that such waters may be of service to you; which, I hope, will be his opinion. Besides health recovered, the Muses shall not be quite forgot: we will ride, read, walk, and philosophize, extremely at our ease; and you may return to Cambridge with new ardour, or at least with strength repaired, when we leave Sunning Hill. If you come, the sooner the better, on all accounts. We propose to go into Buckinghamshire in about a month. I rejoice that your declamation is over, and that you have begun, my dearest nephew, to open your mouth in public, *ingenti patriæ perculsus amore.** I wish I had heard you perform: the only way I ever shall hear your praises from your own mouth. My gout prevented my so-much-intended and wished-for journey to Cambridge: and now my plan of drinking waters renders it im-

* Struck with a great love of country.

possible. Come, then, my dear boy, to us; and so Mahomet and the mountain meet, no matter which moves to the other. Adieu. Your ever affectionate.

## LETTER IX.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

July 13, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I have delayed writing to you in expectation of hearing farther from you upon the subject of your stay at college. No news is the best news; and I will hope now that all your difficulties upon that head are at an end. I represent you to myself deep in study, and drinking large draughts of intellectual nectar; a very delicious state to a mind happy enough, and elevated enough, to thirst after knowledge and true honest fame, even as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. When I name knowledge, I ever intend learning as the weapon and instrument only of manly, honourable, and virtuous action, upon the stage of the world, both in private and public life; as a gentleman, and as a member of the commonwealth, who is to answer for all he does to the laws of his country, to his own breast and conscience, and at the tribunal of honour and good fame. You, my dear boy, will not only be acquitted, but applauded and dignified at all these respectable and awful bars. So *macte tuâ virtute!** Go on and prosper in your glorious and happy career; not forgetting to walk an hour briskly every morning and evening, to fortify the nerves. I wish to hear, in some little time, of the progress you shall have made in the course of reading chalked out. Adieu. Your ever affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments to you.

* Use your best endeavours.

## LETTER X.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Stowe, July 24 1755.

My dear nephew,

I am just leaving this place to go to Wotton; but I will not lose the post, though I have time but for one line. I am extremely happy that you can stay at your college, and pursue the prudent and glorious resolution of employing your present moments with a view to the future. May your noble and generous love of virtue pay you with the sweet rewards of a self-approving heart and an applauding country! and may I enjoy the true satisfaction of seeing your fame and happiness, and of thinking that I may have been fortunate enough to have contributed, in any small degree, to do common justice to kind Nature by a suitable education! I am no very good judge of the question concerning the books; I believe they are your own in the same sense that your wearing apparel is. I would retain them, and leave the candid and equitable Mr. * * * to plan, with the honest Mr. * * *, schemes of perpetual vexation. As to the persons just mentioned, I trust that you bear about you a mind and heart much superior to such malice; and that you are as little capable of resenting it, with any sensations but those of cool decent contempt, as you are of fearing the consequences of such low efforts. As to the caution money, I think you have done well. The case of the chambers, I conceive, you likewise apprehend rightly. Let me know in your next

what these two articles require you to pay down, and how far your present cash is exhausted, and I will direct Mr. Campbell to give you credit accordingly. Believe me, my dear nephew, truly happy to be of use to you.

Your ever affectionate.

## LETTER XI.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Wotton, Aug. 7, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I have only time at present to let you know I am setting out for London; when I return to Sunning Hill, which I propose to do in a few days, I shall have considered the question about a letter to ****, and will send you my thoughts upon it. As to literature, I know you are not idle, under so many and so strong motives to animate you to the ardent pursuit of improvement. For English history, read the revolutions of York and Lancaster in Père d'Orleans, and no more of the father; the Life of Edward the Fourth, and so downwards all the life-writers of our kings, except such as you have already read. For Queen Anne's reign, the continuator of Rapin.

Farewell, my dearest nephew, for to-day. Your most affectionate uncle.

## LETTER XII.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Bath, Sept. 25, 1755.

I have not conversed with my dear nephew a long time: I have been much in a post-chaise, living a wandering Scythian life, and he has been more usefully employed than in reading or writing letters; travelling through the various, instructing, and entertaining road of history. I have a particular pleasure in hearing now and then a word from you in your journey, just while you are changing horses, if I may so call it, and getting from one author to another. I suppose you going through the biographers, from Edward the Fourth downwards, not intending to stop till you reach to the continuator of honest Rapin. There is a little book I never mentioned, Welwood's Memoirs; I recommend it. Davis's Ireland must not on any account be omitted: it is a great performance, a masterly work, and contains much depth and extensive knowledge in state matters, and settling of countries, in very short compass. I have met with a scheme of chronology by Blair, showing all contemporary historical characters through all ages: it is of great use to consult frequently, in order to fix periods, and throw collateral light upon any particular branch you are reading. Let me know, when I have the pleasure of a letter from you, how far you are advanced in English history. You may probably not have heard authentically of governor Lyttelton's captivity and release. He is safe and well in England, after being taken and detained in France some days. Sir Richard and he met, unexpectedly enough, at Brussels, and came together to England. I propose returning to London in about a week, where I hope to find lady Hester as well as I left her. We are both much indebted for your kind and affectionate wishes. *In publica commoda peccem, si longo sermone morer** one bent on so honourable and virtuous a journey as you are.

* I should do the public an injury, if I should longer delay you.

## LETTER XIII.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Pay Office, Dec. 6, 1755.

Of all the various satisfactions of mind I have felt upon some late events, none has affected me with more sensibility and delight than the reading my dear nephew's letter. The matter of it is worthy of a better age than that we live in; worthy of your own noble, untainted mind; and the manner and expression of it is such as I trust will one day make you a powerful instrument towards mending the present degeneracy. Examples are unnecessary to happy natures; and it is well for your future glory and happiness that this is the case; for to copy any now existing, might cramp genius, and check the native spirit of the piece, rather than contribute to the perfection of it. I learn from sir Richard Lyttelton that we may have the pleasure of meeting soon, as he has already, or intends to offer you a bed at his house. It is on this, as on all occasions, little necessary to preach prudence, or to intimate a wish that your studies at Cambridge might not be broken by a long interruption of them. I know the rightness of your own mind, and leave you to all the generous and animating motives you find there, for pursuing improvements in literature and useful knowledge, as much better counsellors than

Your ever most affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments. The little cousin is well.

## LETTER XIV.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Horse Guards, Jan. 13, 1756.

My dear nephew,

Let me thank you a thousand times for your remembering me, and giving me the pleasure of hearing that you was well, and had laid by the ideas of London and its dissipations, to resume the sober train of thoughts that gowns, square caps, quadrangles, and matin bells, naturally draw after them. I hope the air of Cambridge has brought no disorder upon you, and that you will compound with the Muses so as to dedicate some hours, not less than two, of the day to exercise. The earlier you rise, the better your nerves will bear study. When you next do me the pleasure to write to me, I beg a copy of your Elegy on your Mother's Picture; it is such admirable poetry, that I beg you to plunge deep into prose and severer studies, and not indulge your genius with verse, for the present. Substitute Tully and Demosthenes in the place of Homer and Virgil; and arm yourself with all the variety of manner, copiousness, and beauty of diction, nobleness and magnificence of ideas of the Roman consul; and render the powers of eloquence complete by the irresistible torrent of vehement argumentation, the close and forcible reasoning, and the depth and fortitude of mind of the Grecian statesman. This I mean at leisure intervals, and to relieve the course of those studies which you intend to make your principal object. The book relating to the empire of Germany, which I could not recollect, is Vitriarius's *Jus Publicum*, an admirable book in its kind, and esteemed of the best authority in matters much controverted. We are all well: sir Richard is upon his legs and abroad again.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

## LETTER XV.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Hayes, Oct. 7, 1756.

I think it very long since I heard

any thing of my dear nephew's health and learned occupations at the mother of arts and sciences. Pray give me the pleasure of a letter soon, and be so good to let me know what progress is made in our plan of reading. I am now to make request to you in behalf of a young gentleman coming to Cambridge, Mr. ***'s son. The father desires much that you and his son may make an acquaintance: as what father would not? Mr. *** is one of the best friends I have in the world; and nothing can oblige me more than that you would do all in your power to be of assistance and advantage to the young man. He has good parts, good nature, and amiable qualities. He is young, and consequently much depends on the first habits he forms, whether of application or dissipation. You see, my dear nephew, what it is already to have made yourself *princeps juventutis*. It has its glories and its cares. You are invested with a kind of public charge, and the eyes of the world are upon you, not only for your own acquittal, but for the example and pattern to the British youth. Lady Hester is still about, but in daily expectation of the good minute. She desires her compliments to you. My sister is gone to Howberry. Believe me ever, my dear nephew,

Most affectionately yours.

## LETTER XVI.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

Hayes, Oct. 10, 1756.

My dear nephew,

I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the glad tidings of Hayes. Lady Hester was safely delivered this morning of a son. She and the child are as well as possible, and the father in the joy of his heart. It is no small addition to my happiness to know you will kindly share it with me. A father must form wishes for his child as soon as it comes into the world, and I will make mine, That he may live to make as good use of life as one that shall be nameless is now doing at Cambridge. *Quid voveat dulci matricula majus alumno?**

Your ever affectionate.

## LETTER XVII.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

St. James's Square, Aug. 28, 1757.

My dear nephew,

Nothing can give me greater pleasure than the approaching conclusion of a happy reconciliation in the family. Your letter to *** is the properest that can be imagined, and, I doubt not, will make the deepest impression on his heart. I have been in much pain for you during all this unseasonable weather, and am still apprehensive, till I have the satisfaction of hearing from you, that your course of sea bathing has been interrupted by such gusts of wind as must have rendered the sea too rough an element for a convalescent to disport in. I trust, my dearest nephew, that opening scenes of domestic comfort and family affection will confirm and augment every hour the benefits you are receiving at Brighthelmston, from external and internal medical assistances. Lady Hester and aunt Mary join with me in all good wishes for your health and happiness. The duplicate, * * * mentions having addressed to me, has never come to hand. I am, with truest affection, my dearest nephew, ever yours.

* What more can a mother wish her dear child?

## LETTER XVIII.

*From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.*

St. James's Square, Oct. 27, 1757.

My dear nephew,

Inclosed is a letter from * * * *, which came in one to me. I heartily wish the contents may be agreeable to you.

I am far from being satisfied, my dearest nephew, with the account your last letter to my sister gives of your health. I had formed the hope of your ceasing to be an invalid before this time; but since you must submit to be one for this winter, I am comforted to find your strength is not impaired, as it used to be, by the returns of illness you sometimes feel; and I trust the good government you are under, and the fortitude and manly resignation you are possessed of, will carry you well through this trial of a young man's patience, and bring you out in spring, like gold, the better for the proof. I rejoice to hear you have a friend of great merit to be with you. My warmest wishes for your health and happiness never fail to follow you. Lady Hester desires her best compliments. Believe me, with the truest affection, ever yours.

## LETTER XIX.

*Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.*

London, Dec. 16, 1760.

My dear lord,

I make no excuses for the irregularity of my correspondence, or the unfrequency of my letters; for my declining mind keeps pace with my decaying body, and I can no more *scribere digna legi* (write things worthy to be read), than I can *facere digna scribi* (do things worthy to be written). My health is always bad, though sometimes better, and sometimes worse, but never good. My deafness increases, and consequently deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses; in short, this last stage of my life is a very tedious one, and the roads very bad; the end of it cannot be very far off, and I cannot be sorry for it. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter. I am, &c.

## LETTER XX.

*Lord Chesterfield to Dr R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.*

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1761.

My dear lord,

I do not know whether I shall give you a reason which you will reckon a good one; but I will honestly give you the true one, for my writing so seldom. It is one of the effects, and not the least disagreeable one, of my disorder, to make one indolent, and unwilling to undertake even what one has a mind to do. I have often set down in the intention of writing to you, when the apparatus of a table, pen, ink, and paper, has discouraged me, and made me procrastinate, and say, like Festus, "At a convenient time will I speak to thee." Those who have not experienced this indolence and languor, I know have no conception of them; and therefore, many people say that I am extremely well, because I can walk and speak, without knowing how much it costs me to do either. This was the case of the bishop of Ossory, who reported only from my outside, which is not much altered. I cannot say, however that I am positively ill; but I can posi-

tively say, that I am always *unwell*. In short, I am in my health, what many, reckoned in the main good sort of people, are in their morals: they commit no flagrant crimes, but their conscience secretly reproaches them with the non-observance or the violation of many lesser duties. White is recovered from his acute illness, and is now only infirm and crazy, and will be so as long as he lives. I believe we shall start fair.

The bishop of Ossory told me one thing, that I heard with great pleasure; which was, that your son did extremely well at the university, and answered, not only your hopes, but your wishes; I sincerely congratulate you upon it.

The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching coronation. People think nor talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new queen yet; and as for the coronation, I am not alive enough to march, nor dead enough to *walk* at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope; but I am, without the least *équivoque*, my dear lord, your most faithful friend, and humble servant.

P. S. Your lord lieutenant will be with you immediately after the coronation. He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of *ations*, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them.

## LETTER XXI.

*Dr. Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield.*

November 10, 1730.

My lord,

I was positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Sussex; he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the duke of Dorset, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suitors must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *the poor* (meaning their own dependants) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the strongest argument I have, to entreat your lordship's favour for Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near rela-

tion, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my lord Sussex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves; and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my lord, that although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; because you are one of those very few, who do more honour to a court than you can possibly receive from it, which I take to be a greater compliment to a court than it is to your lordship. I am, my lord, &c.

## LETTER XXII.

### *The Earl of Chesterfield to Dr. Swift.*

Hague, Dec. 15, N. S. 1730.

Sir,

You need not have made any excuse to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but, as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that, should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person who was the author of my crime would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am, with real esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

## LETTER XXIII.

### *Dean Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield.*

January 15, 1730-1.

My lord,

I return your lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those

of play; where, if the most expert be absent a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality as to take away a dozen of meaner servants in less than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in farther excuse of my weakness, to confess, that, besides some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, at Hagley.*

London, Feb. 4, 1728.

Dear sir,

I am mighty glad you have made choice of so agreeable a place as Lorrain to send me to. I shall be impatient to hear that you have got a servant for me, that my stay here may be the shorter: in the mean while, you may be sure, I shall not neglect to make the best use of my time.

I am proud that the D—— approves my verses; for her judgment does great honour to those that please her. The subject is Blenheim castle; I would have sent you a copy of them, but have not yet had time to transcribe them; you shall, therefore, receive them enclosed in my next letter.

The news you tell me of ——— does not a little please me; whatever does him honour in your opinion is of advantage to me, as it will render the friendship that is between us more agreeable to you; for my satisfaction in his acquaintance has been always checked, by observing you had not that esteem for him as I could wish you might have for all my friends: but I hope he will deserve it better every day, and confirm himself in my good opinion by gaining yours.

I am glad that you are pleased with my Persian Letters, and criticism upon Voltaire; but, with submission to your judgment, I do not see how what I have said of Milton can destroy all poetical license. That term indeed has been so much abused, and the liberty it allows has been pleaded in defence of such extravagant fictions, that one would almost wish there were no such words. But yet this is no reason why good authors may not raise and animate their works with flights and sallies of imagination, provided they are cautious of restraining them within the bounds of justness and propriety; for nothing can license a poet to offend against Truth and Reason, which are as much the rules of the sublime as less exalted poetry. We meet with a thousand instances of the true nobleness of thought in Milton, where the liberty you contend for is made use of, and yet nature very strictly observed. It would be endless to point out the beauties of this kind in the Paradise Lost, where the boldness of his genius appears without shocking us with the least impropriety: we are surprised, we are warmed, we are transported; but we are not hurried out of our senses, or forced to believe impossibilities. The sixth book is, I fear, in many places, an exception to this rule; the *poetica licentia* is stretched too far, and *the just* is sacrificed to *the wonderful;* (you will pardon me, if I talk too much in the language of the schools.) To set this point in a clearer light, let us compare the fiction in *los Lusiados* of the giant that appears to the Portuguese, and the battle of the angels in Milton. The storms, the thunders, and the lightnings, that hang about him, are proper and natural to that mountain he represents; we are pleased with seeing him thus armed, because there is nothing in the description that is not founded upon truth: but how do swords, and coats of mail, and cannons, agree with angels? Such a fiction can never be beautiful, because it wants probability to support it. We can easily imagine the Cape, extending its narrow arms over the sea, and guarding it from invaders; the tempests, that mariners always meet with upon that coast, render such a supposition very just: but with what grounds of reason can we suppose, that the angels, to defend the throne of God, threw mountains upon the heads of the rebel army?

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
*Numen* eget."*

The liberty in one fable is restrained to nature and good sense; in the other, it is wild and unbounded, so as frequently to lose sight of both.—Pardon the freedom I have taken, to contradict your opinion and defend my own; for I shall be very ready to give it up to you, if after this you continue to think me in the wrong. It is prudent to argue with those who have such regard to our judgment as to correct it.

You ended a letter of good news very ill, in telling me that you had got the head-ach; I can have but very little pleasure in any thing, though it be ever so agreeable, when I know that you are ill. I am, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

## LETTER XXV.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Luneville, July 8, 1723.

Dear sir,

I heartily congratulate you upon my sister's marriage, and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their

* The Deity needs not such aid, nor such defenders.

own. Would to God Mr. P— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M— ! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. —— upon the abrupt departure of her intended husband; to be sure, she takes it much to heart; for the loss of an only lover, when a lady is past three-and-twenty, is as afflicting as the loss of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother desires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the sage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for so great a work; my genius is light and superficial, and lets slip a thousand observations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much industry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houses there are in Paris; how many vestments in a procession; how many saints in the Romish Calendar, and how many miracles to each saint; and yet to such a pitch of exactness the curious travellers must arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he must be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully transcribing the inscriptions, though they had no better author than the sexton or curate of the parish. For my part, I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay, I did not so much as take an inventory of the relics in the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spent upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her a particular of what rarities I have seen; but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, raree-shows, and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Luneville, July 21.

Dear sir,

I thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs; but, I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D—— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain, that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorrain. The spirit of quadrille has possessed the land from morning till midnight; there is nothing else in every house in town.

This court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the maids of honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, show judgment at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the duke hunts; but my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught

me the other day reading a Latin author; and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English, who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord —— is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason.

My only improvement here is in the company of the duke and prince Craon, and in the exercise of the academy: I have been absent from the last near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, sir, your dutiful son.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Soissons, Nov. 20.

Dear sir,

This is one of the agreeablest towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging to strangers. We are of all their parties, and perpetually share with them in their pleasures. I have learnt more French since I came here, than I should have picked up in a twelvemonth at Lorrain. The desire of a farther progress and improvement in that tongue has led me into some thoughts relating to the continuation of my travels, which I beg leave to lay before you.

If you send me to Italy next spring, as you once designed to do, one great inconvenience will arise, *viz.* that, before I am perfect in speaking French, I must apply myself to Italian, from which it may probably come to pass, that I shall not know much of either. I should, therefore, think it more for my advantage to make the tour of France before I set out for Italy, than after I come back.

There is another reason, which at least will weigh with my dear mother; that is, that, after the month of May, when the violent heats begin, Rome (where it will be necessary to settle first, upon account of the purity of the language, which is spoke corruptly in other places) is so unwholesome as to endanger the life of any foreigner unaccustomed to that air; and therefore most travellers go thither about September, and leave it towards April. I fancy these two objections to the foregoing scheme will incline you rather to give into mine, which is as follows: Suppose I stay here till after February; I may in March, April, May, and June see Orleans, Lyons, and Bourdeaux; and pass July, August, and September, in the southern provinces. The air of those countries is so pure, that the greatest heats do nobody any harm. From Provence to Genoa is the shortest road I can take for Italy, and so through Tuscany to Rome, where I shall arrive about December, having seen what is curious in my way.

I may pass two months at Rome, and go from thence to Naples, the most delightful part of Italy, and the finest air; allowing me three months in that country, I may take a little voyage to Messina, and from thence to Malta, which lays just by. From Naples I may travel along the coasts of the Adriatic Sea, by Ancona and Loretta, to Venice; where, if I stay but to the end of July, I shall have August, September, and October, to see Padua, Verona, Milan,

and the other parts of Italy that lie N. W. of the Venetian Gulf. In the winter I may settle at Sienna, where there is a good academy, and where they are not troubled with any English. From thence I may go to Turin, if you please, and stay there till April. After which, to avoid returning through Provence a second time, I may go by Lauzanne and Berne to Franche Compté, and so by Dijon to Paris. When I am there, it will be wholly in your breast how long you would have me stay abroad, and whether I should come home the shortest way, or have the pleasure of seeing Holland. This, sir, is the plan that I offer to you; which, I hope, you will approve of in the main, and agree to for me. I do not pretend to have laid it so exact as never to depart from it; but I am persuaded that, generally speaking, I shall find it agreeable and commodious. I have not brought Lorrain into it, because it lies quite out of the way, and because (to say the truth) I am unwilling to go thither. I know, my dear sir, I should acquaint you with my reasons for the dislike I have expressed against that place. This is not so easy an *eclaircissement* as you may think it. Our notions of places and of persons depend upon a combination of circumstances, many of which are in themselves minute, but have weight from their assemblage with the rest. Our minds are like our bodies: they owe their pain or pleasure to the good or ill assortment of a thousand causes, each of which is a trifle by itself. How small and imperceptible are the qualities in the air, or soil, or climate, where we live; and yet how sensible are the impressions they make upon us, and the delights or uneasiness they create! So it is with our minds, from the little accidents that concur to soothe or to disorder them. But in both, the impressions are more strong, as the frames which they act upon are more delicate and refined. I must therefore impute many of my complaints to the natural delicacy of my temper; and, I flatter myself, you will not think that reason the worst I could have given you. But there are others, more gross and evident, which I have already in part informed you of, and which I shall here set forth more at large.

It is natural for us to hate the school in which we take the first lessons of any art. The reason is, that the awkwardness we have shown in such beginnings lessens us in the eyes of people there, and the disadvantageous prejudice it has given of us is never quite to be got over.

Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to *quelques bevues d'ecolier*,* as the *politesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and has a good deal peculiar to itself.

The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps in others, hangs upon my mind when I am there, and depresses my spirits to such a degree, that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company where one fears too much to be disapproved; and the very notion of being ill received has as bad an effect upon our gaiety as the thing itself. This is the first and strongest reason why I despair of being happy in Lorrain. I have already complained of the foppish ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught to value, that is so fashionable there. You have heard me describe the greater part of the English I knew there, in colours that ought to make you fear the infection of such company for your son.

But, supposing no danger in this brutal, unimproving society, it is no little grievance; for to what barbarous insults does it expose our morals

* A scholar's blunders.

and understanding! A fool, with a majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world. Do not imagine, dear sir, that I am sitting up for a reformer of mankind, because I express some impatience at the folly and immorality of my acquaintance. I am far from expecting they should all be wits, much less philosophers. My own weaknesses are too well known to me, not to prejudice me in favour of other people's when they go but to a certain point. There are extravagances that have always an excuse, sometimes a grace attending them. Youth is agreeable in its sallies, and would lose its beauty if it looked too grave; but a reasonable head and an honest heart are never to be dispensed with. Not that I am so severe upon Luneville and my English friends, as to pretend there are not men of merit and good sense among them. There are some undoubtedly; but all I know are uneasy at finding themselves in such ill company. I shall trouble you no farther upon this head. If you enter into my way of thinking, what I have said will be enough: if you do not, all I can say will have no effect. I should not have engaged in this long detail, but that I love to open my heart to you, and make you the confident of all my thoughts. Till I have the honour and happiness of conversing with you in a nearer manner, indulge me, dear sir, in this distant way of conveying my notions to you, and let me talk to you as I would to my dearest friend, without awe, correctness, or reserve. Though I have taken up so much of your time before, I cannot help giving myself the pleasure of acquainting you of the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz. He has in a manner taken me into his family. I have the honour of his conversation at all hours, and he delights to turn it to my improvement. He was so good as to desire me to ask your leave to pass the winter with him, and to encourage me to do it, promised me that I should not be without my share of public business. The first packet that comes from Fontainebleau I expect to be employed; which is no small pleasure to me, and will, I hope, be of service.

Do not you think, sir, it would be proper for you to write to Mr. Poyntz, to thank him for the honours he has done me; and to desire him to excuse it, if his civilities make me troublesome to him longer than you designed? You know so well how to do those things, that I am persuaded it would have a good effect.

The only news I have to tell you, is a secret intelligence from Vienna, that count Zinzerdorff is going out of favour; this is of consequence to the negotiations, but you must not mention it: while I am not trusted with affairs you shall know all I hear; but afterwards *nil patri quidem.** I was saying to Mr. Poyntz, that Ripperda was undoubtedly very happy to come out of prison into the land of liberty; he replied, that, whatever the duke might think, he was in danger of going to prison again.

This was said some time ago, and things may have altered since. I remain, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Paris, Jan. 22, 1729.

Dear sir,

I have so much to thank you for, that I have not words to do it; so kind a compliance with all my wishes surpasses my acknowledgment. Your two letters to Mr. Poyntz had

* Nothing, even to my father.

their effect, and were answered with a profusion of civilities, and marks of friendship and esteem; but the enclosed will instruct you better in the obligations I have to you and him. How happy I am in your permission to quit Lorrain, you may judge by my letter on that head. I think you have mistaken my sense in some arguments made use of there; but it is needless to set you right. Your kindness and indulgence to my desires is an argument more persuasive than all the rest, and in which only I confide.

I have lately, sir, spent more than I could wish, and the necessity of doing it gives me no small uneasiness; but it is an undoubted fact, that without show abroad there is no improvement. You yourself confess it, when you say, the French are only fond of strangers who have money to pay them for their compliments. You express a great uneasiness, for fear I should grow fond of games of chance. I have sometimes risqued a little at them, but without any passion or delight. Gaming is too unreasonable and dishonest for a gentleman, who has either sense or honour, to addict himself to it; but, to set you quite easy in that point, I give you my word and honour, and desire no pardon if I recede from it, that I never will addict myself to this destructive passion, which is such a whirlpool, that it absorbs all others. It is true I have been a sufferer at quadrille, and must ever suffer on: for *point de société sans cela; c'est un article preliminaire à tout commerce avec le beau monde.** I may venture to assure you, that all thoughts of peace are not laid aside, as you apprehend. I remain, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

* No society, without it; it is a preliminary article to all commerce with the world.

## LETTER XXIX.

### *S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Paris, Jan. 29, 1729.

Sir,

I have received your two kind letters, in which you are pleased very much to overvalue the small civilities it has lain in my power to show Mr. Lyttleton. I have more reason to thank you, sir, for giving me so convincing a mark of your regard, as to interrupt the course of his travels on my account, which will lay me under a double obligation to do all I can towards making his stay agreeable and useful to him; though I shall still remain the greater gainer by the pleasure of his company, which no services of mine can sufficiently requite. He is now in the same house with me, and by that means more constantly under my eye than even at Soissons: but I should be very unjust to him, if I left you under the imagination, that his inclinations stand in the least need of any such ungenerous restraint. Depend upon it, sir, from the observation of one who would abhor to deceive a father in so tender a point, that he retains the same virtuous and studious dispositions, which nature and your care planted in him, only strengthened and improved by age and experience; so that, I dare promise you, the bad examples of Paris, or any other place, will never have any other effect upon him, but to confirm him in the right choice he has made. Under these happy circumstances, he can have little occasion for any other advice, but that of sustaining the character he has so early got, and of supporting the hopes he has raised. I wish it were in my power to do him any part of the service you suppose me

capable of. I shall not be wanting to employ him, as occasion offers; and to assist him with my advice where it may be necessary, though your cares (which he ever mentions with the greatest gratitude) have made this task very easy. He cannot fail of making you and himself happy, and of being a great ornament to our country, if, with that refined taste and delicacy of genius, he can but recal his mind, at a proper age, from the pleasures of learning, and gay scenes of imagination, to the dull road and fatigue of business. This I have sometimes taken the liberty to hint to him, though his own good judgment made it very unnecessary.

Though I have only the happiness of knowing you, sir, by your reputation, and by this common object of our friendship and affections, your son; I beg you would be persuaded that I am, with the most particular respect, sir, your most humble and obedient servant, &c.

## LETTER XXX.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Paris, Feb. 17.

Dear sir,

I made your compliments to Mr. Poyntz as handsomely as I could, and read him that part of your letter, where you leave it to his determination how long I shall stay with him, provided it be no ways inconvenient. He assured me, with the same obliging air of sincerity and goodness as you are charmed with in his letter, that it was not in the least so; and that my company again at Soissons would be the greatest relief and pleasure to him; with many other kind expressions, which you would be glad to hear, but which I cannot repeat. I have a thousand thanks to pay you, sir, for so kindly preventing my desires, and continuing me in the possession of a happiness, which I was afraid was almost at an end. The time I spend with Mr. Poyntz is certainly the most agreeable, as well as the most improving, part of my life. He is a second father to me, and it is in his society that I am least sensible of the want of yours.

I find you are uneasy at the situation the king's speech has left us in; but depend upon it, notwithstanding the little triumph that the enemies of the government may show upon the present seeming uncertainty of affairs, they will be concluded to their confusion, and to the honour of the councils they oppose. The greatest mischief that has been done us, and which perhaps you are not sensible of, was full of false and malicious insinuations, which, being translated and shown to foreign ministers, unacquainted with the lenity of our constitution and the liberty of scandal it allows, made them think that the nation would disavow the measures taken by the court, and were the principal cause of the delays and difficulties that retard the public peace. The vigorous resolutions of both houses, to support his majesty in his councils, will, no doubt, undeceive them, and contribute very much to bring affairs to that decision we desire. Adieu, my dear sir; and believe me to be your dutiful son, &c.

## LETTER XXXI.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Paris, March 11.

Dear sir,

The affair of the Gosport man-of-war has raised a most extravagant

spirit of resentment in the French. They talk of nothing less than hanging their own officer, and seem to expect that ours should come off as ill. I have talked to his excellency about it: he says he has had no account of it from England; but desires me to tell you, that he is in hopes the French officer has made a false report; and that, if nothing very extraordinary has been done, as the case must have happened frequently, he should think it very proper, that as many precedents as can be found should be collected and sent him over. He apprehends, as much as you, a popular declamation from the Craftsman on this unlucky subject. The embarkation you speak of is uncertain (as far as I can know from him), and intended only to reinforce our garrisons. Perhaps there may be more in it, which he does not think fit to trust me with, though I hardly imagine so; because I have such marks of his confidence as convince me he does not doubt of my discretion.

Love to my brother ———; I dare say he will be a gainer in the end by this warm action, though it happened to be ill-timed. I am glad the young fellow has so much of the martial spirit in him. What you tell me of ———— amazes me. I shall obey your advice, in being cautious how I think any man my friend too soon; since he, whose affection I was so sure of, has so injuriously convinced me of my mistake. I confess, I thought malice or ill-nature as great strangers to him as to poor ——: but what are the judgments of young men? Indeed, my dear sir, we are very silly fellows.

I cannot help transcribing a few lines of my sister's letter of the 10th, to show you that your goodness to your children meets at least with a grateful return:—

"We should pass our time but ill, if the good-humour of my mother did not make us all cheerful, and make amends for the loss of those diversions, which London would afford us. The oftener I converse with her, the more I love her; and every one of her actions shows me a virtue I wish to imitate. This you must be sensible of as well as I: but there is such a pleasure in praising those we love, that I must dwell a little upon the subject, which, I dare say, will be as grateful to you as it is to me. How happy are we with such parents! When I see my father almost spent with the cares of his family; my dear mother confined here, for the good of her children; I am overpowered with gratitude and love! May you and they continue well! and I want nothing else to complete my happiness."

This, sir, is a faithful extract, and speaks the language of all our hearts. Adieu, dear sir. I remain your dutiful son, &c.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Haute Fontaine, near Soissons, May 27.

Dear sir,

I have letters from my lord ——— and his governor, in which they both express the highest sense of the friendship you have shown them, and acknowledge the advantages they owe to it; my lord, particularly, is charmed with the good-natured service you did his relation, and speaks of it as the greatest obligation. My friend Ascough too boasts of your protection, and professes that veneration for your character, that it makes me proud of being your son. It is now my duty to return you thanks for all these favours bestowed on others, and meant to me; and I do it with all the pleasure of a grateful mind, which finds itself honoured

in the obligation. I believe, there is no young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself; being blessed with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and an easy fortune; but of all my advantages, there is none of which I have so deep a sense as the trust and amiable harmony between the best of fathers and myself.

This is so much the dearer to me, as indeed it is the source of all the rest; and as it is not to be lost by misfortune, but dependent upon my own behaviour, and annexed to virtue, honour, and reputation, I am persuaded, that no weaknesses or failings, which do not injure them, will occasion the withdrawing it from me; and therefore I consider it as secure, because I have used my mind to look upon dishonesty and shame as strangers it can never be acquainted with: such an opinion is not vanity, but it is setting those two things at a necessary distance from us; for it is certain, that the allowing a possibility of our acting wickedly, or meanly, is really making the first step towards it. I have received many civilities from Mr. Stanhope, who is here with Mr. Poyntz. Mr. Walpole has invited me to Compeigne, where I am going for two or three days. Affairs are now almost at a crisis, and there is great reason to expect they will take a happy turn. Mr. Walpole has a surprising influence over the cardinal; so that whether peace or war ensue, we may depend upon our ally. In truth, it is the interest of the French court to be faithful to their engagements, though it may not entirely be the nation's. Emulation of trade might incline the people to wish the bond that ties them to us were broke; but the mercantile interest has at no time been much considered by this court. If you reflect upon the apprehensions of the government from the side of Spain, and their very reasonable jealousy of the emperor, you will not wonder at their managing the friendship, and adhering to the alliance of Great Britain. The supposition, that present advantage is the basis and end of state engagements, and that they are only to be measured by that rule, is the foundation of all our suspicions against the firmness of our French ally. But the maxim is not just. Much is given to future hopes; much obtained by future fears; and security is, upon many occasions, sought preferably to gain. I remain, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Paris, Sept. 8.

Dear sir,

Sunday, by four o'clock, we had the good news of a dauphin, and since that time I have thought myself in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is so improved on this occasion, that they are all stark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and sing about the streets by hundreds and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable: one fellow gives notice to the public, that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf, *gratis*. The king is as proud of what he has done, as if he had gained a kingdom; and tells every body that he sees, *qu'il sçaura bien faire des fils tant qu'il voudra.** We are to have a fine fire-work to morrow, his majesty being to sup in town.

The duke of Orleans was sincerely, and without any affectation, transported at the birth of the dauphin.

The succession was a burthen too heavy for his indolence to support,

* That he can get as many children as he pleases.

and he piously sings hallelujah for his happy delivery from it. The good old cardinal cried for joy.

It is very late, and I have not slept these three nights for the squibs and crackers, and other noises that the people make in the streets, so must beg leave to conclude, with assuring that I am, dear sir, your affectionate and dutiful son.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Paris, Oct. 6.

Dear sir,

I have the greatest thanks to return you for the many proofs of confidence and affection you gave me in your last, and shall labour to deserve that goodness, which is so kind and complaisant to my desires. I shall, in obedience to your orders, set out for Italy to-morrow, where I hope to make such improvements as will answer the expense of the journey; but, whatever advantage or pleasure I may propose, I cannot, without a sensible affliction, take leave of my dear friend, Mr. Poyntz, of whose favours to me I have so deep a sense, that I cannot too often express my acknowledgments. The time I have enjoyed his company has been spent so happily, and so much to my honour and advantage, that I do not know how to reconcile my thoughts to a period of it. It is not so much the liveliness of his wit, and uncommon strength of his judgment, that charm me in his conversation, as those great and noble sentiments, which would have been admired by ancient Rome, and have done honour to the most virtuous ages.

He is going to his country-seat; where I hope the air, and a little repose from the fatigue of business, will entirely restore his health. I shall observe your caution against grapes, new wine, and pretty women, though they are all very tempting but dangerous things.

I have time for no more now, but to assure you of my duty and affection. I have written to my lord Cobham upon my going to Italy. His excellency thanks you for your letter, and will write to you as soon as he gets to Haute Fontaine. I have the pleasure of being able to assure you, that the final project of a treaty sent to Spain is entirely satisfactory and honourable, and that it contains a full redress and reparation for all abuses, grievances, and wrongs. I am, dear sir, with due respect, your most dutiful son.

## LETTER XXXV.

*S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Haute Fontaine, Oct. 18.

Sir,

Mr. Lyttleton will have acquainted you with my removing to this place, the day before he left Paris, for the benefit of the air, and exercise of the country, which has almost restored me to health. The first use I make of it, sir, is to return you my sincere thanks, for making me so long happy in his good company; which I may with great truth say, has contributed more than any thing else to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impressions which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind. I wish it had been in my power to make equal returns: his good-nature disposes him to over-value them, such as they were; but I can only hope that our future acquaintance may afford me an opportunity of discharging some part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued the same as I described it last winter; and I am morally sure will never alter, in any country, or any part of life, for the worse. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They seem to proceed chiefly from an ill digestion, which, I believe, may sometimes be occasioned by the vivacity of his imagination's pursuing some agreeable thought too intensely, and diverting the spirits from their proper function, even at meals: for we have often been obliged at that time to recal him from *reveries*, that made him almost absent to his company, though without the least tincture of melancholy.

I mention this last circumstance as a peculiar felicity of his temper; melancholy and spleen being the rock on which minds of so delicate a texture as his are most in danger of splitting. I have seen two or three instances of it myself in young gentlemen of the greatest hopes; and the epistles written by Languett to sir Philip Sidney, upon an acquaintance, contracted, like ours, abroad, bring his particular case to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promised more; but, returning to England, conscious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendship, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom business must be transacted, he conceived a total disgust for the world; and retiring into the country, sat down with patience to consume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can, with pleasure, assure you, that I see no symptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttleton; his mind is ever cheerful and active, and full of such a benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind, and an ill state of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points most necessary to guard against, in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to ask pardon for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the best of fathers; though this very circumstance makes all my care superfluous. But the friendship your son has expressed for me ever since his being here, and more particularly in my late illness, and at parting, is too strong upon my mind, to suffer me to suppress any hint that may be of the most distant use to him, or may convince you of the sincerity of that respect with which I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.*

Jan. 17, 1747.

Dear sir,

It is a most sensible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being so bad with the stone; and loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was so much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneasiness for you kept me awake great part of the night, and, in the morning, I found she had been much worse

again, so that our alarm was as great as ever : she has since mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard last post; only that such frequent relapses give one more cause to fear, that the good symptoms, which sometimes appear, will not be lasting. On the other hand, by her struggling so long, and her pulse recovering itself so well as it does, after such violent flurries and such great sinkings, one would hope that nature is strong in her, and will be able at last to conquer her illness.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now inclined to trust to *that*, and to trouble her with no more physic; upon which condition alone she has been persuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her case is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing positively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as severe a trial as it can well sustain; more indeed than I thought it could have borne : and you may depend upon it, dear sir, that I will make use of all the supports that religion or reason can give me, to save me from sinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health ; and I know it my duty to try not to add to your other pains that of my loss, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty supports me above my own strength, for the sake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the resignation with which I endeavour to submit to his will. If it please him, in his infinite mercy, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall most thankfully acknowledge his goodness; if not, I shall most humbly endure his chastisement, which I have too much deserved.

These are the sentiments with which my mind is replete : but, as it is still a most bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it must not pass from me, it is impossible for me to foretel; but I hope the best. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful distemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert West would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not so ill. However, his mind leans always to hope ; which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be sure we ought not yet to despair ; but there is much to fear, and a most melancholy interval to be supported, before any certainty comes—God send it may come well at last! I am, dear sir, your most afflicted, but most affectionate son.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*The late Bishop Horne to a young Clergyman.*

Dear * * * *,

I am much pleased to hear you have been for some time stationary at Oxford ; a place where a man may best prepare himself to go forth as a burning and shining light into a world where charity is waxed cold, and where truth is well-nigh obscured. Whenever it pleases God to appoint you to the government of a parish, you will find work enough to employ you; and therefore, before that time comes, you should be careful to provide yourself with all necessary knowledge, lest, by and by, when you should be building, you should have your materials to look for, and bring together ; besides, that the habit of studying and thinking, if it be not got in the first part of life, rarely comes afterwards. A man is miserably drawn into the eddy of worldly dissipation, and knows not how to get out of it again,

till, in the end, for want of spiritual exercises, the faculties of the soul are benumbed, and he sinks into indolence, till *the night cometh when no man can work*. Happy, therefore, is the man, who betimes acquires a relish for holy solitude, and accustoms himself to bear the yoke of Christ's discipline in his youth; who can sit alone, and keep silence, and seek wisdom diligently where she may be found, in the Scriptures of faith, and in the writings of the saints. From these flowers of Paradise he extracts the honey of knowledge and divine love, and therewith fills every cell of his understanding and affections. The winter of affliction, disease, and old age, will not surprise such an one in an unprepared state. *He will not* be confounded in the perilous time; and in the days of dearth he will have enough to strengthen, comfort, and support him and his brethen. Precious beyond rubies are the hours of youth and health! Let none of them pass unprofitably away; for surely they make to themselves wings, and are as a bird cutting swiftly the air, and the trace of her can no more be found. If well spent, they fly to heaven with news that rejoice angels, and meet us again as witnesses for us at the tribunal of our Lord. When the graces of time run into the glories of eternity, how trifling will the labour then seem that has procured us (through grace) everlasting rest, for which the apostles toiled night and day, and the martyrs loved not their lives unto death!

These, my dear ———, are my sentiments; would to God my practice were more conformable to them than it is, that I might be less unworthy to advise and exhort others! but I trust the persuasion I have of the truth of what is said above (which every day's experience more and more confirms) will influence my conduct in this particular, and make me more watchful in time to come. In the mean season, I cannot forbear pressing the same upon you, as I should do with my dying breath; since, upon the due proportioning and employing our time, all our progress in grace and knowledge depends.

If there be any thing with regard to the choice or matter of your studies, in which I can assist you, let me know, as you can have no doubt of my being, in all things, most affectionately yours.

END OF VOL III

# ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

*Originally Compiled by the*

REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.

A New Edition

PREPARED BY

*James G. Percival*

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# Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

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# ELEGANT EPISTLES.

## BOOK THE FIFTH.

## RECENT LETTERS.

### SECTION I.

#### FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, DR. JOHNSON, AND OTHERS.

#### LETTER I.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Hatch, 11, 1738.

Madam,

Your grace's very entertaining letter was sent to me at sir Wyndham Knatchbull's, where I have been about three weeks, and propose returning to Mount Morris in a few days. I am as angry as I dare be with your grace, that you did not send any account of those charming fireworks, which I fancy were the prettiest things imaginable. I very much approve your love of variety in trifles, and constancy in things of greater moment. I think you have great reason to call exchange robbery, though the common saying is to the contrary. For my part, who never saw one man that I loved, I scarce imagine I could be fond of a dozen, and come to that unreasonableness so ridiculously set forth in Hippolyto in the Tempest; at present I seldom like above six or eight at a time. I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in one, in the charming vicissitudes of

"Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling;
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling."

Then the surprising and sudden transformation of the obsequious and obedient lover, to the graceful haughtiness and imperiousness of the commanding husband, must be so agreeable a metamorphosis as is not to be equalled in all Ovid's collection, where I do not remember a lamb's being transformed into a bear. Your grace is much to be pitied, who has never known the varieties I mention, but has found all the sincerity of friendship, and complacency of a lover in the same person; and I am sure my lord duke is a most miserable man, who has found one person who has taken away that passion for change, which is the boast and happiness of so many people. Pray tell my lord Dupplin that I never heard of a viscount that was a prophet in my life. I assure you I am not going to tie the fast knot you mention:

whenever I have any thoughts of it I shall acquaint your grace with it, and send you a description of the gentleman with his good qualities and faults in full length. At present I will tell you what sort of a man I desire, which is above ten times as good as I deserve; for gratitude is a great virtue, and I would have cause to be thankful. He should have a great deal of sense and prudence to direct and instruct me, much wit to divert me, beauty to please me, good humour to indulge me in the right, and reprove me gently when I am in the wrong; money enough to afford me more than I can want, and as much as I can wish; and constancy to like me as long as other people do, that is, till my face is wrinkled by age, or scarred by the small pox; and after that I shall expect only civility in the room of love, for as Mrs. Clive sings,

"All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me whilst he can."

When I can meet all these things in a man above the trivial consideration of money, you may expect to hear I am going to change the easy tranquillity of mind I enjoy at present, for a prospect of happiness; for I am like Pygmalion, in love with a picture of my own drawing, but I never saw an original like it in my life; I hope when I do, I shall, as some poet says, find the statue warm.

I am, madam, your most obedient humble servant,

ELIZ. ROBINSON.

## LETTER II.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

—— 1738.

Madam,

As your grace tenders my peace of mind, you will be glad to hear I am not so angry as I was. I own I was much moved in spirit at hearing you neglected your health; but since you have had advice, there is one safe step taken. As for me, I have swallowed the weight of an apothecary in medicine; and what I am the better, except more patient and less credulous, I know not. I have learnt to bear my infirmities, and not to trust to the skill of physicians for curing them. I endeavor to drink deep of philosophy, and to be wise when I cannot be merry, easy when I cannot be glad, content with what cannot be mended, and patient where there is no redress. The mighty can do no more, and the wise seldom do as much. You see I am in the main content with myself, though many would quarrel with such an insignificant, idle, inconsistent person; but I am resolved to make the best of all circumstances around me, that this short life may not be half lost in pains, "well remembering and applying the necessity of dying." Between the periods of birth and burial, I would fain insert a little happiness, a little pleasure, a little peace: to-day is ours, yesterday is past, to-morrow may never come. I wonder people can so much forget death, when all we see before us is but succession; minute succeeds to minute, season to season, summer dies as winter comes. The dial marks the change of hour, every night brings death-like sleep, and morning seems a resurrection; yet, while all changes and decays, we expect no alteration, unapt to live, unready to die, we lose the present and seek the future, ask much for what we have not, thank Providence but little for what we have; our youth has no joy, our middle age no quiet, our old age no ease, no indulgence; ceremony is the tyrant of this day, fashion of the other, business of the next. Little is allowed to freedom, happiness, and contemplation, the adoration of our Creator, the admiration of his works, and the inspection of ourselves. But why should I

trouble your grace with these reflections. What my little knowledge can suggest, you must know better: what my short experience has shown, you must have better observed. I am sure any thing is more acceptable to you than news and compliments, so I always give your grace the present thoughts of my heart. I beg my compliments to lady Oxford, who I hope is better.

I am, madam, your grace's most obedient servant, E. ROBINSON.

## LETTER III.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Mount Morris, Oct. 10, 1739.

Madam,

IT is extremely good of your grace to continue to make me happy at a time when I can neither see nor hear from you. I should have written upon my leaving lady Knatchbull's, but the country and the head-ache are certainly the worst correspondents, as well as the dullest companions, in the world. I have promised continually to trouble you no more, having exhausted all my epistolary matter; but I cannot help expressing my gratitude to my lord duke, who is certainly a person of indefatigable good nature. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you in my way to Bath, and beg you will give orders to your porter to admit me: for if not, as I am grown thin since my indisposition, he will think it is my ghost and shut the door; and if you should afterwards read in your visiting book, Miss Robinson from the shades below, you will guess the meaning of it; but remember I am not going to be dipt in Lethe, but the Bath water. I shall stay but a few days in town, and then proceed with my father and mother to the waters of life and recovery. My papa's chimney-corner hyp will never venture to attack him in a public place; it is the sweet companion of solitude, and the offspring of meditation; the disease of an idle imagination, not the child of hurry and diversion. I am afraid that, with the gayeties of the place, and the spirits the waters give, I shall be perfect *sal volatile*, and open my mouth and evaporate. I wish you and his grace much comfort, and lady Bell much joy upon the occasion of her marriage. I imagine she only waits for the writings. Lawyers, who live by delay, do not consider it is often the death of love. They would rather break an impatient lover's heart, than make a flaw in the writings. Then they think of the jointure, and separation of the turtles, who think they can never part from, or survive each other; at last they are convinced they loved, but the lawyer reasoned. Your grace, by experience, knows what makes matrimony happy; from observation I can tell what makes it miserable. But I can define matrimonial happiness only like wit, by negatives: 'tis not kissing, that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding, that's too sour; 'tis not raillery, that's too bitter; nor the continual shuttlecock of reply, for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to season it to my taste; but I would neither have it tart, nor mawkishly sweet. I should not like to live upon metheglin or verjuice; and then, for that agreeable variety of "sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling," it would be worse than any thing; for recollection would never suffer one either entirely to love them when good, or hate them when bad. I believe your grace will easily suppose I am not a little pleased at escaping the stupidity of a winter in the country. I have heard people speak with comfort of being as merry as a cricket, but for my part I do not find the joy of being cohabitant of the fire side with them.

I am in very good spirits here, and should be so were I in a desert; I borrow from the future the happiness I expect; and from the past, by recollection, bring it back to the present. I can sit and live over those hours I passed so pleasantly with you when I was in town, and in hope enjoy those I may have the pleasure of passing with you again. I was a month at Hatch, where the good humour of the family makes every thing agreeable; we had great variety in the house: children in cradles, and old women in elbow chairs. I think the family may be looked upon like the three tenses, the present, past, and future. I am very glad to hear the marquis and the little ladies are well; I beg my compliments to his grace. The hour for ghosts to rest is come, so I must vanish; I shall appear again in a white sheet of paper ere long; but what can I write from a place where I know nothing but that I am, your grace's humble servant,

E. ROBINSON.

## LETTER IV.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

———1739.

Madam,

As I always acquaint your grace with my motions from place to place, I think it incumbent on me to let you know I died last Thursday; having that day expected to hear of a certain duchess, and being disappointed, I fell into a vexation, and from thence into a chagrin, and from that into a melancholy, with a complicated *et cetera*, and so expired, and have since crossed the Styx, though Charon was loth to receive me into the boat. Pluto inquired into the cause of my arrival; and upon telling him it, he said, *that* lady had sent many lovers there by her cruelty, but I was the first friend who was despatched by her neglect. I thought it proper to acquaint you with my misfortune, and therefore called for the pen and ink Mrs. Rowe had used to write her Letters from the Dead to the Living, and consulted with the melancholy lovers you had sent there before me, what I should say to you. One was for beginning, Obdurate fair; one for addressing you in metre; another in metaphor; but I found these lovers so sublime a set of ghosts, that their advice was of no service to me, so I applied to the other inhabitants of Erebus. I went to Ixion for counsel; but his head was so giddy with turning, he could not give me a steady opinion; Sisyphus was so much out of breath with walking up hill he could not make me an answer. Tantalus was so dry he could not speak to be understood; and Prometheus had such a gnawing at his stomach he could not attend to what I said. Presently after I met Eurydice, who asked me if I could sing a tune, for Pluto had a very good ear, and I might release her for ever, for though

> "Fate had fast bound her,
> With Styx nine times round her,
> Yet singing a tune was victorious."

I told her I had no voice, but that there was one lady Wallingford in the other world, who could sing and play like her own Orpheus, but that I hoped she would not come thither a great while. The Fatal Sisters said they had much fine thread to spin for her yet, and so madam Eurydice must wait with patience.—Charon says the packet-boat is ready, and ghosts will not wait, so I must take my leave of you to my great grief; for, as Bays in the Rehearsal says, ghosts are not obliged to speak sense, I could have added a great deal more. Pluto gives his service, and Proserpine is your humble servant. We live here very elegantly; we dine upon essence like the duke

of Newcastle; we eat and drink the soul and spirit of every thing; we are all thin and well-shaped, but what most surprised me was to see sir Robert Austin,* who arrived here when I did, a perfect shadow; indeed I was not so much amazed that he had gone the way of all flesh, as to meet him in the state of all spirit. At first I took him for sir ———, his cousin; but upon hearing him say how many ton he was shrunk in circumference, I easily found him out. I shall wait patiently till our packet wafts me a letter from your grace: being now divested of passion, I can, as a ghost, stay a post or two under your neglect, though flesh and blood could not bear it. All that remains of me is your faithful shade, E. ROBINSON.

P. S. Pray lay up my letter where it cannot hear the cock crow, or it will vanish, having died a maid.—There are a great many apes who were beaus in your world, and I have a promise of three more who made a fine figure at the last birth-day, but cannot outlive the winter.

Written from Pluto's palace by darkness visible.

## LETTER V.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Bath, Jan. 30, 1740.

Madam,

IT is said, Expectation enhances the value of a pleasure. I think your letters want nothing to add to the satisfaction they give, and I would not have your grace take the method of delay to give a zest to your favours: however, your letter did give me the greatest pleasure; I must have been sunk in insensibility if it had not made me happy. I have long been convinced it was in your power to give me happiness, and I shall begin to think health too, for I have been much better ever since I received it. I hope the duke is entirely well of his new disorder; I am sure his grace will never have it much, for it is a distemper always accompanied by peevishness; and as he has not the smallest grain of that in his composition, he can never have a constitution troubled with the gout. What will this world come to now duchesses drink gin and frequent fairs! I am afraid your gentlemen did not pledge you, or they might have resisted the frost and fatigue by the strength of that comfortable liquor. I want much to know whether your grace got a ride in the flying coach, which is part of the diversion of a fair. I am much obliged to you for wishing me of the party; I should have liked it extremely. When you go again, pray beware of a thaw, lest you should meet with your final dissolution. Lady Berkshire, Mrs. Greville, and her daughter, called upon me yesterday. Every body takes pity on me now I am confined so much. I am much obliged to your grace for forming schemes for me. If any castles come to my share, they must be airy ones, for I have no materials to build them on *terra firma*. I am not a good chimerical architect: and besides, I would rather dwell this summer in a small room in a certain noble mansion near Gerrard's Cross, than in the most spacious building I could have. I shall not be troublesome to you in town; for our stay here will be so long, that our family will hardly go down till the end of May. I have many things to say which can be conveyed to your knowledge by no way but through your ear. The time will come that we shall meet at Philippi. Time, though swift, seems slow while its progress is towards our wishes: if I was at the old gentleman's elbow I should shake his hour-glass

* A very fat man.

to hasten the arrival of April. While I am impatient to see you, I cannot help wondering dean Swift should think it an unreasonable thing for lovers to desire the gods to annihilate both space and time to make two lovers happy. For my part, I have wished, in the more reasonable passion of friendship, the loss of the three months, and at least as many counties, that we might be together. If love, like faith, could remove mountains, you would see me with you by to-morrow morning; except the humorous lieutenant, no one was ever so much in love with one of their own sex, as I am with your grace. If I should ever be half as much enamoured of one of the other, what will become of me in this world,

"Where sighs and tears are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told?"

While Hymen holds by Mammon's charter, my affections would assuredly be slighted, having nothing but myself in the scale, and some few vanities that make me light. What is a woman without gold or fee-simple? A toy while she is young, and a trifle when she is old. Jewels of the first water are good for nothing till they are set: but as for us who are no brilliants, we are nobody's money till we have a foil, and are encompassed with the precious metal. As for the intrinsic value of a woman, few know it, and nobody cares. Lord Foppington appraised all the female virtues, and bought them in under a 1000*l.* sterling; and the whole sex have agreed that no one better understood the value of womankind. I admire the heroic exploits of the *beaus* at the playhouse; but could these Narcissus's break the looking-glass and destroy the image of themselves! Beating the actors off the stage exceeded the valorous enterprise of Don Quixotte when he demolished the puppets. I hear one of the gentlemen (*fortune de la guerre*) was caught in a trap, and descended, ghost-like, under the stage: I fancy he called out, Fight, fight! with as much solemnity as Hamlet's ghost cries, Swear! I think this practical wit is a little dangerous. I hope a law will be made, that no man shall be witty upon another until he fetches blood, or unfurnishes or fires a house, for the jest's sake; for really it becomes necessary to restrain the active genius of our youths; and especially it shall be ordered, that no person be witty if they cannot pay damages, and that unlawful jests, &c. &c. be forborne.—With compliments to my lord duke I take my leave. I am, madam, your grace's, &c.

E. ROBINSON.

## LETTER VI.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to Miss S. Robinson.*

Whitehall, ——.

Dear sister,

I PROPOSE to entertain you with some poetry, therefore you will excuse a lack of prose for this post. I am pretty well in health, but at this present instant not in high spirits; a key below impertinence and talkativeness. However the Muses, fair ladies, and Mr. Lyttleton, a fine gentleman, will entertain you more agreeably. The verses were written at lord Westmoreland's: I think they are pretty. Either I am very partial to the writer, or Mr. Lyttleton has something of an elegance in all his compositions, let the subject be ever so trifling. I believe what he says in praise of solitude and the country is to please Apollo, who, of all employments, preferred that of a shepherd. To Juno he puts up petitions of more pride and ambition; and from Minerva he has not unsuccessfully asked wisdom and the arts of policy. Hap-

py is the genius that can drink inspiration at every stream, and gather similes with every nosegay!

Does the world want odd people, or do we want strange cousins, that the St—nes must increase and multiply? No folly ever becomes extinct, fools do so establish posterity. Mr. S—— has a living of £100 a year, with a prospect of better preferment. He was a great rake, but having been japanned and married, his character is new varnished. I do not comprehend what my cousin means by their little desires; if she had said their little stomachs, it had been some help to their economy. But when people have not sufficient for the necessaries of life, what avails it that they can do without its pomps and superfluities? Mr. B—— came up in the park to me to-day, and asked me if I would give A—— leave to beg my pardon, for that he had ordered him to do it. I desired he would tell him that he was as safe in my contempt as he could be in my forgiveness, and that I had rather not be troubled with him. I thought the valorous captain would put him upon his penitentials; and if A——n's sword was no sharper than his satire, and his courage no greater than his wit, the challenge would not be dangerous. But he is well aware of

"the perils that environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

I really think this fright will give him such a terror of steel, that he will hardly endure the blade of a knife this twelve-month. I hope in his repentance he will not turn his hand to commendation; for though I am not vexed at the spattering of his abuse, I could never endure the daub of his panegyric.

The duchess has presented me with a very fine lace head and ruffles. My duty to papa and mamma. In great haste yours, E. R.

## LETTER VII.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Hayton, May, 5,——

Madam,

In this wicked world your grace will see honest sincerity go generally worse drest than flattery. In the true affection of my heart, I am going to write a long letter upon paper ungilded and unadorned; but truth, as your friend, may visit you in a *dishabille;* and by the length of my paper, and its homeliness, I compliment you with the opinion of your having two rare virtues, patience and humility, to endure and accept such an epistle. I had the pleasure of my lord duke's letter yesterday; all the contents were agreeable, and especially your commands to write, though I am not just in the situation one would wish a correspondent. I wish you could see the furniture of my desk, which is all eaten by the worms. My pen has served the good old man for his accounts these forty years; I can hardly make it write any thing but *imprimis, item, ditto;* if I would thank your grace for the many obligations I have received, it is ready to write a receipt in full; or would I express that you have my entire affection and esteem, it is going to write, for value received; and when I would enumerate your favours, it is in haste to run to the sum total. I believe since the pen was dipped in ink it never made a compliment, or was employed to express one generous sentiment of friendship. It has been worn out in the service of gain; to note pounds, shillings, and pence, with the balance on the side of profit, has been its business. I hear the burlesque of sweet Pamela and her dear master is very

droll; if it has ridiculed them as well as it has Dr. Middleton and his hero, I fancy it must be diverting; but high things are better burlesqued than low; the dedication was really admirable, and I fancy must mortify both the author and the patron. Indeed I believe my friend was the first man that ever complimented a gentleman upon not cramming till he was sick, and not lying in bed longer than he could sleep; but flattery must be at the dinner and the levee of the great. I wish lord H——y may not get the cholic with his vegetable diet; as it turns to vanity and wind, he will be too much puffed up with it. I cannot imagine, after this, how the doctor can ever dedicate a book to the duke of Newcastle, unless he says, as Pope does, that by various methods they aim at praise, and that

"Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm."

I believe many great men have been celebrated for their banquets, but my lord H—— has the honour of being the first who ever recommended himself to an author by his fasting. I had the pleasure yesterday of a long letter from my sister: her eyes are perfectly well, but she has not made any use of them but in writing to me; and, I must tell you, her care made her steep her letter in vinegar, for fear it should prove as fatal as Pandora's present. The caution diverted me extremely, for I thought the letter seemed as if it had been sent for a broken forehead. My mamma made me the first visit last Wednesday. If the weather was more mild I might soon hope to meet my sister, but it confines her at home. I had the satisfaction of hearing from my brother Robinson, last post, that he finds great benefit by the Bath waters; but while I was rejoicing at this good news, he informed me Mrs. Friend had just lost her little daughter by an unhappy accident. I know hers and Mr. Friend's tenderness to be such, that they will be extremely grieved at it, and the aggravation of its not being in the common order of nature will add much to the affliction. If your grace continues to exhort me to write, you must not be surprised if I entertain you with the conversation of the place I am in; you may expect a very good receipt to make cheese and syllabub, or, for your more elegant entertainment, a treatise upon the education of turkeys. I would catch you some butterflies, but I have not seen any pretty ones. I have ordered people upon all our coasts to seek for shells, but have not yet got any pretty ones: if Neptune knew your grace wanted some, he would send his maids of honour, the Nereides, to look for them, and Proteus would take the shape of a shell in hopes of having a place in your grotto; I intend to tell the inhabitants of the deep whom they are for, and they will all assist me; even the Leviathan will not be worse than the judge; if he eats the fish, he will give us the shell. I am sorry Mrs. Pendarvis has left you for the summer; Dash too talks of departing; when they are gone London will lose much of its charms for you, and the country is not yet delightful; even this sweet month, the fairest of the year, does not disclose its beauties. Pray make my compliments to my lord duke, and give a thousand kisses to the dear little ones, and assure them I should be glad to deliver them myself. I hope Mrs. Pendarvis had a long letter from me the beginning of this week. Farewell, my dear lady duchess; farewell is the hardest word in our language, and to you I generally speak it the last of a thousand. I am, dear madam, your most obliged servant,

E. ROBINSON.

## LETTER VIII.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

May 7.

Madam,

I HAD begun a letter to your grace last post, but was interrupted by company; then did I regret having left the humble and quiet habitation to which the idle and the noisy did not resort; and where I had leisure to permit me to do what I did like, and no ceremonious duty to oblige me to do that I did not; for what a mortification to leave writing to you to entertain—whom? Why, an honest boisterous sea captain, his formal wife, most wondrous civil daughter, and a very coxcombical son; the good captain is so honest and so fierce, a bad conscience and a cool courage cannot abide him; he thinks he has a good title to reprove any man that is not as honest, and to beat any man that is not as valiant as himself; he hates every vice of nature but wrath, and every corruption of the times but tyranny; a patriot in his public character, but an absolute and angry monarch in his family; he thinks every man a fool in politics who is not angry, and a knave if he is not perverse: indeed, the captain is well in his element, and may appear gentle compared to the waves and wind, but on the happy quiet shore he seems a perfect whirlwind; he is much fitter to hold converse with the hoarse Boreas in his wintry cavern, than to join in the whispers of Zephyrus in Flora's honeymoon of May. I was afraid, as he walked in the garden, that he would fright away the larks and nightingales; and expected to see a flight of sea-gulls hovering about him; the amphibious pewet found him too much a water animal for his acquaintance, and fled with terror. I was angry to find he was envious of admiral Vernon; but considering his appetite to danger and thirst of glory, I endeavoured to excuse something of the fault; it is fine when danger becomes sport, and hardships voluptuousness. All this is brought about by the magic sound of fame. Dr. Young will tell us the same principle puts the feather in the hat of the beau, which erects the high plume in the helmet of the hero; but if so, how gentle is the enchantment of the pretty man of praise, compared to the high madness of the bold hero of renown! Very safely trips the red-heeled shoe, but most perilous is the tread of honour's boot! But *a-propos*, how do our scarlet *beaus* like this scheme of going abroad? Do the pretty creatures, who mind no other thing but the ladies and the king, like to leave the drawing-room and ridotto for camps and trenches? Should the chance of war bring a slovenly corpse betwixt the wind and their nobility, can they abide it?—Dare they behold friends dead, and enemies living? I think they will die of a panic, and save their enemies' powder. Well, they are proper gentlemen, heaven defend the nunneries! as for the garrisons, they will be safe enough. The father confessors will have more consciences to quiet, than the surgeons will have wounds to dress; I would venture a wager Flanders increases in the christenings more than in the burials of the week. I am your grace's faithful and very affectionate

E. ROBINSON.

## LETTER IX.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Mount Morris, June 25, 1741.

Madam,

I HOPE I shall now be able to write to your grace with more ease than I have done lately: the last time I

wrote to you I was ill, and my eyes were very painful; but now I am happy in the recovery of my eyes, and have no pain or uneasiness but in my heart, which aches for my dearest friend. It owes you so many days of joy and satisfaction, it cannot repine at paying you those sympathizing hours of anguish, which any misfortune that touches you can require. It will be great joy to me to hear you keep your health, and in some degree recover your tranquillity of mind; indeed the best sentiments of nature require you should grieve; but, at the same time, all precedents and examples of fortune demand that you should again be comforted. The law of nature is indispensable, the commands of necessity unavoidable. A comparison is the measure by which we judge. Look on the misfortunes of others: the present public calamity will afford many examples of unhappiness. How many mothers have here lost the only support of their age, and comforts of their life; and by the very messenger whom they hoped to have heard their sons were honoured and advanced by victory and triumph, they learned they were conquered and murthered, a sacrifice to their country!—even thinks their death a fault; and censure speaks so loudly of the action, the gentle voice of pity does not plead for them; this is indeed a death of horrors, when the aid of reflection, the comfort and assistance of friends, and the interposition of repentance and prayers is far off; when religion and hope do not encourage, but terror and dismay are on every side, with haste and confusion, sad convoy to eternity! Is there (for, my dear duchess, you know the tenderest affections of the nearest relation) so sad a case as that of a parent that loses the promise of many years, the flattering hope of a life of care—their only child? Think, too, how many wives this fatal expedition may have robbed of the happiness and the very support of their beings; having now lost their maintenance and friend together, they are left with their children to all the temptations of want and mean insinuations of poverty. If they can withstand these, how many enemies have they still left to cope with! The outrages of the powerful, the insolence of the rich, scorn of the proud, and malice of the uncharitable, all beating against the broken spirit of the unfortunate. Many unhappy sisters must now be deprived of the friend and guardian of their youth, orphans and unfriended before, with only this relation to support them in a world dangerous and malicious to youth; here they were promised the sincerest friendship under the tenderest name, and perhaps hopeful and ambitious for this their dearest object, have persuaded their brother to this life of hazard, and are now left for ever to repent that which they can never redress. How hard is it to avoid misfortunes for those to whom idleness is improper! Where does ambition, or indeed reasonable industry call, that conscience, honour, or safety, is not sometimes hazarded? This world has much of grief; through life we feel it, and in death we give it, to those whom to defend from it we would have lived or died as best were for their interest. But let us, as far as we can, shorten our sorrow and lengthen our joys; it is our duty to do so; our journey is but short, it is well to be guided in it by patience and accompanied by hope, and it will seem easier; long it can't appear: "We are such stuff as dreams are made of; our little life is bounded by a sleep." I must bid your grace adieu much sooner than I would choose, but lord Rockingham is just arrived, and dinner will be upon table in a moment. If I can keep my eyes in a seeing condition, you shall hear

from me constantly. Lady Oxford, I hope, is not entirely cast down. I am, dear madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, faithful, and affectionate servant,

E. ROBINSON.

## LETTER X.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Freind.*

Bullstrode, Tuesday 24th, 1741.

Two so united in my thoughts shall not be separated in my words; so, my good cousins, accept my salutations from the country. I took leave of our smoky metropolis on Monday morning, and changed the scene for one better suited to the season. The agreeable freedom I live in, and the rural beauties of the place, would persuade me I was in the plains of Arcadia; but the magnificence of the building, under whose gilded roofs I dwell, have a pomp far beyond pastoral. In one thing I fall short of Chloe and Phillis, I have no *Pastor fido*, no languishing Corydon to sigh with the zephyrs, and complain to the murmuring brooks; but those things are unnecessary to a heart taken up, and sufficiently softened by friendship.—Here I know Mrs. Freind and you shake your heads, and think a little *bergerie* a proper amusement for the country; but, in my opinion, friendship is preferable to love. The presence of a friend is delightful, their absence supportable; delicacy without jealousy, and tenderness without weakness, transports without madness, and pleasure without satiety.—No fear that caprice should destroy what reason established; but even time, which perfects friendship, destroys love. I may now say this to you, who, from constant lovers, are become faithful friends. I congratulate your change; to have passed from hope to security, and from admiration to esteem. If you knew the charming friend I am with, you would not wonder at my encomiums upon friendship, which she makes one taste in its greatest perfection. I have greater pleasure in walking in these fine gardens because they are hers; and indeed the place is very delightful. I am sorry to think I have lost so much sunshine in town. Society and coal fires are very proper for frost; but solitude and green trees for summer. Then the *care selve beate** come in season, and Philomel sings sweeter than Farinelli. The beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, are better company than the *beau monde;* and a butterfly and a magpye, in my opinion, are at all times better company than a fop or a coxcomb. It is the necessity of the one to be gaudy, and of the other to chatter; but where folly and foppery are by choice, my contempt must attend the absurdity. I like an owl, very often, better than an alderman; a spaniel better than a courtier; and a hound is more sagacious than a fox-hunter; for a fox-hunter is only the follower of another creature's instinct, and is but a second instrument in the important affair of killing a fox. I could say a great deal more of them, if supper was not ready; so leaving you to balance their merits, and determine their sagacity, I must take my leave, only desiring my compliments to Mrs. Freind and the Doctor; if at his years and wisdom, things so trifling as women and compliments can take any place in his remembrance. Pray let me hear from the writing half very soon; the husband is always allowed to be the head, and I think in your family he is the hand too. A letter directed to Bullstrode, by Gerrard's bag, will

* Dear happy woods.

find and rejoice your most faithful friend and affectionate cousin,

ELIZ. ROBINSON.*

## LETTER XI.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Rev. Dr. Shaw, F. R. S., &c. &c.*†

Rev. Sir,

You will perhaps think me rather too hasty in my congratulations if I wish you joy of going to be married, whereas it is generally usual to stay till people really are so before we offer to make our compliments. But joy is a very transitory thing; therefore I am willing to seize upon the first occasion: and as I imagine you are glad you are going to be married, I wish you joy of that gladness; for whether you will be glad after you are married is more than mortal wight can determine; and having prepared myself to rejoice with you, I should be loth to defer writing till, perhaps, you were become sorrowful; I must therefore in prudence prevent your espousals. I would not have you imagine I shall treat matrimony in a ludicrous manner; it is impossible for a man, who, alas! has had two wives, to look upon it as a jest, or think it a light thing; indeed it has several advantages over a single life. You, that have made many voyages, know that a tempest is better than a dead calm; and matrimony teaches many excellent lessons, particularly patience and submission, and brings with it all the advantages of reproof, and the great profit of remonstrances. These indeed are only temporal benefits;—but besides, any wife will save you from purgatory, and a diligent one will secure heaven to you. If you would atone for your sins, and do a work meet for repentance, *marry*. Some people wonder how Cupid has been able to wound a person of your prowess; you, who wept not with the crocodile, listened not to the sirens, stared the basilisk in the face, whistled to the rattlesnake, went to the masquerade with Proteus, danced the hays with Scylla and Charybdis, taught the dog of the Nile to fetch and carry, walked cheek-by-jowl with a lion, made an intimacy with a tiger, wrestled with a bear, and, in short, have lived like an owl in the desert, or a pelican in the wilderness; after defying monsters so furious and fell, that you should be overcome by an arrow out of a little urchin's quiver, is amazing! Have you not beheld the mummies of the beauteous Cleopatra, and of the fair consorts of the Ptolemies, without one amorous sigh! And now to fall a victim to a mere modern human widow is most unworthy of you!—What qualities has a woman, that you have not vanquished! Her tears are not more apt to betray than those of the crocodile, she is hardly as deceitful as the Siren, less deadly, I believe, than the basilisk or rattlesnake, scarce as changeable as Proteus, nor more dangerous than Scylla and Charybdis, as docile and faithful as the dog of the Nile, sociable as the lion, and mild, sure, as the tiger! As her qualities are not more deadly than those of the animals you have despised, what is it that has conquered you? Can it be her beauty?—Is she as handsome as the empress of the woods? as well accommodated as the many-chambered sailor? or as skilful as the nautilus? You will find many a creature by earth, air, and water, that is more beautiful

* This letter properly belongs to a former year, and to some previous visit to Bullstrode; but having no other date than Tuesday, 24th, the year cannot be ascertained. The date 1741, is added to recall to the reader the progress of the series.

† This anonymous letter was written by Miss Robinson, and sent to Dr. Shaw, the traveller, at the instigation, and for the amusement of the duchess of Portland and her society.

than a woman; but indeed she is composed of all elements, and,

> "Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin,
> And great's thy danger, Thomas Bruin."

But you will tell me she has all the beauties in nature united in her person; as ivory in her forehead, diamonds in her eyes, &c.

> "But where's the sense, direct or moral,
> That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?"

If she is a dowdy, what can you do with her? If she is a beauty, what will she do for you? A man of your profession might know the lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin; if she is rich she won't buy you, if she is poor I dont see why she should borrow you. But I fear, I am advising in vain, while your heart, like a fritter, is frying in fat in Cupid's flames. How frail and weak is flesh! else, sure, so much might have kept in one little heart; had Cupid struck the lean, or the melancholy, I had not lamented; but true Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, merry Jack Falstaff, *fat Jack* Falstaff, beware the foul fiend, they call it Marriage, beware on't! As what I have advanced on the subject of matrimony is absolutely unanswerable, I need not tell you where to direct a letter for me, nor will I, in my pride, declare who I am that give you this excellent counsel; but, that you may not despair of knowing where to address your thanks for such an extraordinary favour, I will promise, that before you find a courtier without deceit, a patriot without spleen, a lawyer without quibble, a philosopher without pride, a wit without vanity, a fool without presumption, or any man without conceit, you shall find the true name of your well-wisher and faithful counsellor,

———

## LETTER XII.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Nov. 5.

Madam,

My heart and hand are too much yours to permit me to employ another's to dictate, or write to your grace, when I am able to do it. I had your letter, for which I am obliged to you: I feel all the sensibility of friendship when I reflect you are unhappy. I hope my lord duke will have no more of the complaint in his stomach. Lady Oxford really knows her remedy, and I hope you will prevail upon her ladyship to go to Bath. I had not any letter from Dr. Sandys, but you know he has always a very tedious labour when he goes of a letter. I wish he was well delivered of this, for I am impatient to know my doom; whether I am to sit here, like Patience on a monument, or may be allowed, in my quondam character of a Fidget, to bustle into the bustling world. My appetite for the country is satisfied, and I should like to see London fine town again; and I shall be a poor wife (pity, but for the verse, it were maiden) forsaken,

> "Yet must bear a contented mind,
> But when leave of me he has taken,
> I can't have another as kind:"

the last line sets forth the melancholy circumstance. As for single ladies, the loss of a lover is nothing; for, as Millamont says, one makes as many as one pleases, and keeps them as long as one pleases; but it is worth while to take care of a good husband, for they are reckoned rarities. I am pretty well at present, but I don't much like this sort of constitution. I believe Sandys would not tell his wife a secret for fear she should go abroad to tell it; and, you know, he loves she should sit, like sober puss in the corner, to offend all those who

would annoy the cheese, or other good things in his cupboard; for, I guess it is from some principle of economy that he keeps her at home.

I am, madam, your grace's faithful, humble servant, E. M.

## LETTER XIII.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Allerthorpe, Nov. 19, 1742.

Madam,

WHAT prophets are my fears! they whispered to me your grace was not well, and I find their suggestions were true. Hard state of things, that one may believe one's fears, but cannot rely upon one's hopes! I imagined concern would have an ill effect on your constitution: I know you have many pledges in the hands of fate, and I feared for you, and every thing that was near and dear to you. I am sensible your regard and tenderness for lady Oxford will make you suffer extremely when you see her ill; she has therefore a double portion of my good wishes, on her own and your grace's account. When sensibility of heart and head makes you feel all the outrages that fortune and folly offer, why do you not envy the thoughtless giggle and unmeaning smile? "In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy." Wisdom's cup is often dashed with sorrow, but the nepenthe of stupidity is the only medicine of life; fools neither are troubled with fear nor doubt. What did the wisdom of the wisest man teach him? Verily, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit! A painful lesson fools will never learn, for they are of all vanities most vain. And there is not so sweet a companion as that same vanity; when we go into the world it leads us by the hand; if we retire from it, it follows us; it meets us at court, and finds us in the country; commends the hero that gains the world, and the philosopher that forsakes it; praises the luxury of the prodigal, and the prudence of the penurious; feasts with the voluptuous, fasts with the abstemious, sits on the pen of the author, and visits the paper of the critic; reads dedications, and writes them; makes court to superiors, receives homage of inferiors; in short it is useful, it is agreeable, and the very thing needful to happiness; had Solomon felt some inward vanity, sweet sounds had been ever in his ears without the voices of men-singers, or women-singers; he had not then said of laughter, what is it? and of mirth, what doeth it? Vanity, and a good set of teeth, would have taught him the ends and purposes of laughing, that fame may be acquired by it, where, like the proposal for the grinning wager,

> "The frightfulest grinner
> Is the winner."

Did not we think lady C—— would get nothing by that broad grin but the tooth-ache? But vanity, profitable vanity, was her better counsellor; and as she always imagined the heart of a lover was caught between her teeth, I cannot say his delay is an argument of her charms, or his gallantry, but she has him secure by an old proverb, that what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh, and no doubt but this love was bred in the bone, even in the jaw-bone. No wonder if tame, weak man, is subdued by that weapon with which Samson killed the mighty lion. Mr. Montagu got well to London on Monday night. I am glad your facetious senator has gone to Parliament, where all his conversation will be yea, yea, and nay, nay; and even of that cometh evil sometimes. Time will not allow me to lengthen this

epistle with any thing more than my sister's compliments to your grace.

I am, madam, yours, &c.

E. M.

## LETTER XIV.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.*

Nov. 28, 1742.

Madam,

I AM very sorry I have not received all the letters your grace has been so good as to write to me; Fate received them into her left hand, and I am deprived of them. I am glad to hear your spirits are better; may circling Joys dance round your fire-side,

"With Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides!"

for life is too short to allow for melancholy fears and intruding cares, which are apt to fill up the youthful time, when we are fittest for happiness. Age will bring its solemn train of woe; let us therefore admit all Youth's gay company, smiling Joy, cheerful Mirth, and happy Hope; life's early Hours come dancing along with their fair partner Pleasure; but in the evening of our day they tread a heavy measure, dragging after them weak Infirmity and sad Regret,

"Expense, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair."

I grieve whenever I think your mind is pained; all infirmities and diseases of the body are nothing compared to anguish of heart. I am now in the highest content; my little brothers are to go to Westminster as soon as the holidays are over, and what adds still to my pleasure in this is, that Jacky's going is owing to Mr. Montagu's intercession for him with my father, who did not design his going to Westminster till next year: our youngest, I believe, is to go out with our new captain. I would give a great deal for a *tête-à-tête* with your grace, *mais helas! ma pauvre tête n'est pas une tête ailée.* It would have been a strange and unnatural thing that Dr. Sandys' letter should have miscarried; my faith has swallowed his advice, and my throat his pills; so I have endured the country and taken his physic, very unpalatable things both. I am pretty well, but I do not like to sit like puss in the corner, all the winter, to watch what may prove a mouse, though I am no mountain. I am rejoiced lady Kinnoul, and the young ladies, are with you. I cannot boast of the numbers that adorn our fire-side; my sister and I are the principal figures! besides, there is a round table, a square skreen, some books, and a work-basket, with a smelling bottle when morality grows musty, or a maxim smells too strong, as sometimes they will in ancient books. I had a letter to-day from Mr. Montagu, in which he flatters me with the hopes of seeing him at Christmas. I hear your grace's porter says you will not leave Welbeck these two months, and Elias is no lying man. I know, full well, however he may deny you by parcels, he will not thus in the gross: so, I imagine, you will not be in London this age, which makes me more contented with being in the country.—My lady Croakledom is croaking on the banks of Styx, where, with Cerberus's barking mouths, and Tisiphone's *belle chevelure* she will make most pleasant melody: with such a noise in his ears how glad would Plu to be if Orpheus would give him a tune once more! Lady Limerick, imagining I came to town with Mr. Montagu, sent an excuse, that being ill, she had not been able to make me a visit. I guess it would raise great speculations why I was not come up, and had you been within question-shot, the good countess had popped off a volley upon you, I make

no doubt. I hear lord Cobham and lord Gower are going to resign; and, I hope, with less regret than I resign my pen; but the letters are sent for. Time is a monarch that commands, as many sovereigns do, to the vexation and detriment of their subjects; therefore to show my loyalty to King Time, I must obey his minister, the hour, that commands my letter hence. My sister desires her compliments.

I am, my dear lady duchess, your most grateful and affectionate

E. MONTAGU.

## LETTER XV.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to Mrs. Donnellan.*

York, August, 1744.

I AM now writing to you from the very place from whence I began my journey of life. You will think that I may feel some uneasiness on the reflection of returning to this place, after so many years wandering through the world, with so little improvement and addition of merit, which is all that time leaves behind it. Too true it is that reflection has given some pain, and cost me a sigh or two; but it is some comfort that my blank page has not been blotted with the stains of vice; if any good deeds shall ever be written there, they will be legible, and suffer no various interpretations even from critics. Twenty-two years and ten months ago I was just the age my son is now: as his way through life will lie through the high roads of ambition and pleasure, he will hardly pass so unspotted, but, I hope, a better-informed traveller than I have done through my little private path. His account will consist of many articles, pray God the balance may be right! I would have him think joy is for the pure of heart, and not giddily sacrifice the smallest part of integrity in hope of making large amends by deeds of estimation. But thus it is always with his sex, and a man thinks it is no more necessary to be as innocent as a woman, than to be as fair. Poor little man, may Heaven protect him! I wish he may be of as contented a spirit at the same age as his mother; and that his cheerfulness too may arise, not from love of himself, but from the possession of good and amiable friends. I would, to this purpose, wish him as many brothers, but I have some private objections arising from self-love against that wish, so I will leave that to his merit and discernment, which to me has arisen from accident. I ought to have epistolized you before I came so near the end of my journey, but we filled up our time with seeing all the places that lay within our route; the first was Oxford, which you know so well I shall say nothing about it, nor would the Muses permit my grey goose quill to describe their sacred haunt. From thence we went to Stowe, of which so much has been said and written. I shall only tell you how I was affected by the gardens, of which probably neither verse nor prose writer would ever inform you. It is indeed a princely garden, more like, I believe, to that where the sapient king held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse, than to Paradise: its beauties are the effects of expense and taste; the objects you see are various, yet the result is not variety. Lord Cobham has done by his garden as kings do by their subjects, made difference by title and artificial addition, where nature made none; yet altogether it is a pleasing scene, where a philosophic mind would enjoy full happiness, the disappointed ambitious some consolation. The buildings are many of them censured by connoisseurs as bad; however, their intention and use is good; they are, for the most part, dedicated to the memory of the wise, the good, and great; so they

raise in the ambitious a noble emulation, in the humble a virtuous veneration: kinds of homage that mend the heart that pays them. From Stowe we went to my brother Montagu's in Leicestershire, where we passed a week very agreeably. The next place we saw was T——; the house is large, but the company it has of late received makes one see it with prejudice; the luxury of a hogstye must be disgustful; indeed I was glad to get out of the house, every creature in it, and every thing one saw was displeasing; as to the park, it wants nature's cheerful livery, the sprightly green; the famous cascade did not please me, who have seen some made by the bounteous hand of Nature, to which man's magnificence is poor and *chetive*. From hence we came to York, where we have just been viewing the cathedral; of all the gothic buildings I ever saw, the most noble, taken together, or considered in parts. Gothic architecture, like gothic government, seems to make strength and power of resistance its chief pride; this noble cathedral looks as if it might defy the consuming power of all-devouring Time. We are to visit the fine assembly room before we leave York, which, I hear, is built in the manner of an Egyptian hall, or banqueting-room. Dr. Shaw would tell us in what place Cleopatra would have chosen to sit. I must put an end to my letter, which has been something in the style of the raree-showman, "you shall see what you shall see." I am, dear madam, your most sincere and faithful humble servant, E. MONTAGU.

## LETTER XVI.

*Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of ——.*

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself (dear sister) that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had *voitures* to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificer's doors are placed seats of various coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that, I'll assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognito*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. It is certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchant ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandize, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself that I am still so

near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear sister, and if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you I am your affectionate sister.

## LETTER XVII.

### *Lady Mary W. Montague to Mrs. S——.*

Hague, Aug. 5, O. S. 1716.

I MAKE haste to tell you, dear madam, that after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleased with my journey. We take care to make such short stages every day, that I rather fancy myself upon parties of pleasure than upon the road, and sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The *Voor-hout* is, at the same time, the Hyde Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, &c. I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not tease you with their descriptions. I dare swear you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon, for not obeying your commands, in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can yet find none, that is not dearer than you may buy it in London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of pennyworths, and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness, being, dear madam, &c. &c.

## LETTER XVIII.

### *Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs. S. C.*

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S., that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this

town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed, in the same manner, with trees and gardens. The tower, they call Julius Cæsar's, has the same situation with Nottingham Castle; and I cannot help fancying I see from it the Trent field, Adboulton, places so well known to us. It is true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, it is a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidere, where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages.—They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all. I was yesterday at the French church and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat, in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of what d'ye call him, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff as t'other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed, by some of his flock, that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe by this time you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S., always remember me, and be assured I can never forget you, &c. &c.

## LETTER XIX.

### *Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady* ———.

Cologne, Aug. 16, O. S. 1716.

If my lady ——— could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but it was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologne; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not better than a hovel, for though I have my bed with me, I had no mind to undress where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day break, and about six this morning, came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town; that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing. This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuit's church, which is

the neatest, was showed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me, having never before seen any thing of that nature. I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all massy silver), and the enchasures of the relics, though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished the wench herself converted into dressing plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver, a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern. These were my pious reflections; though I was well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw bones and bits of wormeaten wood. Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

## LETTER XX.

*Lady Mary W. Montague to Mrs. P——.*

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, that I am persuaded I owe, in part, to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my long journey without any ill accident. For I do not reckon it any to have been stopped a few days in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly madame ——, the wife of our king's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies; and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here. You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them; and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels, among the perquisites of his employment. You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important piques, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them, the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party.

But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though if I was to stay amongst them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to, and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advertising them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference. And, indeed, I began to think myself ill natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that it is publicly whispered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days. I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relics, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they show round their relics and images are most of them false; though they tell you that many of the crosses and madonas, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of emperors and other great princes. I do not doubt indeed but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass amongst these relics. They showed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin, and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that showed it, whether the griffin was a saint? The question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, they only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalized at a large silver image of the Trinity, where the Father is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the Son, fixed on the cross, and the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him. Madame —— is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c &c.

## LETTER XXI.

*Lady M. W. Montague to Mr. P—*

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.

PERHAPS you will laugh at me, for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. It is certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to take you in earnest as I am at present, and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on it, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Do not fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of

the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita, and I was so much pleased with it, I have not repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe, what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for great variety of machines and changes of scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house can hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broke off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death. But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are, in as high a degree, ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitryon. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it, and besides I took with me a lady that had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant was, the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitryon, but instead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitryon's tailor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitryon's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I do not think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece. I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier. I will not trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as curtsies at leaving a room when the visit has been too long already.

## LETTER XXII.

*Lady Mary W. Montague to the Lady R——.*

Vienna, Sept. 20, 1716, O. S.

I AM extremely rejoiced, but not at all surprised, at the long, delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me when you do not see me. I have compassion for the mortifications, that you tell me befel our little old friend; and I pity her much more, since I know that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay even grey hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young fellow of five-and-twenty ogling my lady S-ff—k with passion, or pressing to hand the countess of O———d from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I do not perceive any body surprised at them but myself. A woman till five-and-thirty is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I do not know what your ladyship may think of this matter, but it is a considerable comfort to me to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear no where else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion the pitiful case of too many English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratifia, whom if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would still shine in the first rank of beauties.

## LETTER XXIII.

*From Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs. J——.*

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably surprised than by your obliging letter.—It is a peculiar mark of my esteem, that I tell you so; and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent; and I believe I disobliged no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones. Yet, in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with the proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dullness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they show all their passions; and it is not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot rather than yield, in a point of that importance,

that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both out in chairs exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour; and they do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own, and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the shes that can number amongst their ancestors counts of the empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to get them husbands. It is true, as to money, it is seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the woman's portion to two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English), and whatever they have beside, remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are however obliged to allow them pin-money agreeable to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative the liberty that they take upon other occasions. I am sure you, that know my laziness and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, entangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burthen to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having by their own customs the *pas* before them all. They, indeed, so revenge upon the poor envoys this great respect shown to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which however employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably time slides away with me; you know as well as I do the taste of yours, &c. &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

### *From Lady M. W. Montague to Mr. ——.*

Vienna, Oct. 16, O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not that I do not know how many thanks are due to you for it, or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, showing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you. I have seen every thing that was to be seen, with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late prince of Lichtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. It is true, the empe-

ror has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his Treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures; but the most valuable pictures are a few of Correggio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They showed me there a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful and of uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that showed them, that they were ancient enough, for to his knowledge they had been there these forty years; but the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoke very wisely to the emperor Leopold. I will not trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber, but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone, that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions. I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter; and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dullness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of your, &c. &c.

## LETTER XXV.

*From Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of ——.*

Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proof of my sincere affection for her; but I am sure if you do, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post travelling.—The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian king, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its ancient splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expense of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted), at very moderate rates, all things here being in great abundance, especially the best wild-fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London: that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. It is not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "This is a woman," for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "This is a bear." I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

*From Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of ——.*

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place. You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moonshine the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife not to wake Mr. W——y, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived by the bright light of the moon, our postillions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on the full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. W——y, and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me, that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since, that it is common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our destiny, and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write. After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir ——, our king's envoy, came to see me here, and madame de L——, whom

I knew in London, when her husband was minister to the king of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London: they are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have, generally, pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudieres* in the whole world; they would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence; and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a packet.—She was mistress to the king of Poland (elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most, but she consented to leave her husband, and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly in such a manner as by their laws permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but it is certain the king had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could signify no thing during the life of the queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country she has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed, and has at last provoked the king to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a straight imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits; which it is supposed will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. W——y's business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the Protestant religion, but every thing seemed to me with quite another way of politeness than I have found in other places. *Leipsic*, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade, and I take this opportunity of buying pages' liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c.; all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna, partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of

genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there, so that the ladies are obliged to send even for their shoes out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town; but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you will willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you will ask me what is a ravelin? and what is a bastion?—Adieu, my dear sister.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of ——.*

Brunswick, Nov. 23, O. S. 1716.

I AM just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the duke of Wolfenbuttle's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empresses to Germany. I have not forgot to drink your health here in mum, which I think very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have writ to you during my journey; and I declare to you, that if you do not send me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances amongst our London acquaintance, I will not write you any description of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night), though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than any other.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*From Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of B.*

Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you, the packet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young prince has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the king came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said, joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome: but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, it is

very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen, so common among us, nor any thing like a country-gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremberg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The king's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world. Dear madam, your L. &c. &c.

## LETTER XXIX.

*Lady Mary W. Montague to the Lady R——.*

Hanover, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear lady R——, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. It is true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. W—— is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him. I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have, literally, rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eyebrows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away, by too near approaching the fire, which they, for that reason, carefully avoid, though it is now such excessive cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial. The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their *traineaus*. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and a gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the *traineau*, are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds English. The duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court: you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empress, who is,

I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court for the loss of the archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter. Adieu, dear lady R——, continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon your, &c.

## LETTER XXX.

### *Lady M. W. Montague to Mr. Pope.*

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in all the hurry of preparing for my journey; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. It is true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle. How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them.——Pray be so good as to tell Mr. ——— I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live, I will answer it. The same compliment to my lady R——.

## LETTER XXXI.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston.**

Sept. 25, 1750.

Dear sir,

You have, as I find, by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother, and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mr. Strahan; and think I do myself honour when I tell you that I read them with tears; but tears are neither to me nor to you of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit, which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard, and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death: a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent; and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope that you may increase her happiness by obeying her precepts: and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instructions or ex-

* Translator of Martial, Bossuet, &c. and formerly master of an academy at Kensington.

ample have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God: yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that union, which has received the divine approbation, shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient, by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come: for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER XXXII.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston.*

Dear sir,

I CANNOT but confess the failure of my correspondence; but hope the same regard, which you express for me on every other occasion, will incline you to forgive me. I am often, very often ill; and when I am well, am obliged to work; but, indeed, have never much used myself to punctuality. You are, however, not to make such kind of inferences, when I forbear to reply to your kindness; for be assured, I never receive a letter from you without great pleasure, and a very warm sense of your generosity and friendship, which I heartily blame myself for not cultivating with more care. In this, as in many other cases, I go wrong in opposition to conviction; for I think scarce any temporal good equally to be desired with the regard and familiarity of worthy men, and hope we shall be some time nearer to each other, and have a more ready way of pouring out our hearts.

I am glad that you still find encouragement to persevere in your publication,* and shall beg the favour of six more volumes to add to my former six, when you can with any convenience send them me. Please to present a set in my name to Mr. Ruddiman,† of whom I hear that his learning is not his highest excellence.

I have transcribed the mottos, and returned them, I hope not too late, of which I think many very happily performed. Mr. Cave has put the last in the Magazine,‡ in which I think he did well. I beg of you to write soon, and to write often, and to write long letters; which I hope in time to repay you, but you must be a patient creditor. I have, however, this of gratitude, that I think of you with regard, when I do not perhaps give the proofs which I ought of piety. Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant, &c.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Dr. Taylor.*

March 18, 1752

Dear sir,

LET me have your company and

* This was of the Rambler, at Edinburgh, to which Mr. Elphinston translated the mottos.

† A very learned writer, author of several historical and philological works. He died January 1757.

‡ See Gent. Mag. Oct. 1752.

your instruction. Do not live away from me; my distress is great.

Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I should buy for my mother and miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the help of man. I am, dear sir, &c.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### *Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby.*

January 1, 1755.

Dearest madam,

THOUGH I am afraid your illness leaves you little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year; and to declare my wishes, that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish, indeed, I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes: yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications to, dearest, dearest madam, yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXV.

### *Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby.*

Jan. 3, 1755.

Dearest madam,

NOBODY but you can recompense me for the distress which I suffered on Monday night. Having engaged Dr. Lawrence to let me know, at whatever hour, the state in which he left you, I concluded, when he staid so long, that he staid to see my dearest expire. I was composing myself as I could to hear what yet I hoped not to hear, when his servant brought me word that you were better. Do you continue to grow better? Let my dear little Miss inform me on a card. I would not have you write lest it should hurt you, and consequently hurt likewise, dearest madam, your, &c.

## LETTER XXXVI.

### *Dr. Johnson to the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.*

February, 1755.

My lord,

I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;* —that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have

* The conqueror of the conqueror of the earth.

been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance,* one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it;† till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

* The following note is subjoined by Mr. Langton.—Dr. Johnson, when he gave me this copy of his letter, desired that I would annex to it his information to me, that whereas it is said in the letter that 'no assistance has been received,' he did once receive from lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds; but as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was.

† In this passage Dr. Johnson evidently alludes to the loss of his wife.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Dr. Johnson to Miss ******.*

July 19, 1755.

Madam,

I KNOW not how liberally your generosity would reward those who should do you any service, when you can so kindly acknowledge a favour which I intended only to myself. That accidentally hearing that you were in town, I made haste to enjoy an interval of pleasure, which I found would be short, was the natural consequence of that self-love which is always busy in quest of happiness; of that happiness which we often miss when we think it near, and sometimes find when we imagine it lost. When I had missed you, I went away disappointed; and did not know that my vexation would be so amply repaid by so kind a letter. A letter indeed can but imperfectly supply the place of its writer, at least of such a writer as you; and a letter which makes me still more desire your presence, is but a weak consolation under the necessity of living longer without you: with this however I must be for a time content, as much content at least as discontent will suffer me; for Mr. Baretti being a single being in this part of the world, and entirely clear from all engagements, takes the advantage of his independence and will come before me; for which if I could blame him, I should punish him; but my own heart tells me that he only does to me, what, if I could, I should do to him.

I hope Mrs. ——, when she came to her favourite place, found her house dry, and her woods growing, and the breeze whistling, and the birds singing, and her own heart dancing. And for you, madam, whose heart cannot yet dance to such music, I know not what to hope; in-

deed I could hope every thing that would please you, except that perhaps the absence of higher pleasures is necessary to keep some little place vacant in your remembrance for, madam, your, &c.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby.*

Dec. 30, 1755.

Dear madam,

IT is again midnight, and I am again alone. With what meditation shall I amuse this waste hour of darkness and vacuity? If I turn my thoughts upon myself, what do I perceive but a poor helpless being, reduced by a blast of wind to weakness and misery? How my present distemper was brought upon me I can give no account, but impute it to some sudden succession of cold to heat; such as in the common road of life cannot be avoided, and against which no precaution can be taken.

Of the fallaciousness of hope, and the uncertainty of schemes, every day gives some new proof; but it is seldom heeded, till something rather felt than seen awakens attention. This illness, in which I have suffered something and feared much more, has depressed my confidence and elation; and made me consider all that I have promised myself, as less certain to be attained or enjoyed. I have endeavoured to form resolutions of a better life; but I form them weakly, under the consciousness of an external motive. Not that I conceive a time of sickness a time improper for recollection and good purposes, which I believe diseases and calamities often sent to produce, but because no man can know how little his performance will answer to his promises; and designs are nothing in human eyes till they are realized by execution.

Continue, my dearest, your prayers for me, that no good resolution may be vain. You think, I believe, better of me than I deserve. I hope to be in time what I wish to be; and what I have hitherto satisfied myself too readily with only wishing.

Your billet brought me what I much wished to have, a proof that I am still remembered by you at the hour in which I most desire it.

The doctor is anxious about you. He thinks you too negligent of yourself; if you will promise to be cautious, I will exchange promises, as we have already exchanged injunctions. However, do not write to me more than you can easily bear; do not interrupt your ease to write at all.

Mr. Fitzherbert sent to-day to offer me some wine; the people about me say I ought to accept it; I shall therefore be obliged to him if he will send me a bottle.

There has gone about a report that I died to-day, which I mention, lest you should hear it and be alarmed. You see that I think my death may alarm you; which for me is to think very highly of earthly friendship. I believe it arose from the death of one of my neighbours. You know Des Cartes's argument. "I think, therefore I am." It is as good a consequence, "I write, therefore I am alive." I might give another, "I am alive, therefore I love miss Boothby;" but that I hope our friendship may be of far longer duration than life. I am, dearest madam, with sincere affection, your, &c.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*From Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby.*

Dec. 30.

My sweet angel,

I HAVE read your book, I am afraid you will think without any great im-

provement; whether you can read my notes I know not. You ought not to be offended: I am, perhaps, as sincere as the writer. In all things that terminate here I shall be much guided by your influence, and I should take or leave by your direction; but I cannot receive my religion from any human hand. I desire, however, to be instructed, and am far from thinking myself perfect.

I beg you to return the book when you have looked into it. I should not have written what is in the margin, had I not had it from you, or had I not intended to show it you.

It affords me a new conviction, that in these books there is little new except new forms of expression; which may be sometimes taken, even by the writer, for new doctrines. I sincerely hope that God, whom you so much desire to serve aright, will bless you, and restore you to health, if he sees it best. Surely no human understanding can pray for any thing temporal, otherwise than conditionally. Dear angel, do not forget me. My heart is full of tenderness.

It has pleased God to permit me to be much better; which I believe will please you.

Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy, and I think a very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr. Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel, finely powdered, divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner; the best way is perhaps to drink it in a glass of hot red-port, or to eat it first, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder, it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and, if not found useful, easily left off.

I would not have you offer it to the doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders: yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is, in my opinion, very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm; do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a-day, will be sufficient to begin, or less if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces: but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes.—Has the doctor mentioned the bark? in powder you could hardly take it, perhaps you might take the infusion.

Do not think me troublesome. I am full of care. I love you and honour you; and am very unwilling to lose you. *A Dieu je vous recommende.* I am, madam, your, &c.

My compliments to my dear Miss.

## LETTER XL.

### *Dr. Johnson to James Boswell, Esq.*

[Not dated, but written about the 15th of March.]

Dear Sir,

I AM ashamed to think that since I received your letter I have passed so many days without answering it.

I think there is no great difficulty in resolving your doubts. The reasons for which you are inclined to visit London, are, I think, not of sufficient strength to answer the objections. That you should delight to come once a year to the fountain of intelligence and pleasure is very natural; but both information and pleasure must be regulated by propriety. Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unreasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain: and pleasure, which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

What improvement you might gain by coming to London, you may easily supply or easily compensate, by enjoining yourself some particular study at home, or opening some new avenue to information. Edinburgh is not yet exhausted; and I am sure you will find no pleasure here, which can deserve either that you should anticipate any part of your future fortune, or that you should condemn yourself and your lady to penurious frugality for the rest of the year.

I need not tell you what regard you owe to Mrs. Boswell's entreaties; or how much you ought to study the happiness of her, who studies yours with so much diligence, and of whose kindness you enjoy such good effects. Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions. She permitted you to ramble last year; you must permit her now to keep you at home.

Your last reason is so serious, that I am unwilling to oppose it. Yet you must remember, that your image of worshipping once a year in a certain place, in imitation of the Jews, is but a comparison, and *simile non est idem*;* if the annual resort to Jerusalem was a duty to the Jews, it was a duty because it was commanded; and you have no such command, therefore no such duty. It may be dangerous to receive too readily, and indulge too fondly, opinions from which perhaps no pious mind is wholly disengaged, of local sanctity and local devotion. You know what strange effects they have produced over a great part of the Christian world. I am now writing, and you, when you read this, are reading, under the eye of Omnipresence.

To what degree fancy is to be admitted into religious offices, it would require much deliberation to determine. I am far from intending totally to exclude it. Fancy is a faculty bestowed by our Creator; and it is reasonable, that all his gifts should be used to his glory, that all our faculties should co-operate in his worship; but they are to co-operate according to the will of him that gave them, according to the order which his wisdom has established. As ceremonies prudential or convenient are less obligatory than positive ordinances, as bodily worship is only the token to others or ourselves of mental adoration, so Fancy is always to act in subordination to Reason. We may take Fancy for a companion, but must follow Reason as our guide.—We may allow Fancy to suggest certain ideas in certain places, but Reason must always be heard, when she tells us, that those ideas and those places have no natural or necessary relation. When we enter a church, we habitually recall to mind the duty of adoration, but we must not omit adoration for want of a temple; because we know, and ought to remember, that the Universal Lord is every where present; and that, therefore, to come to Iona, or to Jerusalem, though it may be useful, cannot be necessary.

Thus I have answered your letter, and have not answered it negligently. I love you too well to be careless when you are serious.

I think I shall be very diligent next week about our travels, which I have too long neglected. I am, dear sir, your most, &c.

Compliments to madam and miss.

* Like is not the same.

## LETTER XLI.

*From Dr. Johnson to Mr. James Macpherson.*

Mr. James Macpherson,

I RECEIVED your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered

me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reason to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

## LETTER XLII.

*From Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell.*

July 22, 1777.

Madam,

THOUGH I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats, and upon this consideration I return you, dear madam, my sincerest thanks. By having your kindness I think I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavoured to exalt you in his estimation.—You must now do the same for me. We must all help one another; and you must now consider me as, dear madam, your most obliged and most humble servant.

## LETTER XLIII.

*From Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston.*

July 27, 1778.

Sir,

HAVING myself suffered what you are now suffering, I well know the weight of your distress, how much need you have of comfort, and how little comfort can be given. A loss such as yours lacerates the mind, and breaks the whole system of purposes and hopes. It leaves a dismal vacuity in life, which affords nothing on which the affections can fix, or to which endeavour may be directed. All this I have known; and it is now, in the vicissitude of things, your turn to know it.

But in the condition of mortal beings, one must lose another. What would be the wretchedness of life, if there was not something always in view, some Being immutable and unfailing, to whose mercy man may have recourse! Τον πρωτον κινουντα ακινητον.*

Here we must rest. The greatest Being is the most benevolent. We must not grieve for the dead as men without hope, because we know they are in his hands. We have, indeed, not leisure to grieve long, because we are hastening to follow them.—Your race and mine have been interrupted by many obstacles, but we must humbly hope for an happy end. I am, sir, your most humble servant.

## LETTER XLIV.

*From Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, on the Death of Mr. Thrale.*

London, April 5, 1781.

Dearest madam,

OF your injunctions to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobserved; and I hope to find

* The first immoveable mover.

you willing in a short time to alleviate your trouble by some other exercise of the mind. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death since that of my wife has ever oppressed me like this. But let us remember, that we are in the hands of him, who knows when to give and when to take away; who will look upon us with mercy through all our variations of existence, and who invites us to call on him in the day of trouble. Call upon him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the past, and support for the future. He that has given you happiness in marriage, to a degree of which, without personal knowledge, I should have thought the description fabulous, can give you another mode of happiness as a mother; and, at last, the happiness of losing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven.

I do not exhort you to reason yourself into tranquillity. We must first pray, and then labour; first implore the blessing of God, and then use those means which he puts into our hands. Cultivated ground has few weeds; a mind occupied by lawful business has little room for useless regret.

We read the will to-day; but I will not fill my first letter with any other account than that, with all my zeal for your advantage, I am satisfied; and that the other executors, more used to consider property than I, commend it for wisdom and equity. Yet why should I not tell you, that you have five hundred pounds for your immediate expenses, and two thousand pounds a year, with both the houses and all the goods?

Let us pray for one another, that the time, whether long or short, that shall yet be granted us, may be well spent; and that when this life, which at the longest is very short, shall come to an end, a better may begin, which shall never end. I am, dearest madam, your, &c.

## LETTER XLV.

*From Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale*

London, April 9, 1781.

Dearest madam,

THAT you are gradually recovering your tranquillity is the effect to be humbly expected from trust in God. Do not represent life as darker than it is. Your loss has been very great, but you retain more than almost any other can hope to possess. You are high in the opinion of mankind; you have children from whom much pleasure may be expected; and that you will find many friends you have no reason to doubt. Of my friendship, be it worth more or less, I hope you think yourself certain, without much art or care. It will not be easy for me to repay the benefits that I have received; but I hope to be always ready at your call. Our sorrow has different effects; you are withdrawn into solitude, and I am driven into company. I am afraid of thinking what I have lost. I never had such a friend before. Let me have your prayers and those of my dear Queeney.

The prudence and resolution of your design to return so soon to your business and your duty, deserves great praise; I shall communicate it on Wednesday to the other executors. Be pleased to let me know whether you would have me come to Streatham to receive you, or stay here till the next day. I am, &c.

## LETTER XLVI.

*From Dr. Johnson to Mr. Hector in Birmingham.*

[Without a date, but supposed to be about this time.]

Dear sir,

THAT you and dear Mrs. Careless

should have care or curiosity about my health, gives me that pleasure which every man feels from finding himself not forgotten. In age we feel again that love of our native place and our early friends, which, in the bustle or amusements of middle life, were overborne and suspended. You and I should now naturally cling to one another: we have outlived most of those who could pretend to rival us in each other's kindness. In our walk through life we have dropped our companions, and are now to pick up such as chance may offer us, or to travel on alone. You, indeed, have a sister, with whom you can divide the day: I have no natural friend left; but Providence has been pleased to preserve me from neglect; I have not wanted such alleviations of life as friendship could supply. My health has been, from my twentieth year, such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease; but it is at least not worse; and I sometimes make myself believe that it is better. My disorders are, however, still sufficiently oppressive.

I think of seeing Staffordshire again this autumn, and intend to find my way through Birmingham, where I hope to see you and dear Mrs. Careless well. I am, sir, your affectionate friend.

## LETTER XLVII.

*Dr. Johnson to James Boswell, Esq.*

London, March 28, 1782.

Dear sir,

THE pleasure which we used to receive from each other on Good-Friday and Easter-day, we must this year be content to miss. Let us, however, pray for each other, and hope to see one another yet from time to time with mutual delight. My disorder has been a cold, which impeded the organs of respiration, and kept me many weeks in a state of great uneasiness, but by repeated phlebotomy is now relieved; and, next to the recovery of Mrs. Boswell, I flatter myself that you will rejoice at mine.

What we shall do in the summer it is yet too early to consider. You want to know what you shall do now; I do not think this time of bustle and confusion likely to produce any advantage to you. Every man has those to reward and gratify who have contributed to his advancement. To come hither with such expectations at the expense of borrowed money, which, I find, you know not where to borrow, can hardly be considered as prudent. I am sorry to find, what your solicitations seem to imply, that you have already gone the whole length of your credit. This is to set the quiet of your life at hazard. If you anticipate your inheritance, you can at last inherit nothing; all that you receive must pay for the past. You must get a place, or pine in penury, with the empty name of a great estate. Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. Live on what you have, live if you can on less; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret; stay therefore at home till you have saved money for your journey hither.

'The Beauties of Johnson' are said to have got money to the collector; if the 'Deformities' have the same success I shall be still a more extensive benefactor.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who is, I hope, reconciled to me: and to the young people, whom I never have offended.

You never told me the success of your plea against the solicitors. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate, &c.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Dr. Johnson to James Boswell, Esq.*

London, Dec. 7, 1782.

Dear sir,

HAVING passed almost this whole year in a succession of disorders, I went in October to Brighthelmston, whither I came in a state of so much weakness that I rested four times in walking between the inn and the lodging. By physic and abstinence I grew bettter, and am now reasonably easy, though at a great distance from health. I am afraid, however, that health begins, after seventy, and often long before, to have a meaning different from that which it had at thirty. But it is culpable to murmur at the established order of the creation, as it is vain to oppose it. He that lives must grow old; and he that would rather grow old than die, has God to thank for the infirmities of old age.

At your long silence I am rather angry. You do not, since now you are the head of your house, think it worth your while to try whether you or your friend can live longer without writing, nor suspect, after so many years of friendship, that when I do not write to you I forget you? Put all such useless jealousies out of your head, and disdain to regulate your own practice by the practice of another, or by any other principle than the desire of doing right.

Your economy, I suppose, begins now to be settled: your expenses are adjusted to your revenue, and all your people in their proper places. Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness, it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

Let me know the history of your life since your accession to your estate. How many houses, how many cows, how much land in your own hand, and what bargains you make with your tenants.

* * * * * *

Of my 'Lives of the Poets,' they have printed a new edition in octavo, I hear, of three thousand. Did I give a set to lord Hailes? If I did not, I will do it out of these. What did you make of all your copy?

Mrs. Thrale and the three misses are now, for the winter, in Argyll-street. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been out of order, but is well again; and I am, dear sir, your affectionate, humble servant.

## LETTER XLIX.

*Dr. Johnson to Miss Susannah Thrale.*

Dearest miss Susy,

WHEN you favoured me with your letter, you seemed to be in want of materials to fill it, having met with no great adventures, either of peril or delight, nor done nor suffered any thing out of the common course of life.

When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the common course of life very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the common course of life must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish; happy or miserable: if it is well regulated, we pass on prosperously and smoothly; as it is neglected, we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness.

Your time, my love, passes, I suppose, in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, in which I earnestly advise you to be very punctual, you may not perhaps think it proper to give me an account; and of work, unless I understood it better, it will be of no

great use to say much; but books and company will always supply you with materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to know what you are reading, and with what you are pleased; and shall take great delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions.

A letter may be always made out of the books of the morning or talk of the evening; and any letters from you, my dearest, will be welcome to your, &c.

## LETTER L.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

London, Aug. 20, 1783.

Madam,

This has been a day of great emotion; the office of the Communion of the Sick has been performed in poor Mrs. Williams's chamber. She was too weak to rise from her bed, and is therefore to be supposed unlikely to live much longer. She has, I hope, little violent pain, but is wearing out by torpid inappetence and wearisome decay: but all the powers of her mind are in their full vigour; and, when she has spirits enough for conversation, she possesses all the intellectual excellence that she ever had. Surely this is an instance of mercy much to be desired by a parting soul.

At home I see almost all my companions dead or dying. At Oxford I have just left Wheeler, the man with whom I most delighted to converse. The sense of my own diseases, and the sight of the world sinking round me, oppress me perhaps too much. I hope that all these admonitions will not be in vain, and that I shall learn to die as dear Williams is dying, who was very cheerful before and after this awful solemnity, and seems to resign herself with calmness and hope upon Eternal Mercy.

I read your last kind letter with great delight; but when I came to *love* and *honour*, what sprung in my mind?—How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not.

I sat to Mrs. Reynolds yesterday for my picture, perhaps the tenth time, and I sat near three hours with the patience of *mortal born to bear;* at last she declared it quite finished, and seems to think it fine. I told her it was *Johnson's grimly Ghost.* It is to be engraved, and I think *in glided,* &c. will be a good inscription. I am, madam, your, &c.

## LETTER LI.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

London, Sept. 22, 1783.

Dear madam,

Happy are you that have ease and leisure to want intelligence of air-balloons. Their existence is, I believe, indubitable; but I know not that they can possibly be of any use. The construction is this:—The chymical philosophers have discovered a body (which I have forgotten, but will inquire) which, dissolved by an acid, emits a vapour lighter than the atmospherical air. This vapour is caught, among other means, by tying a bladder, compressed upon the bottle in which the dissolution is performed; the vapour rising swells the bladder, and fills it. The bladder is then tied and removed, and another applied, till as much of this light air is collected as is wanted. Then a large spherical case is made, and very large it must be, of the lightest matter that can be found, secured by some method, like that of oiling silk, against all passage of

air. Into this are emptied all the bladders of light air, and if there is light air enough it mounts into the clouds; upon the same principle as a bottle, filled with water, will sink in water, but a bottle filled with ether would float. It rises till it comes to air of equal tenuity with its own, if wind or water does not spoil it on the way. Such, madam, is an air-balloon.

Meteors have been this autumn very often seen, but I have never been in their way.

Poor Williams has, I hope, seen the end of her afflictions. She acted with prudence, and she bore with fortitude. She has left me.

"Thou thy weary task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

Had she had good humour and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all that knew her. She left her little to your charity-school.

The complaint about which you inquire is a sarcocele; I thought it a hydrocele, and heeded it but little. Puncture has detected the mistake; it can be safely suffered no longer. Upon inspection, three days ago, it was determined *extrema ventura.** If excision should be delayed, there is danger of a gangrene. You would not have me, for fear of pain, perish in putrefaction. I shall, I hope, with trust in Eternal Mercy, lay hold of the possibility of life which yet remains. My health is not bad; the gout is now trying at my feet. My appetite and digestion are good, and my sleep better than formerly: I am not dejected, and I am not feeble. There is, however, danger enough in such operations at seventy-four.

Let me have your prayers and those of the young dear people. I am, dear madam, your, &c.

Write soon and often.

* To try the last.

## LETTER LII.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Chapone.*

Nov. 28, 1783.

Madam,

By sending the tragedy to me a second time* I think that a very honourable distinction has been shown me; and I did not delay the perusal, of which I am now to tell the effect.

The construction of the play is not completely regular; the stage is too often vacant, and the scenes are not sufficiently connected. This, however, would be called, by Dryden, only a mechanical defect; which takes away little from the power of the poem, and which is seen rather than felt.

A rigid examiner of the diction might, perhaps, wish some words changed, and some lines more vigorously terminated. But from such petty imperfections what writer was ever free?

The general form and force of the dialogue is of more importance. It seems to want that quickness of reciprocation which characterizes the English drama, and is not always sufficiently fervid or animated.

Of the sentiments, I remember not one that I wished omitted. In the imagery I cannot forbear to distinguish the comparison of joy succeeding grief, to light rushing on the eye accustomed to darkness. It seems to have all that can be desired to make it please. It is new, just, and delightful.†

With the characters, either as con-

* Dr. Johnson, having been very ill when the tragedy was first sent to him, had declined the consideration of it.

† "I could have borne my woes; that stranger Joy
Wounds while it smiles:—The long imprison'd wretch,
Emerging from the night of his damp cell,
Shrinks from the sun's bright beams; and that which flings
Gladness o'er all, to him is agony."

ceived or preserved, I have no fault to find; but was much inclined to congratulute a writer, who, in defiance of prejudice and fashion, made the archbishop a good man, and scorned all thoughtless applause, which a vicious churchman would have brought him.

The catastrophe is affecting. The father and daughter both culpable, both wretched, and both penitent, divide between them our pity and our sorrow.

Thus, madam, I have performed what I did not willingly undertake, and could not decently refuse. The noble writer will be pleased to remember, that sincere criticism ought to raise no resentment, because judgment is not under the control of will; but involuntary criticism, as it has still less of choice, ought to be more remote from possibility of offence. I am, &c.

## LETTER LIII.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

London, Dec. 27, 1783.

Dear madam,

THE wearisome solitude of the long evenings did indeed suggest to me the convenience of a club in my neighbourhood, but I have been hindered from attending it by want of breath. If I can complete the scheme, you shall have the names and the regulations.

The time of the year, for I hope the fault is rather in the weather than in me, has been very hard upon me. The muscles of my breast are much convulsed. Dr. Heberden recommends opiates, of which I have such horror, that I do not think of them but *in extremes*. I was however, driven to them last night for refuge, and, having taken the usual quantity, durst not go to bed, for fear of that uneasiness to which a supine posture exposes me, but rested all night in a chair with much relief, and have been to-day more warm, active, and cheerful.

You have more than once wondered at my complaint of solitude, when you hear that I am crowded with visits. *Inopem me copia fecit.** Visitors are no proper companions in the chamber of sickness. They come when I could sleep or read, they stay till I am weary, they force me to attend when my mind calls for relaxation, and to speak when my powers will hardly actuate my tongue. The amusements and consolations of languor and depression are conferred by familiar and domestic companions, which can be visited or called at will, and can occasionally be quitted or dismissed, who do not obstruct accommodation by ceremony, or destroy indolence by awakening effort.

Such society I had with Levet and Williams; such I had where—I am never likely to have it more.

I wish, dear lady, to you and my dear girls many a cheerful and pious Christmas. I am, your, &c.

## LETTER LIV.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

London, Jan. 12, 1784.

Dear madam,

IF, as you observe, my former letter was written with trepidation, there is little reason except the habit of enduring, why this should show more steadiness. I am confined to the house; I do not know that any thing grows better; my physicians direct me to combat the hard weather with opium; I cannot well support its turbulence, and yet cannot forbear it, for its immediate effect is ease; having kept me waking all the night, it forces sleep upon me

* Plenty made me poor.

in the day, and recompenses a night of tediousness with a day of uselessness. My legs and my thighs grow very tumid: in the mean time my appetite is good, and if my physicians do not flatter me death is rushing upon me. But this is the hand of God.

The first talk of the sick is commonly of themselves; but if they talk of nothing else, they cannot complain if they are soon left without an audience.

You observe, madam, that the balloon engages all mankind, and it is indeed a wonderful and unexpected addition to human knowledge; but we have a daring projector, who, disdaining the help of fumes and vapours, is making better than Dædalean wings, with which he will master the balloon and its companions as an eagle masters a goose. It is very seriously true, that a subscription of eight hundred pounds has been raised for the wire and workmanship of iron wings; one pair of which, and I think a tail, are now shown in the Hay-market, and they are making another pair at Birmingham. The whole is said to weigh two hundred pounds—no specious preparation for flying; but there are those who expect to see him in the sky. When I can leave the house I will tell you more.

I had the same old friends to dine with me on Wednesday, and may say, that since I lost sight of you I have had one pleasant day. I am, madam, your, &c.

Pray send me a direction to sir —— Musgrave in Ireland.

## LETTER LV.

### *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

London. Jan. 21, 1784.

Dear madam,

DR. HEBERDEN this day favoured me with a visit; and after hearing what I had to tell him of miseries and pains, and comparing my present with my past state, declared me well. That his opinion is erroneous, I know with too much certainty; and yet was glad to hear it, as it sets extremities at a greater distance: he, who is by his physician thought well, is at least not thought in immediate danger. They, therefore, whose attention to me makes them talk of my health, will, I hope, soon not drop, but lose their subject. But, alas! I had no sleep last night, and sit now panting over my paper. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.** I have really hope from spring; and am ready, like Almanzor, to bid the sun fly swiftly, and leave weeks and months behind him. The sun has looked for six thousand years upon the world to little purpose, if he does not know that a sick man is almost as impatient as a lover.

Mr. Cator gives such an account of miss Cecy, as you and all of us must delight to hear. Cator has a rough, manly, independent understanding, and does not spoil it by complaisance; he never speaks merely to please, and seldom is mistaken in things which he has any right to know. I think well of her for pleasing him, and of him for being pleased; and, at the close, am delighted to find him delighted with her excellence. Let your children, dear madam, be his care, and your pleasure; close your thoughts upon them; and, when sad fancies are excluded, health and peace will return together. I am, dear madam, your old friend.

## LETTER LVI.

### *Dr. Johnson to Lord Chancellor Thurlow.*

Sept. 1784.

My lord,

AFTER a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the genero-

* God shall put an end to these things.

sity of your lordship's offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude. Bounty so liberally bestowed I should gladly receive if my condition made it necessary; for to such a mind who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me to so great a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians, and I was very desirous that your lordship should be told of it by sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better I should not be willing, if much worse, not able to migrate.

Your lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit. I am, my lord, your lordships most obliged, most grateful, and most humble servant.

## SECTION II.

### FROM THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

#### LETTER I.

*To Joseph Hill, Esq.*

Huntingdon, June 24, 1765.

Dear Joe,

THE only recompense I can make you for your kind attention to my affairs, during my illness, is to tell you, that by the mercy of God I am restored to perfect health, both of mind and body. This, I believe, will give you pleasure, and I would gladly do any thing from which you could receive it.

I left St. Alban's on the seventeenth, and arrived that day at Cambridge, spent some time there with my brother, and came hither on the twenty-second. I have a lodging that puts me continually in mind of our summer excursions; we have had many worse, and except the size of it (which however is sufficient for a single man) but few better. I am not quite alone, having brought a servant with me from St. Alban's, who is the very mirror of fidelity and affection for his master. And whereas the Turkish Spy says, he kept no servant because he would not have an enemy in his house, I hired mine because I would have a friend. Men do not usually bestow these encomiums on their lackeys, nor do they usually deserve them; but I have

had experience of mine, both in sickness and in health, and never saw his fellow.

The river Ouse (I forget how they spell it) is the most agreeable circumstance in this part of the world; at this town it is I believe as wide as the Thames at Windsor: nor does the silver Thames better deserve that epithet, nor has it more flowers upon its banks, these being attributes, which, in strict truth, belong to neither. Fluellen would say, they are as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is salmon in both. It is a noble stream to bathe in, and I shall make that use of it three times a week, having introduced myself to it for the first time this morning.

I beg you will remember me to all my friends, which is a task will cost you no great pains to execute—particularly remember me to those of your own house, and believe me your very affectionate.

## LETTER II.

*To Lady Hesketh.*

July 12, 1765.

My dear cousin,

You are very good to me, and if you will only continue to write at such intervals as you find convenient, I shall receive all that pleasure, which I proposed to myself from our correspondence. I desire no more than that you would never drop me for any length of time together, for I shall then think you only write because something happened to put you in mind of me, or for some other reason equally mortifying. I am not however so unreasonable as to expect you should perform this act of friendship so frequently as myself; for you live in a world swarming with engagements, and my hours are almost all my own. You must every day be employed in doing what is expected from you by a thousand others, and I have nothing to do but what is most agreeable to myself.

Our mentioning Newton's Treatise on the Prophecies, brings to my mind an anecdote of Dr. Young, who you know died lately at Welwyn. Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, paid him a visit about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness. The old man was then in perfect health; the antiquity of his person, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness with which he discoursed about religion, gave him, in the Doctor's eye, the appearance of a prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments upon this book of Newton, when Young closed the conference thus: —"My friend, there are two considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built as upon a rock: the fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man, the three cardinal articles of our religion, are such as human ingenuity could never have invented, therefore they must be divine. The other argument is this—If the prophecies have been fulfilled (of which there is abundant demonstration), the Scripture must be the word of God; and if the Scripture is the word of God, Christianity must be true."

This treatise on the Prophecies serves a double purpose: it not only proves the truth of religion, in a manner that never has been, nor ever can be controverted; but it proves likewise, that the Roman Catholic is the apostate and anti-christian church, so frequently foretold both in the Old and New Testaments. Indeed so fatally connected is the refutation of Popery with the truth of Christianity, when the latter is evinced by the completion of the prophecies, that in proportion as light is thrown upon the one, the deformities and errors of the other are more plainly exhibited. But I leave

you to the book itself: there are parts of it which may possibly afford you less entertainment than the rest, because you have never been a schoolboy; but in the main it is so interesting, and you are so fond of that which is so, that I am sure you will like it.

My dear cousin,—how happy am I in having a friend, to whom I can open my heart upon these subjects! I have many intimates in the world, and have had many more than I shall have hereafter, to whom a long letter, upon these most important articles, would appear tiresome at least, if not impertinent. But I am not afraid of meeting with that reception from you, who have never yet made it your interest, that there should be no truth in the word of God. May this everlasting truth be your comfort while you live, and attend you with peace and joy in your last moments! I love you too well not to make this a part of my prayers; and when I remember my friends on these occasions, there is no likelihood that you can be forgotten. Yours, ever.

P. S.—*Cambridge.*—I add this postscript at my brother's rooms. He desires to be affectionately remembered to you, and if you are in town about a fortnight hence, when he proposes to be there himself, will take a breakfast with you.

## LETTER III.

### *To Lady Hesketh.*

Huntingdon, Sept. 14, 1765.

My dear cousin,

THE longer I live here, the better I like the place, and the people who belong to it. I am upon very good terms with no less than five families, besides two or three odd scrambling fellows like myself. The last acquaintance I made here is with the race of the Unwins, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter, the most comfortable, social folks you ever knew. The son is about twenty-one years of age, one of the most unreserved and amiable young men I ever conversed with. He is not yet arrived at that time of life, when suspicion recommends itself to us in the form of wisdom, and sets every thing, but our own dear selves, at an immeasurable distance from our esteem and confidence. Consequently he is known almost as soon as seen; and having nothing in his heart that makes it necessary for him to keep it barred and bolted, opens it to the perusal even of a stranger.—The father is a clergyman, and the son is designed for orders. The design however is quite his own, proceeding merely from his being, and having always been, sincere in his belief and love of the Gospel. Another acquaintance I have lately made, is with a Mr. Nicholson, a North-country divine, very poor, but very good, and very happy. He reads prayers here twice a-day, all the year round, and travels on foot to serve two churches every Sunday through the year, his journey out and home again being sixteen miles. I supped with him last night. He gave me bread and cheese, and a black jug of ale of his own brewing, and doubtless brewed by his own hands. Another of my acquaintance is Mr. ——, a thin, tall, old man, and as good as he is thin. He drinks nothing but water, and eats no flesh, partly (I believe) from a religious scruple (for he is very religious), and partly in the spirit of a valetudinarian. He is to be met with every morning of his life, at about six o'clock, at a fountain of very fine water, about a mile from the town, which is reckoned extremely like the Bristol spring. Being both early risers, and the only early walkers in the place, we soon became acquainted. His great piety can be equalled by nothing, but his

great regularity; for he is the most perfect time-piece in the world. I have received a visit likewise from Mr. ——. He is very much a gentleman, well-read, and sensible. I am persuaded, in short, that if I had had the choice of all England where to fix my abode, I could not have chosen better for myself, and most likely I should not have chosen so well.

You say, you hope it is not necessary for salvation to undergo the same afflictions that I have undergone.—No! my dear cousin, God deals with his children as a merciful father; he does not, as he himself tells us, afflict willingly the sons of men. Doubtless there are many who, having been placed, by his good providence, out of the reach of any great evil, and the influence of bad example, have, from their very infancy, been partakers of the grace of his holy Spirit, in such a manner as never to have allowed themselves in any grievous offence against him. May you love him more and more, day by day; as every day, while you think upon him, you will find him more worthy of your love: and may you be finally accepted by him for his sake, whose intercession for all his faithful servants cannot but prevail! Yours ever.

## LETTER IV.

### *To Lady Hesketh.*

Huntingdon, Oct. 10, 1765.

My dear cousin,

I SHOULD grumble at your long silence, if I did not know, that one may love one's friends very well, though one is not always in a humour to write to them. Besides, I have the satisfaction of being perfectly sure, that you have at least twenty times recollected the debt you owe me, and as often resolved to pay it: and perhaps, while you remain indebted to me, you think of me twice as often as you would do if the account was clear. These are the reflections with which I comfort myself under the affliction of not hearing from you: my temper does not incline me to jealousy, and if it did, I should set all right by having recourse to what I have already received from you.

I thank God for your friendship, and for every friend I have: for all the pleasing circumstances here, for my health of body, and perfect serenity of mind. To recollect the past, and compare it with the present, is all I have need of to fill me with gratitude; and to be grateful is to be happy. Not that I think myself sufficiently thankful, or that I ever shall be so in this life. The warmest heart perhaps only feels by fits, and is often as insensible as the coldest. This at least is frequently the case with mine, and oftener than it should be. But the mercy that can forgive iniquity, will never be severe to mark our frailties. To that mercy, my dear cousin, I commend you, with earnest wishes for your welfare, and remain your ever affectionate.

## LETTER V.

### *To Major Cowper.*

Huntingdon, Oct. 18, 1765.

My dear major,

I HAVE neither lost the use of my fingers nor my memory, though my unaccountable silence might incline you to suspect that I had lost both. The history of those things which have, from time to time, prevented my scribbling, would not only be insipid, but extremely voluminous, for which reasons they will not make their appearance at present, nor probably at any time hereafter. If my neglecting to write to you were a proof that I had never thought of you, and that had been really the case,

five shillings a piece would have been much too little to give for the sight of such a monster! but I am no such monster, nor do I perceive in myself the least tendency to such a transformation. You may recollect that I had but very uncomfortable expectations of the accommodations that I should meet with at Huntingdon. How much better is it to take our lot, where it shall please Providence to cast it, without anxiety! Had I chosen for myself, it is impossible I could have fixed upon a place so agreeable to me in all respects. I so much dreaded the thought of having a new acquaintance to make, with no other recommendation than that of being a perfect stranger, that I heartily wished no creature here might take the least notice of me. Instead of which, in about two months after my arrival, I became known to all the visitable people here, and do verily think it the most agreeable neighbourhood I ever saw.

Here are three families who have received me with the utmost civility, and two in particular have treated me with as much cordiality as if their pedigree and mine had grown upon the same sheep-skin. Besides these, there are three or four single men, who suit my temper to a hair. The town is one of the neatest in England; the country is fine for several miles about it, and the roads, which are all turnpike, and strike out four or five different ways, are perfectly good all the year round. I mention this latter circumstance chiefly because my distance from Cambridge has made a horseman of me at last, or at least is likely to do so. My brother and I meet every week, by an alternate reciprocation of intercourse, as Sam Johnson would express it: sometimes I get a lift in a neighbour's chaise, but generally ride. As to my own personal condition, I am much happier than the day is long, and sun-shine and candle-light alike see me perfectly contented. I get books in abundance, as much company as I choose, a deal of *comfortable leisure*, and enjoy better health, I think, than for many years past. What is there wanting to make me happy? Nothing, if I can but be as thankful as I ought: and I trust that He, who has bestowed so many blessings upon me, will give me gratitude to crown them all. I beg you will give my love to my dear cousin Maria, and to every body at the Park. If Mrs. Maitland is with you, as I suspect by a passage in lady Hesketh's letter to me, pray remember me to her very affectionately. And believe me, my dear friend, ever yours.

## LETTER VI.

### *To Mrs. Cowper.*

My dear cousin,

I HAVE not been behind-hand in reproaching myself with neglect, but desire to take shame to myself for my unprofitableness in this, as well as in all other respects. I take the next immediate opportunity however of thanking you for yours, and of assuring you, that instead of being surprised at your silence, I rather wonder that you, or any of my friends, have any room left for so careless and negligent a correspondent in your memories. I am obliged to you for the intelligence you send me of my kindred, and rejoice to hear of their welfare. He, who settles the bounds of our habitations, has at length cast our lot at a great distance from each other; but I do not therefore forget their former kindness to me, or cease to be interested in their well-being. You live in the centre of a world I know you do not delight in. Happy are you, my dear friend, in being able to discern the insufficiency of all it can afford, to fill and satisfy the desires of an immortal soul.

That God, who created us for the enjoyment of himself, has determined in mercy that it shall fail us here, in order that the blessed result of all our inquiries after happiness in the creature, may be a warm pursuit, and a close attachment to our true interests, in fellowship and communion with Him, through the name and mediation of a dear Redeemer. I bless his goodness and grace, that I have any reason to hope I am partaker with you in the desire after better things than are to be found in a world polluted with sin, and therefore devoted to destruction. May He enable us both to consider our present life in its only true light, as an opportunity put into our hands to glorify him amongst men, by a conduct suited to his word and will. I am miserably defective in this holy and blessed art; but I hope there is at the bottom of all my sinful infirmities, a sincere desire to live just so long as I may be enabled, in some poor measure, to answer the end of my existence in this respect, and then to obey the summons, and attend him in a world, where they, who are his servants here, shall pay him an unsinful obedience for ever.—Your dear mother is too good to me, and puts a more charitable construction upon my silence than the fact will warrant. I am not better employed than I should be in corresponding with her. I have that within, which hinders me wretchedly, in every thing that I ought to do, but is prone to trifle, and let time and every good thing run to waste. I hope however to write to her soon.

My love and best wishes attend Mr. Cowper, and all that inquire after me. May God be with you, to bless you, and do you good, by all his dispensations! Don't forget me when you are speaking to our best friend before his mercy-seat. Yours ever.

N. B. I am not married.

## LETTER VII.

*To Mrs. Cowper.*

Olney, Aug. 31, 1769.

My dear cousin,

A LETTER from your brother Frederic brought me yesterday the most afflicting intelligence that has reached me these many years. I pray to God to comfort you, and to enable you to sustain this heavy stroke, with that resignation to his will which none but Himself can give, and which he gives to none but his own children. How blessed and happy is your lot, my dear friend, beyond the common lot of the greater part of mankind; that you know what it is to draw near to God in prayer, and are acquainted with a throne of grace! You have resources in the infinite love of a dear Redeemer, which are withheld from millions; and the promises of God, which are Yea and Amen in Jesus, are sufficient to answer all your necessities, and to sweeten the bitterest cup which your heavenly Father will ever put into your hand.—May he now give you liberty to drink at these wells of salvation, till you are filled with consolation and peace, in the midst of trouble. He has said, When thou passest through the fire, I will be with thee, and when through the floods, they shall not overflow thee. You have need of such a word as this, and he knows your need of it, and the time of necessity is the time, when he will be sure to appear in behalf of those who trust in him. I bear you and yours upon my heart before him, night and day; for I never expect to hear of distress, which shall call upon me with a louder voice to pray for the sufferer. I know the Lord hears me for myself, vile and sinful as I am, and believe, and am sure, that he will hear me for you also. He is the friend of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, even God in his holy

habitation; in all our afflictions he is afflicted, and chastens us in mercy. Surely he will sanctify this dispensation to you, do you great and everlasting good by it, make the world appear like dust and vanity in your sight, as it truly is: and open to your view the glories of a better country, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor pain; but God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes for ever. Oh that comfortable word! "I have chosen thee in the furnaces of affliction;" so that our very sorrows are evidences of our calling, and he chastens us because we are his children.

My dear cousin,—I commit you to the word of his grace, and to the comforts of his holy Spirit. Your life is needful for your family; may God, in mercy to them, prolong it; and may he preserve you from the dangerous effects which a stroke like this might have upon a frame so tender as yours. I grieve with you, I pray for you: could I do more, I would; but God must comfort you. Yours, in our dear Lord Jesus.

## LETTER VIII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Sept. 21, 1779.

*AMICO mio*,* be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine-plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen windows, till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come, when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China! Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed, with rapture, "that he had found the Emilius, who (he supposed) had subsisted only in his own idea." I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task; and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in the morning, I find them perched upon the wall, waiting for their breakfast, for I feed them always upon the gravel walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them; only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce yourself by some means or other, for I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I, last week, made a trip in a post-chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on purpose to inform me, that he was going into Leicestershire, and that if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself, without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed, the hot-

* My friend.

house in the most flourishing state, and the orange trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice. Our love attends you all. Yours.

## LETTER IX.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Oct. 31, 1779.

My dear friend,

I WROTE my last letter merely to inform you, that I had nothing to say, in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loser by it. I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return.

I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you; with one exception, and that a swinging one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. He has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of every thing royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvass. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him: and it is well for Milton, that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged: it is evident enough, that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon Lycidas, and has taken occasion, from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if Lycidas was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity, that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped, by prejudice, against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever any thing so delightful as the music of the Paradise Lost? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. Variety without end, and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the doctor has little, or nothing, to say upon this copious theme; but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation.

I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room; our love attends you. Yours affectionately.

## LETTER X.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

May 3, 1780.

Dear sir,

You indulge in such a variety of subjects, and allow me such a latitude of excursion in this scribbling employment, that I have no excuse for silence. I am much obliged to you for swallowing such boluses as I send you, for the sake of my gilding, and verily believe, I am the only man alive from whom they would be welcome to a palate like yours. I

wish I could make them more splendid than they are, more alluring to the eye, at least, if not more pleasing to the taste; but my leaf-gold is tarnished, and has received such a tinge from the vapours that are ever brooding over my mind, that I think it no small proof of your partiality to me, that you will read my letters. I am not fond of long-winded metaphors; I have always observed, that they halt at the latter end of their progress, and so does mine. I deal much in ink indeed, but not such ink as is employed by poets, and writers of essays. Mine is a harmless fluid, and guilty of no deceptions, but such as may prevail, without the least injury to the person imposed on. I draw mountains, valleys, woods, and streams, and ducks, and dabchicks. I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them; and her praise and my praise, put together, are fame enough for me. Oh! I could spend whole days, and moonlight nights, in feeding upon a lovely prospect: My eyes drink the rivers as they flow. If every human being upon earth could think for one quarter of an hour, as I have done for many years, there might, perhaps, be many miserable men among them, but not an awakened one would be found, from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle. At present, the difference between them and me is greatly to their advantage. I delight in baubles, and know them to be so; for rested in, and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself, but a bauble? Better for a man never to have seen them, or to see them with the eyes of a brute, stupid and unconscious of what he beholds, than not to be able to say, "The maker of all these wonders is my friend!" Their eyes have never been opened, to see that they are trifles; mine have been, and will be till they are closed for ever. They think a fine estate, a large conservatory, a hot-house, rich as a West-Indian garden, things of consequence; visit them with pleasure, and muse upon them with ten times more. I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few pines it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a green-house which lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back, and walk away with; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to myself—"This is not mine; 'tis a plaything lent me for the present; I must leave it soon."

## LETTER XI.

*To Mrs. Cowper.*

May 10, 1780.

My dear cousin,

I DO not write to comfort you; that office is not likely to be well performed by one who has no comfort for himself; nor to comply with an impertinent ceremony, which in general might well be spared upon such occasions: but because I would not seem indifferent to the concerns of those I have so much reason to esteem and love. If I did not sorrow for your brother's death, I should expect that nobody would for mine; when I knew him, he was much beloved, and, I doubt not, continued to be so. To live and die together is the lot of a few happy families, who hardly know what a separation means, and one sepulchre serves them all; but the ashes of our kindred are dispersed indeed. Whether the American gulph has swallowed up any other of my relations, I know not; it has made many mourners.

Believe me, my dear cousin, though after a long silence, which perhaps nothing less than the present concern could have prevailed

with me to interrupt, as much as ever, your affectionate kinsman.

## LETTER XII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

July 27, 1780.

My dear friend,

As two men sit silent, after having exhausted all their topics of conversation; one says, "It is very fine weather;" and the other says, "Yes;" one blows his nose, and the other rubs his eye-brows (by the way, this is very much in Homer's manner); such seems to be the case between you and me. After a silence of some days, I wrote you a long something, that (I suppose) was nothing to the purpose, because it has not afforded you materials for an answer. Nevertheless, as it often happens in the case above stated, one of the distressed parties, being deeply sensible of the awkwardness of a dumb duet, breaks silence again, and resolves to speak, though he has nothing to say; so it fares with me. I am with you again in the form of an epistle, though, considering my present emptiness, I have reason to fear that your only joy upon the occasion will be, that it is conveyed to you in a frank.

When I began, I expected no interruption. But if I had expected interruptions without end, I should have been less disappointed. First came the barber; who, after having embellished the outside of my head, has left the inside just as unfurnished as he found it. Then came Olney bridge, not into the house, but into the conversation. The cause relating to it was tried on Tuesday at Buckingham. The judge directed the jury to find a verdict favourable to Olney. The jury consisted of one knave, and eleven fools. The last mentioned followed the afore mentioned, as sheep follow a bell-wether, and decided in direct opposition to the said judge. Then a flaw was discovered in the indictment. The indictment was quashed, and an order made for a new trial. The new trial will be in the King's Bench, where said knave and said fools will have nothing to do with it. So the men of Olney fling up their caps, and assure themselves of a complete victory. A victory will save me and your mother many shillings, perhaps some pounds, which, except that it has afforded me a subject to write upon, was the only reason why I said so much about it. I know you take an interest in all that concerns us, and will consequently rejoice with us, in the prospect of an event in which we are concerned so nearly. Yours affectionately.

## LETTER XIII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Aug. 6, 1780.

My dear friend,

You like to hear from me. This is a very good reason why I should write; but I have nothing to say. This seems equally a good reason why I should not; yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me; "Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in, have you resolved never to speak again?" it would be but a poor reply, if, in answer to the summons, I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this, by the way, suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in hand; that a letter may be written upon any

thing or nothing, just as that any thing or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate, and doubt, whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it; for he knows, that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before; but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop, till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say; "My good sir, a man has no right to do either." But it is to be hoped, that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the mean time to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens, and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible, that a people, who resembled us so little in their taste, should resemble us in any thing else. But in every thing else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but, in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress. Yours.

## LETTER XIV.

*To Mrs. Cowper.*

Aug. 31, 1780.

My dear cousin,

I AM obliged to you for your long letter, which did not seem so, and for your short one, which was more than I had any reason to expect. Short as it was, it conveyed to me two interesting articles of intelligence; an account of your recovering from a fever, and of lady Cowper's death. The latter was, I suppose, to be expected; for by what remembrance I have of her ladyship, who was never much acquainted with her, she had reached those years, that are always found upon the borders of another world. As for you, your time of life is comparatively of a youthful date. You may think of death as much as you please (you cannot think of it too much), but I hope you will live to think of it many years.

It costs me not much difficulty to suppose, that my friends, who were already grown old when I saw them last, are old still; but it costs me a

good deal sometimes to think of those, who were at that time young, as being older than they were. Not having been an eye-witness of the change that time has made in them, and my former idea of them not being corrected by observation, it remains the same; my memory presents me with this image unimpaired, and, while it retains the resemblance of what they were, forgets that, by this time, the picture may have lost much of its likeness, through the alteration that succeeding years have made in the original. I know not what impressions Time may have made upon your person, for while his claws (as our grannams called them) strike deep furrows in some faces, he seems to sheath them with much tenderness, as if fearful of doing injury, to others. But though an enemy to the person, he is a friend to the mind, and you have found him so. Though, even in this respect, his treatment of us depends upon what he meets with at our hands; if we use him well, and listen to his admonitions, he is a friend indeed; but otherwise the worst of enemies, who takes from us daily something that we valued, and gives us nothing better in its stead. It is well with them who, like you, can stand a tiptoe on the mountain-top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into eternity. Yet a little while, and your hope will be accomplished.

When you can favour me with a little account of your own family, without inconvenience, I shall be glad to receive it; for though separated from my kindred by little more than half a century of miles, I know as little of their concerns as if oceans and continents were interposed between us. Yours, my dear cousin.

## LETTER XV.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Sept. 3, 1780.

My dear friend,

I AM glad you are so provident, and that while you are young you have furnished yourself with the means of comfort in old age. Your crutch and your pipe may be of use to you (and may they be so), should your years be extended to an antediluvian date; and for your perfect accommodation, you seem to want nothing but a clerk called Snuffle, and a sexton of the name of Skeleton, to make your ministerial equipage complete.

I think I have read as much of the first volume of the Biographia as I shall ever read. I find it very amusing; more so perhaps than it would have been had they sifted their characters with more exactness, and admitted none but those who had in some way or other entitled themselves to immortality, by deserving well of the public. Such a compilation would perhaps have been more judicious, though I confess it would have afforded less variety. The priests and monks of earlier, and the doctors of later days, who have signalized themselves by nothing but a controversial pamphlet, long since thrown by, and never to be perused again, might have been forgotten, without injury, or loss to the national character for learning or genius. This observation suggested to me the following lines, which may serve to illustrate my meaning, and at the same time to give my criticism a sprightlier air.

Oh fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot;
In vain, recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age,
Those twinkling, tiny, lustres of the land,
Drop one by one, from Fame's neglecting hand;

Lethean gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
So when a child (as playful children use)
Has burnt to cinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the 'squire,
There goes the parson—Oh illustrious spark!
And there—scarce less illustrious—goes the clerk.

Virgil admits none but worthies into the Elysian fields; I cannot recollect the lines in which he describes them all, but these in particular I well remember:

*Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo,*
*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.**

A chaste and scrupulous conduct, like his, would well become the writer of national biography. But enough of this.

Our respects attend Miss Shuttleworth, with many thanks for her intended present. Some purses derive all their value from their contents, but these will have an intrinsic value of their own; and though mine should be often empty, which is not an improbable supposition, I shall still esteem it highly on its own account.

If you could meet with a second-hand Virgil, ditto Homer, both Iliad and Odyssey, together with a Clavis, for I have no Lexicon, and all tolerably cheap, I shall be obliged to you if you will make the purchase. Yours.

## LETTER XVI.

### *To Joseph Hill, Esq.*

Feb. 15, 1781.

My dear friend,

I AM glad you were pleased with my report of so extraordinary a case. If the thought of versifying the decisions of our courts of justice had struck me while I had the honour to attend them, it would perhaps have been no difficult matter to have compiled a volume of such amusing and interesting precedents; which, if they wanted the eloquence of the Greek or Roman oratory, would have amply compensated that deficiency by the harmony of rhyme and metre.

Your account of my uncle and your mother gave me great pleasure. I have long been afraid to inquire after some, in whose welfare I always feel myself interested, lest the question should produce a painful answer. Longevity is the lot of so few, and is so seldom rendered comfortable by the associations of good health and good spirits, that I could not very reasonably suppose, either your relations or mine so happy in those respects, as it seems they are. May they continue to enjoy those blessings so long as the date of life shall last! I do not think that in these coster-monger days, as I have a notion Falstaff calls them, an antediluvian age is at all a desirable thing; but to live comfortably, while we do live, is a great matter, and comprehends in it every thing that can be wished for on this side the curtain that hangs between time and eternity.

Farewell, my better friend than any I have to boast of either among the Lords, or gentlemen of the House of Commons.

## LETTER XVII.

### *To the Rev. William Unwin.*

June 24, 1781.

My dear friend,

THE letter you withheld so long, lest it should give me pain, gave me pleasure. Horace says, The poets are a waspish race; and from my own experience of the temper of two or three, with whom I was formerly connected, I can readily subscribe to the character he gives them. But,

* Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend,
And searching wits of more mechanic parts,
Who graced their age with new invented arts.
DRYDEN.

for my own part, I have never yet felt that excessive irritability, which some writers discover, when a friend, in the words of Pope,

"Just hints a fault, or hesitates dislike."

Least of all I would give way to such an unseasonable ebullition, merely because a civil question is proposed to me, with such gentleness, and by a man whose concern for my credit and character I verily believe to be sincere. I reply therefore, not peevishly, but with a sense of the kindness of your intentions, that I hope you may make yourself very easy on a subject that I can perceive has occasioned you some solicitude. When I wrote the poem called Truth, it was indispensably necessary that I should set forth that doctrine which I know to be true, and that I should pass what I understood to be a just censure upon opinions and persuasions, that differ from, or stand in direct opposition to it; because, though some errors may be innocent, and even religious errors are not always pernicious, yet, in a case where the faith and hope of a Christian are concerned, they must necessarily be destructive; and because, neglecting this, I should have betrayed this subject; either suppressing what, in my judgment, is of the last importance, or giving countenance, by a timid silence, to the very evils it was my design to combat. That you may understand me better, I will subjoin, that I wrote that poem on purpose to inculcate the eleemosynary character of the Gospel, as a dispensation of mercy, in the most absolute sense of the word, to the exclusion of all claims of merit on the part of the receiver; consequently to set the brand of invalidity upon the plea of works, and to discover, upon scriptural ground, the absurdity of that notion, which includes a solecism in the very terms of it, that man, by repentance and good works, may deserve the mercy of his Maker. I call it a solecism, because mercy deserved ceases to be mercy, and must take the name of justice. This is the opinion, which I said in my last the world would not acquiesce in; but, except this, I do not recollect that I have introduced a syllable into any of my pieces that they can possibly object to; and even this I have endeavoured to deliver from doctrinal dryness, by as many pretty things, in the way of trinket and plaything, as I could muster upon the subject. So that, if I have rubbed their gums, I have taken care to do it with a coral, and even that coral embellished by the ribbon to which it is tied, and recommended by the tinkling of all the bells I could contrive to annex to it.

You need not trouble yourself to call on Johnson; being perfectly acquainted with the progress of the business, I am able to satisfy your curiosity myself. The post before the last, I returned to him the second sheet of Table-Talk, which he had sent me for correction, and which stands foremost in the volume. The delay has enabled me to add a piece of considerable length; which, but for the delay, would not have made its appearance upon this occasion; it answers to the name of Hope.

I remember a line in the Odyssey, which, literally translated, imports, that there is nothing in the world more impudent than the belly. But had Homer met with an instance of modesty like yours, he would either have suppressed that observation, or at least have qualified it with an exception. I hope that, for the future, Mrs. Unwin will never suffer you to go to London without putting some victuals in your pocket; for what a strange article would it make in a newspaper, that a tall, well-dressed gentleman, by his appearance a clergyman, and with a purse of gold in his pocket, was found starved to death

in the street. How would it puzzle conjecture to account for such a phenomenon! Some would suppose that you had been kidnapped, like Betty Canning, of hungry memory: others would say, The gentleman was a Methodist, and had practised a rigorous self-denial, which had unhappily proved too hard for his constitution: but I will venture to say, that nobody would divine the real cause, or suspect for a moment, that your modesty had occasioned the tragedy in question. By the way, is it not possible, that the spareness and slenderness of your person may be owing to the same cause? for surely it is reasonable to suspect, that the bashfulness, which could prevail against you, on so trying an occasion, may be equally prevalent on others. I remember having been told by Colman, that when he once dined with Garrick, he repeatedly pressed him to eat more of a certain dish that he was known to be particularly fond of; Colman as often refused, and at last declared he could not; "But could not you," says Garrick, "if you was in a dark closet by yourself?" The same question might perhaps be put to you, with as much or more propriety; and therefore I recommend it to you, either to furnish yourself with a little more assurance, or always to eat in the dark.

We sympathize with Mrs. Unwin, and, if it will be any comfort to her to know it, can assure her, that a lady in our neighbourhood is always, on such occasions, the most miserable of all things, and yet escapes with great facility, through all the dangers of her state. Yours, *ut semper*.

## LETTER XVIII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Oct. 6, 1781.

My dear friend,

WHAT a world are you daily conversant with, which I have not seen these twenty years, and shall never see again! The arts of dissipation (I suppose) are no where practised with more refinement or success, than at the place of your present residence. By your account of it, it seems to be just what it was when I visited it,—a scene of idleness and luxury, music, dancing, cards, walking, riding, bathing, eating, drinking, coffee, tea, scandal, dressing, yawning, sleeping; the rooms perhaps more magnificent, because the proprietors are grown richer, but the manners and occupations of the company just the same. Though my life has long been like that of a recluse, I have not the temper of one, nor am I in the least an enemy to cheerfulness and good humour; but I cannot envy you your situation: I even feel myself constrained to prefer the silence of this nook, and the snug fire-side in our own diminutive parlour, to all the splendour and gaiety of Brighton.

You ask me how I feel on the occasion of my approaching publication? Perfectly at my ease. If I had not been pretty well assured before-hand, that my tranquillity would be but little endangered by such a measure, I would never have engaged in it; for I cannot bear disturbance. I have had in view two principal objects; first to amuse myself; and secondly, to compass that point in such a manner, that others might possibly be the better for my amusement. If I have succeeded, it will give me pleasure; but if I have failed, I shall not be mortified to the degree that might perhaps be expected. I remember an old adage (though not where it is to be found), "*bene vixit, qui bene latuit*;"* and if I had recollected it at the right time, it should have been the motto to my book. By the way it will make an excellent one for Retirement, if you

* He has lived well, who has hid himself well.

can but tell me whom to quote for it. The critics cannot deprive me of the pleasure I have in reflecting, that so far as my leisure has been employed in writing for the public, it has been conscientiously employed, and with a view to their advantage. There is nothing agreeable, to be sure, in being chronicled for a dunce; but, I believe, there lives not a man upon earth who would be less affected by it than myself. With all this indifference to fame, which you know me too well to suppose me capable of affecting, I have taken the utmost pains to deserve it. This may appear a mystery, or a paradox in practice; but it is true. I considered that the taste of the day is refined, and delicate to excess; and that to disgust that delicacy of taste, by a slovenly inattention to it, would be to forfeit, at once, all hope of being useful; and for this reason, though I have written more verse this last year than perhaps any man in England, I have finished, and polished, and touched and retouched, with the utmost care. If, after all, I should be converted into waste paper, it may be my misfortune, but it shall not be my fault. I shall bear it with the most perfect serenity.

I do not mean to give —— a copy: he is a good-natured little man, and crows exactly like a cock; but knows no more of verse, than the cock he imitates.

Whoever supposes that lady Austen's fortune is precarious is mistaken. I can assure you, upon the ground of the most circumstantial and authentic information, that it is both genteel and perfectly safe. Yours.

## LETTER XIX.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

March 7, 1782.

My dear friend,

We have great pleasure in the contemplation of your Northern journey, as it promises us a sight of you and yours by the way, and are only sorry miss Shuttleworth cannot be of the party. A line to ascertain the hour when we may expect you, by the next preceding post, will be welcome.

It is not much for my advantage, that the printer delays so long to gratify your expectation. It is a state of mind that is apt to tire and disconcert us; and there are but few pleasures that make us amends for the pain of repeated disappointment. I take it for granted you have not received the volume, not having received it myself, nor indeed heard from Johnson, since he fixed the first of the month for its publication.

What a medley are our public prints: half the page filled with the ruin of the country, and the other half filled with the vices and pleasures of it—here is an island taken, and there a new comedy—here an empire lost, and there an Italian opera, or a lord's rout on a Sunday.

"May it please your lordship! I am an Englishman, and must stand or fall with the nation. Religion, its true palladium, has been stolen away; and it is crumbling into dust. Sin ruins us, the sins of the great especially; and of their sins, especially the violation of the Sabbath, because it is naturally productive of all the rest. If you wish well to our arms, and would be glad to see the kingdom emerging from her ruins, pay more respect to an ordinance that deserves the deepest! I do not say, pardon this short remonstrance!—The concern I feel for my country, and the interest I have in its prosperity, gave me a right to make it. I am, &c."

Thus one might write to his lordship, and (I suppose) might be as profitably employed in whistling the tune of an old ballad.

I have no copy of the Preface, nor

do I know at present how Johnson and Mr. Newton have settled it. In the matter of it there was nothing offensively peculiar; but it was thought too pious.

Yours, my dear friend.

## LETTER XX.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Aug. 25, 1781.

My dear friend,

We rejoice with you sincerely in the birth of another son, and in the prospect you have of Mrs. Unwin's recovery; may your three children, and the next three, when they shall make their appearance, prove so many blessings to their parents, and make you wish that you had twice the number. But what made you expect daily that you should hear from me? Letter for letter is the law of all correspondence whatsoever; and because I wrote last, I have indulged myself for some time in expectation of a sheet from you: not that I govern myself entirely by the punctilio of reciprocation; but having been pretty much occupied of late, I was not sorry to find myself at liberty to exercise my discretion, and furnished with a good excuse, if I chose to be silent.

I expected, as you remember, to have been published last spring, and was disappointed. The delay has afforded me an opportunity to increase the quantity of my publication by about a third; and if my Muse has not forsaken me, which I rather suspect to be the case, may possibly yet add to it. I have a subject in hand which promises me a great abundance of poetical matter, but which for want of a something I am not able to describe, I cannot at present proceed with. The name of it is Retirement, and my purpose to recommend the proper improvement of it; to set forth the requisites for that end, and to enlarge upon the happiness of that state of life, when managed as it ought to be. In the course of my journey through this ample theme, I should wish to touch upon the characters, the deficiencies, and the mistakes of thousands, who enter on a scene of retirement, unqualified for it in every respect, and with such designs as have no tendency to promote either their own happiness, or that of others. But, as I have told you before, there are times when I am no more a poet than I am a mathematician; and when such a time occurs, I always think it better to give up the point, than to labour it in vain. I shall yet again be obliged to trouble you for franks. The addition of three thousand lines, or near that number, having occasioned a demand which I did not always foresee; but your obliging friend, and your obliging self, having allowed me the liberty of application, I make it without apology.

The solitude, or rather the duality of our condition at Olney, seems drawing to a conclusion. You have not forgot perhaps, that the building we inhabit consists of two mansions. And because you have only seen the inside of that part of it, which is in our occupation, I therefore inform you, that the other end of it is by far the most superb, as well as the most commodious. Lady Austen has seen it, has set her heart upon it, is going to fit it up and furnish it; and if she can get rid of the remaining two years of the lease of her London house, will probably enter upon it in a twelvemonth. You will be pleased with this intelligence, because I have already told you, that she is a woman perfectly well-bred, sensible, and in every respect agreeable; and, above all, because she loves your mother dearly. It has, in my eyes (and I doubt not it will have the same in yours), strong marks of providential

interposition. A female friend, and one who bids fair to prove herself worthy of the appellation, comes recommended by a variety of considerations, to such a place as Olney.—Since Mr. Newton went, and till this lady came, there was not in the kingdom a retirement more absolutely such than ours. We did not want company: but when it came, we found it agreeable. A person that has seen much of the world, and understands it well, has high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation, introduces a sprightliness into such a scene as this, which, if it was peaceful before, is not the worse for being a little enlivened. In case of illness too, to which all are liable, it was rather a gloomy prospect, if we allowed ourselves to advert to it, that there was hardly a woman in the place from whom it would have been reasonable to have expected either comfort or assistance. The present curate's wife is a valuable person, but has a family of her own, and, though a neighbour, is not a very near one. But if this plan is effected, we shall be in a manner one family, and I suppose never pass a day without some intercourses with each other.

Your mother sends her warm affections, and welcomes into the world the new-born William. Yours, my dear friend.

## LETTER XXI.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Feb. 9, 1782.

My dear friend,

I THANK you for Mr. Lowth's verses; they are so good, that had I been present when he spoke them, I should have trembled for the boy, lest the man should disappoint the hopes such early genius had given birth to. It is not common to see so lively a fancy so correctly managed, and so free from irregular exuberance; at so unexperienced an age, fruitful, yet not wanton, and gay without being tawdry. When schoolboys write verse, if they have any fire at all, it generally spends itself in flashes and transient sparks, which may indeed suggest an expectation of something better hereafter, but deserve not to be much commended for any real merit of their own. Their wit is generally forced and false, and their sublimity, if they affect any, bombast. I remember well when it was thus with me, and when a turgid, noisy, unmeaning speech in a tragedy, which I should now laugh at, afforded me raptures, and filled me with wonder. It is not, in general, till reading and observation have settled the taste, that we can give the prize to the best writing, in preference to the worst. Much less are we able to execute what is good ourselves. But Lowth seems to have stepped into excellence at once, and to have gained by intuition what we little folks are happy if we can learn at last, after much labour of our own, and instruction of others. The compliments he pays to the memory of king Charles, he would probably now retract, though he be a bishop, and his majesty's zeal for episcopacy was one of the causes of his ruin. An age or two must pass before some characters can be properly understood. The spirit of party employs itself in veiling their faults, and ascribing to them virtues which they never possessed. See Charles's face, drawn by Clarendon, and it is a handsome portrait. See it more justly exhibited by Mrs. Macauley, and it is deformed to a degree that shocks us. Every feature expresses cunning, employing itself in the maintaining of tyranny and dissimulation, pretending itself an advocate for truth.

My letters have already apprised you, of that close and intimate con-

nexion that took place between the lady you visited in Queen Anne's Street and us. Nothing could be more promising, though sudden in the commencement. She treated us with as much unreservedness of communication, as if we had been born in the same house, and educated together. At her departure, she herself proposed a correspondence; and because writing does not agree with your mother, proposed a correspondence with me. By her own desire, I wrote to her under the assumed relation of a brother, and she to me as my sister.

I thank you for the search you have made after my intended motto, but I no longer need it.

Our love is always with yourself and family. Yours, my dear friend.

## LETTER XXII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

March 18, 1782.

My dear friend,

NOTHING has given me so much pleasure, since the publication of my volume, as your favourable opinion of it. It may possibly meet with acceptance from hundreds, whose commendation would afford me no other satisfaction, than what I should find in the hope that it might do them good. I have some neighbours in this place, who say they like it—doubtless I would rather they should, than that they should not—but I know them to be persons of no more taste in poetry than skill in the mathematics; their applause, therefore, is a sound that has no music in it for me. But my vanity was not so entirely quiescent when I read your friendly account of the manner it had affected *you*. It was tickled and pleased; and told me in a pretty loud whisper, that others perhaps, of whose taste and judgment I had a high opinion, would approve it too. As a giver of good counsel, I wish to please all; as an author, I am perfectly indifferent to the judgment of all, except the few who are indeed judicious. The circumstance, however, in your letter which pleased me most, was, that you wrote in high spirits, and though you said much, suppressed more, lest you should hurt my delicacy—my delicacy is obliged to you—but you observe it is not so squeamish, but that after it has feasted upon praise expressed, it can find a comfortable dessert in the contemplation of praise implied. I now feel as if I should be glad to begin another volume; but from the will to the power is a step too wide for me to take at present; and the season of the year brings with it so many avocations in the garden, where I am my own *fac totum*, that I have little or no leisure for the quill. I should do myself much wrong were I to omit mentioning the great complacency with which I read your narrative of Mrs. Unwin's smiles and tears: persons of much sensibility are always persons of taste; and a taste for poetry depends indeed upon that very article more than upon any other. If she had Aristotle by heart, I should not esteem her judgment so highly, were she defective in point of feeling, as I do, and must esteem it, knowing her to have such feelings as Aristotle could not communicate, and as half the readers in the world are destitute of. This it is that makes me set so high a price upon your mother's opinion. She is a critic by nature, and not by rule, and has a perception of what is good or bad in composition, that I never knew deceive her; insomuch, that when two sorts of expression have pleaded equally for the precedence, in my own esteem, and I have referred, as in such cases I always did, the decision of the point to her, I never knew her at a loss for a just one.

Whether I shall receive any an-

swer from his chancellorship, or not, is at present *in ambiguo*, and will probably continue in the same state of ambiguity much longer. He is so busy a man, and at this time, if the papers may be credited, so particularly busy, that I am forced to mortify myself with the thought, that both my book and my letter may be thrown into a corner, as too insignificant for a statesman's notice, and never found till his executor finds them. This affair, however, is neither at my *libitum** nor his. I have sent him the truth. He that put it into the heart of a certain Eastern monarch to amuse himself one sleepless night with listening to the records of his kingdom, is able to give birth to such another occasion, and inspire his lordship with a curiosity to know what he has received from a friend he once loved and valued. If an answer comes, however, you shall not long be a stranger to the contents of it.

I have read your letter to their worships, and much approve of it.—May it have the desired effect it ought! If not, still you have acted a humane and becoming part; and the poor aching toes and fingers of the prisoners will not appear in judgment against you. I have made a slight alteration in the last sentence, which perhaps you will not disapprove. Yours ever.

## LETTER XXIII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

April 1, 1782.

My dear friend,

I COULD not have found a better trumpeter. Your zeal to serve the interest of my volume, together with your extensive acquaintance, qualify you perfectly for that most useful office. Methinks I see you with the long tube at your mouth proclaiming to your numerous connexions my poetical merits, and at proper intervals levelling it at Olney, and pouring into my ear the welcome sound of their approbation. I need not encourage you to proceed, your breath will never fail in such a cause; and thus encouraged, I myself perhaps may proceed also; and when the versifying fit returns, produce another volume. Alas! we shall never receive such commendations from him on the woolsack, as your good friend has lavished upon us. Whence I learn, that however important I may be in my own eyes, I am very insignificant in his. To make me amends, however, for this mortification, Mr. Newton tells me, that my book is likely to run, spread, and prosper; that the grave cannot help smiling, and the gay are struck with the truth of it: and that it is likely to find its way into his majesty's hands, being put into a proper course for that purpose. Now if the king should fall in love with my Muse, and with you for her sake, such an event would make us ample amends for the chancellor's indifference, and you might be the first divine that ever reached a mitre, from the shoulders of a poet. But (I believe) we must be content, I with my gains, if I gain any thing, and you with the pleasure of knowing that I am a gainer.

We laughed heartily at your answer to little John's question; and yet I think you might have given him a direct answer—"There are various sorts of cleverness, my dear; I do not know that mine lies in the poetical way, but I can do ten times more towards the entertainment of company, in the way of conversation, than our friend at Olney. He can rhyme, and I can rattle. If he had my talent, or I had his, we should be too charming, and the world would almost adore us." Yours.

* Will

## LETTER XXIV.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

June 12, 1782.

My dear friend,

EVERY extraordinary occurrence in our lives affords us an opportunity to learn, if we will, something more of our own hearts and tempers than we were before aware of. It is easy to promise ourselves beforehand, that our conduct shall be wise, or moderate, or resolute, on any given occasion. But when that occasion occurs, we do not always find it easy to make good the promise: such a difference there is between theory and practice. Perhaps this is no new remark; but it is not a whit the worse for being old, if it be true.

Before I had published, I said to myself—You and I, Mr. Cowper, will not concern ourselves much about what the critics may say of our book. But having once sent my wits for a venture, I soon became anxious about the issue, and found that I could not be satisfied with a warm place in my own good graces, unless my friends were pleased with me as much as I pleased myself. Meeting with their approbation, I began to feel the workings of ambition. It is well, said I, that my friends are pleased, but friends are sometimes partial; and mine, I have reason to think, are not altogether free from bias. Methinks I should like to hear a stranger or two speak well of me. I was presently gratified by the approbation of the London Magazine, and the Gentleman's, particularly by that of the former, and by the plaudit of Dr. Franklin. By the way, magazines are publications we have but little respect for, till we ourselves are chronicled in them; and then they assume an importance in our esteem, which before we could not allow them. But the Monthly Review, the most formidable of all my judges, is still behind. What will that critical Rhadamanthus say, when my shivering genius shall appear before him? Still he keeps me in hot water, and I must wait another month for his award. Alas! when I wish for a favourable sentence from that quarter (to confess a weakness, that I should not confess to all), I feel myself not a little influenced by a tender regard to my reputation here, even among my neighbours at Olney. Here are watch-makers, who themselves are wits, and who at present, perhaps, think me one. Here is a carpenter, and a baker; and, not to mention others, here is your idol, Mr. ——, whose smile is fame. All these read the Monthly Review, and all these will set me down for a dunce, if those terrible critics should show them the example. But oh! wherever else I am accounted dull, dear Mr. Griffith, let me pass for a genius at Olney.

We are sorry for little William's illness. It is however the privilege of infancy, to recover, almost immediately, what it has lost by sickness. We are sorry, too, for Mr. ——'s dangerous condition; but he that is well prepared for the great journey cannot enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will weep at his departure. Yours.

## LETTER XXV.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

July 16, 1782.

My dear friend,

THOUGH some people pretend to be clever in the way of prophetical forecast, and to have a peculiar talent of sagacity, by which they can divine the meaning of a providential dispensation, while its consequences

are yet in embryo—I do not. There is at this time to be found, I suppose, in the Cabinet, and in both Houses, a greater assemblage of able men, both as speakers and counsellors, than ever were contemporary in the same land. A man, not accustomed to trace the workings of Providence as recorded in Scripture, and that has given no attention to this particular subject, while employed in the study of profane history, would assert boldly, that it is a token for good, that much may be expected from them, and that the country, though heavily afflicted, is not yet to be despaired of, distinguished as she is by so many characters of the highest class. Thus he would say; and I do not deny, that the event might justify his skill in prognostics. God works by means; and in a case of great national perplexity and distress, wisdom and political ability seem to be the only natural means of deliverance. But a mind more religiously inclined, and perhaps a little tinctured with melancholy, might, with equal probability of success, hazard a conjecture directly opposite. Alas! what is the wisdom of man, especially when he trusts in it as the only God of his confidence?—When I consider the general contempt that is poured upon all things sacred, the profusion, the dissipation, the knavish cunning of some, the rapacity of others, and the impenitence of all, I am rather inclined to fear, that God, who honours himself by bringing human glory to shame, and by disappointing the expectations of those whose trust is in creatures, has signalized the present day as a day of much human sufficiency and strength, has brought together from all quarters of the land the most illustrious men to be found in it, only that he may prove the vanity of idols; and that when a great empire is falling, and he has pronounced a sentence of ruin against it, the inhabitants, be they weak or strong, wise or foolish, must fall with it. I am rather confirmed in this persuasion by observing, that these luminaries of the state had no sooner fixed themselves in the political heaven, than the fall of the brightest of them shook all the rest. The arch of their power was no sooner struck, than the key-stone slipt out of its place; those that were closest in connexion with it followed, and the whole building, new as it is, seems to be already a ruin. If a man should hold this language, who could convict him of absurdity? The marquis of Rockingham is minister; all the world rejoices, anticipating success in war, and a glorious peace. The marquis of Rockingham is dead; all the world is afflicted, and relapses into its former despondence. What does this prove, but that the marquis was their Almighty, and that now he is gone, they know no other? But let us wait a little, they will find another. Perhaps the duke of Port land, or perhaps the unpopular ——, whom they now represent as a devil, may obtain that honour. Thus God is forgot; and when he is, his judgments are generally his remembrancers.

How shall I comfort you upon the subject of your present distress? Pardon me that I find myself obliged to smile at it; because who but yourself would be distressed upon such an occasion? You have behaved politely and like a gentleman, you have hospitably offered your house to a stranger, who could not, in your neighbourhood at least, have been comfortably accommodated any where else. He, by neither refusing nor accepting an offer that did him too much honour, has disgraced himself, but not you. I think for the future you must be more cautious of laying yourself open to a stranger,

and never again expose yourself to incivilities from an archdeacon you are not acquainted with.

Though I did not mention it, I felt with you what you suffered by the loss of Miss ——; I was only silent because I could minister no consolation to you on such a subject, but what I knew your mind to be already stored with. Indeed the application of comfort in such cases is a nice business, and perhaps when best managed, might as well be let alone. I remember reading, many years ago, a long treatise on the subject of consolation, written in French, the author's name I forget, but I wrote these words in the margin :— Special consolation! at least for a Frenchman, who is a creature the most easily comforted of any in the world!

We are as happy in lady Austen, and she in us, as ever; having a lively imagination, and being passionately desirous of consolidating all into one family (for she has taken her leave of London), she has just sprung a project which serves, at least, to amuse us, and to make us laugh; it is to hire Mr. Small's house, on the top of Clifton hill, which is large, commodious, and handsome, will hold us conveniently, and any friends who may occasionally favour us with a visit; the house is furnished, but if it can be hired without the furniture, will let for a trifle; your sentiments if you please upon this *demarche!**

I send you my last frank; our best love attends you individually, and altogether. I give you joy of a happy change in the season, and myself also. I have filled four sides in less time than two would have cost me a week ago; such is the effect of sunshine upon such a butterfly as I am. Yours.

* Step.

## LETTER XXVI.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Nov. 18, 1782.

My dear William,

On the part of the poor, and on our part, be pleased to make acknowledgments, such as the occasion calls for, to our beneficial friend Mr. ——. I call him ours, because having experienced his kindness to myself in a former instance, and in the present his disinterested readiness to succour the distressed, my ambition will be satisfied with nothing less. He may depend upon the strictest secrecy; no creature shall hear him mentioned, either now or hereafter, as the person from whom we have received this bounty. But when I speak of him, or hear him spoken of by others, which sometimes happens, I shall not forget what is due to so rare a character. I wish, and your mother wishes it too, that he could sometimes take us in his way to ———; he will find us happy to receive a person, whom we must needs account it an honour to know. We shall exercise our best discretion in the disposal of the money; but in this town, where the Gospel has been preached so many years, where the people have been favoured so long with laborious and conscientious ministers, it is not an easy thing to find those who make no profession of religion at all, and are yet proper objects of charity. The profane are so profane, so drunken, dissolute, and, in every respect, worthless, that to make them partakers of his bounty, would be to abuse it.—We promise, however, that none shall touch it but such as are miserably poor, yet at the same time industrious and honest, two characters frequently united here, where the most watchful and unremitting labour will hardly procure them bread. We make none

but the cheapest laces, and the price of them is fallen almost to nothing. Thanks are due to yourself likewise, and are hereby accordingly rendered, for waving your claim in behalf of your own parishioners. You are always with them, and they are always, at least some of them, the better for your residence among them. Olney is a populous place, inhabited chiefly by the half-starved and the ragged of the earth; and it is not possible for our small party, and small ability, to extend their operations so far as to be much felt among such numbers. Accept, therefore, your share of their gratitude, and be convinced, that when they pray for a blessing upon those who relieved their wants, He that answers that prayer, and when he answers it, will remember his servant at Stock.

I little thought when I was writing the history of John Gilpin, that he would appear in print. I intended to laugh, and to make two or three others laugh, of whom you were one. But now all the world laugh, at least if they have the same relish for a tale ridiculous in itself, and quaintly told, as we have. Well—they do not always laugh so innocently, and at so small an expense—for in a world like this, abounding with subjects for satire, and with satirical wits to mark them, a laugh that hurts nobody has at least the grace of novelty to recommend it. Swift's darling motto was, *Vive la bagatelle*—a good wish for a philosopher of his complexion, the greater part of whose wisdom, whencesoever it came, most certainly came not from above. *La bagatelle* has no enemy in me, though it has neither so warm a friend, nor so able a one, as it had in him. If I trifle, and merely trifle, it is because I am reduced to it by necessity—a melancholy that nothing else so effectually disperses, engages me sometimes in the arduous task of being merry by force. And, strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote, have been written in the saddest mood, and, but for that saddest mood, perhaps had never been written at all.

I hear, from Mrs. Newton, that some great persons have spoken with great approbation of a certain book. Who they are, and what they have said, I am to be told in a future letter. The Monthly Reviewers, in the mean time, have satisfied me well enough. Yours, my dear William.

## LETTER XXVII.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

April 5, 1783

My dear friend,

WHEN one has a letter to write, there is nothing more useful than to make a beginning. In the first place, because unless it be begun, there is no good reason to hope it will ever be ended; and, secondly, because the beginning is half the business, it being much more difficult to put the pen in motion at first, than to continue the progress of it, when once moved.

Mrs. C——'s illness, likely to prove mortal, and seizing her at such a time, has excited much compassion in my breast, and in Mrs. Unwin's, both for her and her daughter. To have parted with a child she loves so much, intending soon to follow her; to find herself arrested before she could set out, and at so great a distance from her most valued relations, her daughter's life, too, threatened by a disorder not often curable; are circumstances truly affecting. She has indeed much natural fortitude, and, to make her condition still more tolerable, a good Christian hope for her support. But so it is, that the distresses of those, who least need our pity, excite it most; the amiable-

ness of the character engages our sympathy, and we mourn for persons for whom perhaps we might more reasonably rejoice. There is still, however, a possibility that she may recover; an event we *must* wish for, though for her to depart would be far better. Thus we would always withhold from the skies those who alone can reach them, at least till we are ready to bear them company.

Present our love, if you please, to miss C——. I saw in the Gentleman's Magazine for last month, an account of a physician who has discovered a new method of treating consumptive cases, which has succeeded wonderfully in the trial. He finds the seat of the distemper in the stomach, and cures it principally by emetics. The old method of encountering the disorder has proved so unequal to the task, that I should be much inclined to any new practice that comes well recommended. He is spoken of as a sensible and judicious man, but his name I have forgot.

Our love to all under your roof, and in particular to miss Catlett, if she is with you. Yours, my dear friend.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *To the Rev. William Unwin.*

June 8, 1783.

My dear William,

Our severest winter, commonly called the spring, is now over, and I find myself seated in my favourite recess, the green-house. In such a situation, so silent, so shady, where no human foot is heard, and where only my myrtles presume to peep in at the window, you may suppose I have no interruption to complain of, and that my thoughts are perfectly at my command. But the beauties of the spot are themselves an interruption, my attention being called upon by those very myrtles, by a double row of grass pinks, just beginning to blossom, and by a bed of beans already in bloom; and you are to consider it, if you please, as no small proof of my regard, that though you have so many powerful rivals, I disengage myself from them all, and devote this hour entirely to you.

You are not acquainted with the rev. Mr. Bull, of Newport; perhaps it is as well for you that you are not. You would regret still more than you do, that there are so many miles interposed between us. He spends part of the day with us to-morrow. A dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it; an imagination, which, when he finds himself in the company he loves and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation, as amuse and enliven every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party: at other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions, in such a world as this, than men of such a temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind, that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity, is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull. But—he smokes tobacco—nothing is perfect—

*Nihil est ab omni*
*Parte beatum.*

On the other side I send you a something, a song, if you please, composed last Thursday—the incident happened the day before.*—Yours.

* Here followed his song of the Rose.

## LETTER XXIX.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

Oct. 6, 1783.

My dear friend,

IT is indeed a melancholy consideration, that the Gospel, whose direct tendency is to promote the happiness of mankind, in the present as well as in the life to come, and which so effectually answers the design of its Author, whenever it is well understood and sincerely believed, should, through the ignorance, the bigotry, the superstition of its professors, and the ambition of popes, and princes, the tools of popes, have produced, incidentally, so much mischief; only furnishing the world with a plausible excuse to worry each other, while they sanctified the worst cause with the specious pretext of zeal for the furtherance of the best.

Angels descend from heaven to publish peace between man and his Maker—the Prince of Peace himself comes to confirm and establish it; and war, hatred, and desolation, are the consequence. Thousands quarrel about the interpretation of a book, which none of them understand. He that is slain, dies firmly persuaded, that the crown of martyrdom expects him; and he that slew him, is equally convinced that he has done God service. In reality, they are both mistaken, and equally unentitled to the honour they arrogate to themselves. If a multitude of blind men should set out for a certain city, and dispute about the right road, till a battle ensued between them, the probable effect would be, that none of them would ever reach it; and such a fray, preposterous and shocking in the extreme, would exhibit a picture in some degree resembling the original of which we have been speaking. And why is not the world thus occupied at present? even because they have exchanged a zeal, that was no better than madness, for an indifference equally pitiable and absurd. The holy sepulchre has lost its importance in the eyes of nations called Christian, not because the light of true wisdom has delivered them from a superstitious attachment to the spot, but because he that was buried in it is no longer regarded by them as the Saviour of the world.—The exercise of reason, enlightened by philosophy, has cured them indeed of the misery of an abused understanding; but together with the delusion they have lost the substance, and, for the sake of the lies that were grafted upon it, have quarrelled with the truth itself. Here, then, we see the *ne plus ultra* of human wisdom, at least in affairs of religion. It enlightens the mind with respect to non-essentials, but with respect to that in which the essence of Christianity consists, leaves it perfectly in the dark. It can discover many errors, that in different ages have disgraced the faith; but it is only to make way for the admission of one more fatal than them all, which represents that faith itself as a delusion. Why those evils have been permitted, shall be known hereafter. One thing in the mean time is certain; that the folly and frenzy of the professed disciples of the Gospel, have been more dangerous to its interests, than all the avowed hostilities of its adversaries; and perhaps for this cause these mischiefs might be suffered to prevail for a season, that its divine original and nature might be the more illustrated, when it should appear that it was able to stand its ground for ages, against that most formidable of all attacks, the indiscretion of its friends. The outrages, that have followed this perversion of the truth, have proved indeed a stumbling block to individuals; the wise of this world, with all their wisdom, have not been able to distinguish between the blessing and abuse of

it. Voltaire was offended, and Gibbon has turned his back; but the flock of Christ is still nourished, and still increases, notwithstanding the unbelief of a philosopher is able to convert bread into a stone, and a fish into a serpent.

I am much obliged to you for the voyages which I received, and began to read last night. My imagination is so captivated upon these occasions, that I seem to partake with the navigators in all the dangers they encountered. I lose my anchor: my mainsail is rent into shreds; I kill a shark, and by signs converse with a Patagonian; and all this without moving from the fire-side. The principal fruits of these circuits, that have been made around the globe, seem likely to be the amusement of those that staid at home. Discoveries have been made, but such discoveries as will hardly satisfy the expense of such undertakings. We brought away an Indian, and, having debauched him, we sent him home again to communicate the infection to his country—fine sport, to be sure, but such as will not defray the cost. Nations that live upon bread-fruit, and have no mines to make them worthy of our acquaintance, will be but little visited for the future. So much the better for them; their poverty is indeed their mercy. Yours, my dear friend.

## LETTER XXX.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Nov. 10, 1783.

My dear William,

I HAVE lost, and wasted, almost all my writing time, in making an alteration in the verses I either inclose, or subjoin, for I know not which will be the case at present. If prose comes readily, I shall transcribe them on another sheet, otherwise on this. You will understand, before you have read many of them, that they are not for the press. I lay you under no other injunctions. The unkind behaviour of our acquaintance, though it is possible that, in some instances, it may not much affect our happiness, nor engage many of our thoughts, will sometimes obtrude itself upon us with a degree of importunity not easily resisted; and then, perhaps, though almost insensible of it before, we feel more than the occasion will justify. In such a moment it was, that I conceived this poem, and gave loose to a degree of resentment, which perhaps I ought not to have indulged, but which in a cooler hour I cannot altogether condemn. My former intimacy with the two characters was such, that I could not but feel myself provoked by the neglect with which they both treated me on a late occasion. So much by way of preface.

You ought not to have supposed, that if you had visited us last summer, the pleasure of the interview would have been all your own. By such an imagination you wrong both yourself and us. Do you suppose we do not love you? You cannot suspect your mother of coldness; and as to me, assure yourself I have no friend in the world with whom I communicate without the least reserve, yourself excepted. Take heart then; and when you find a favourable opportunity to come, assure yourself of such a welcome from us both, as you have a right to look for. But I have observed in your two last letters, somewhat of a dejection and melancholy, that I am afraid you do not sufficiently strive against. I suspect you of being too sedentary. "You cannot walk." Why you cannot is best known to yourself. I am sure your legs are long enough, and your person does not overload them. But I beseech you ride, and ride often. I think I have heard you say you

cannot even do that without an object. Is not health an object? Is not a new prospect, which in most countries is gained at the end of every mile, an object. Assure yourself, that easy chairs are no friends to cheerfulness, and that a long winter, spent by the fire-side, is a prelude to an unhealthy spring. Every thing I see in the fields, is to me an object; and I can look at the same rivulet, or at a handsome tree, every day of my life, with new pleasure. This indeed is partly the effect of a natural taste for rural beauty, and partly the effect of habit, for I never, in all my life, have let slip the opportunity of breathing fresh air, and conversing with nature, when I could fairly catch it. I earnestly recommend a cultivation of the same taste to you, suspecting that you have neglected it, and suffer for doing so.

## LETTER XXXI.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Nov. 24, 1783.

My dear friend,

An evening unexpectedly retired, and which your mother and I spend without company (an occurrence far from frequent), affords me a favourable opportunity to write by to-morrow's post, which else I could not have found. You are very good to consider my literary necessities with so much attention, and I feel proportionably grateful. Blair's Lectures (though I suppose they must make a part of my private studies, not being *ad captum fœminarum*) will be perfectly welcome. You say you felt my verses. I assure you that in this you followed my example, for I felt them first. A man's lordship is nothing to me, any farther than in connexion with qualities that entitle him to my respect. If he thinks himself privileged by it to treat me with neglect, I am his humble servant, and shall never be at a loss to render him an equivalent. I will not, however, belie my knowledge of mankind so much, as to seem surprised at a treatment which I had abundant reason to expect. To these men, with whom I was once intimate, and for many years, I am no longer necessary, no longer convenient, or in any respect an object. They think of me as of the man in the moon; and whether I have a lantern, or a dog and faggot, or whether I have neither of those desirable accommodations, is to them a matter of perfect indifference: upon that point we are agreed; our indifference is mutual; and were I to publish again, which is not possible, I should give them a proof of it.

L'Estrange's Josephus has lately furnished us with evening lectures. But the historian is so tediously circumstantial, and the translator so insupportably coarse and vulgar, that we are all three weary of him. How would Tacitus have shone upon such a subject, great master as he was of the art of description; concise without obscurity, and affecting without being poetical. But so it was ordered, and for wise reasons no doubt, that the greatest calamities any people ever suffered, and an accomplishment of one of the most signal prophecies in the Scripture, should be recorded by one of the worst writers. The man was a temporizer too, and courted the favour of his Roman masters, at the expense of his own creed; or else an infidel, and absolutely disbelieved it. You will think me very difficult to please: I quarrel with Josephus for the want of elegance, and with some of our modern historians for having too much. With him, for running right forward like a gazette, without stopping to make a single observation by the way; and with them for pretending to delineate characters that existed two thousand years ago, and to disco-

ver the motives by which they were influenced, with the same precision as if they had been their contemporaries. Simplicity is become a very rare quality in a writer. In the decline of great kingdoms, and where refinement in all the arts is carried to an excess, I suppose it is always rare. The later Roman writers are remarkable for false ornament; they were yet no doubt admired by the readers of their own day; and with respect to authors of the present æra, the most popular among them appear to me equally censurable on the same account. Swift and Addison were simple.

Your mother wants room for a postscript, so my lecture must conclude abruptly. Yours.

## LETTER XXXII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

My dear friend,

It is hard upon us striplings, who have uncles still living (N. B. I myself have an uncle still alive), that those venerable gentlemen should stand in our way, even when the ladies are in question; that I, for instance, should find in one page of your letter, a hope that Miss Shuttleworth would be of your party, and be told in your next, that she is engaged to your uncle. Well, we may perhaps never be uncles; but we may reasonably hope that the time is coming, when others, as young as we are now, shall envy us the privileges of old age, and see us engross that share in the attention of the ladies, to which their youth must aspire in vain. Make our compliments, if you please, to your sister Eliza, and tell her that we are both mortified at having missed the pleasure of seeing her.

Balloons are so much the mode, that even in this country we have attempted a balloon. You may possibly remember that at a place called Weston, a little more than a mile from Olney, there lives a family whose name is Throckmorton. The present possessor is a young man, whom I remember a boy. He has a wife, who is young, genteel, and handsome. They are Papists, but much more amiable than many Protestants. We never had any intercourse with the family, though ever since we lived here we have enjoyed the range of their pleasure-grounds, having been favoured with a key, which admits us into all. When this man succeeded to the estate, on the death of his elder brother, and came to settle at Weston, I sent him a complimentary card, requesting the continuance of that privilege, having till then enjoyed it by favour of his mother, who on that occasion went to finish her days at Bath. You may conclude that he granted it, and for about two years nothing more passed between us. A fortnight ago, I received an invitation in the civilest terms, in which he told me, that the next day he should attempt to fill a balloon, and, if it would be any pleasure to me to be present, should be happy to see me. Your mother and I went. The whole country were there, but the balloon could not be filled. The endeavour was, I believe, very philosophically made; but such a process depends for its success upon such niceties as make it very precarious. Our reception was however flattering to a great degree: insomuch that more notice seemed to be taken of us, than we could possibly have expected, indeed rather more than any of his other guests. They even seemed anxious to recommend themselves to our regards. We drank chocolate, and were asked to dine, but were engaged. A day or two afterwards, Mrs. Unwin and I walked that way, and were overtaken in a shower. I

found a tree, that I thought would shelter us both, a large elm, in a grove that fronts the mansion. Mrs. T. observed us, and running towards us in the rain insisted on our walking in. He was gone out. We sat chatting with her till the weather cleared up, and then at her instance took a walk with her in the garden. The garden is almost their only walk, and is certainly the only retreat in which they are not liable to interruption. She offered us a key of it, in a manner that made it impossible not to accept it, and said she would send us one. A few days afterwards, in the cool of the evening, we walked that way again; we saw them going toward the house, and exchanged bows and curtsies at a distance, but did not join them. In a few minutes, when we had passed the house, and had almost reached the gate that opens out of the park into the adjoining field, I heard the iron gate belonging to the court-yard ring, and saw Mr. T. advancing hastily toward us: we made equal haste to meet him; he presented to us the key, which I told him I esteemed a singular favour; and after a few such speeches as are made on such occasions, we parted. This happened about a week ago. I concluded nothing less than that all this civility and attention was designed on their part as a prelude to a nearer acquaintance; but here at present the matter rests. I should like exceedingly to be on an easy footing there, to give a morning call now and then, and to receive one, but nothing more. For though he is one of the most agreeable men I ever saw, I could not wish to visit him in any other way; neither our house, furniture, servants, or income, being such as qualify us to make entertainments; neither would I on any account be introduced to the neighbouring gentry. Mr. T. is altogether a man of fashion, and respectable on every account.

I have told you a long story. Farewell. We number the days as they pass, and are glad that we shall see you and your sister soon. Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Jan. 3, 1784.

My dear William,

YOUR silence began to be distressing to both your mother and me; and had I not received a letter from you last night, I should have written by this post to inquire after your health. How can it be, that you, who are not stationary like me, but often change your situation, and mix with a variety of company, should suppose me furnished with such abundant materials, and yourself destitute. I assure you faithfully, that I do not find the soil of Olney prolific in the growth of such articles as make letter-writing a desirable employment. No place contributes less to the catalogue of incidents, or is more scantily supplied with anecdotes worth notice.

We have

One parson, one poet, one belman, one crier,
And the poor poet is our only 'squire.

Guess then if I have not more reason to expect two letters from you, than you one from me. The principal occurrence, and that which affects me most at present, came to pass this moment. The stair-foot door, being swelled by the thaw, would do any thing better than it would open. An attempt to force it upon that office has been attended with such a horrible dissolution of its parts, that we were immediately obliged to introduce a chirurgeon, commonly called a carpen-

ter, whose applications we have some hope will cure it of a lock'd jaw, and heal its numerous fractures. His medicines are powerful chalybeates, and a certain glutinous salve, which he tells me is made of the tails and ears of animals. The consequences, however, are rather unfavourable to my present employment, which does not well brook noise, bustle, and interruption.

This being the case, I shall not, perhaps, be either so perspicuous or so diffuse on the subject of which you desire my sentiments, as I should be; but I will do my best. Know then, that I have learnt long since, of Abbé Raynal, to hate all monopolies, as injurious, howsoever managed, to the interests of commerce at large; consequently the charter in question would not, at any rate, be a favourite of mine. This, however, is of itself, I confess, no sufficient reason to justify the resumption of it. But such reasons I think are not wanting. A grant of that kind, it is well known, is always forfeited by the non-performance of the conditions. And why not equally forfeited if those conditions are exceeded; if the design of it be perverted, and its operation extended to objects which were never in the contemplation of the donor? This appears to me to be no misrepresentation of their case, whose charter is supposed to be in danger. It constitutes them a trading company, and gives them an exclusive right to traffic in the East Indies. But it does no more. It invests them with no sovereignty; it does not convey to them the royal prerogative of making war and peace, which the king cannot alienate, if he would. But this prerogative they have exercised; and, forgetting the terms of their institution, have possessed themselves of an immense territory, which they have ruled with a rod of iron, to which it is impossible they should even have a right, unless such a one as it is a disgrace to plead—the right of conquest. The potentates of this country they dash in pieces like a potter's vessel, as often as they please, making the happiness of thirty millions of mankind a consideration subordinate to that of their own emolument, oppressing them as often as it may serve a lucrative purpose, and in no instance, that I have ever heard, consulting their interest or advantage. That government, therefore, is bound to interfere, and to un-king these tyrants, is to me self-evident. And if, having subjugated so much of this miserable world, it is therefore necessary that we must keep possession of it, it appears to me a duty so binding on the legislature to resume it from the hands of those usurpers, that I should think a curse, and a bitter one, must follow the neglect of it. But suppose this were done, can they be legally deprived of their charter? In truth I think so. If the abuse and perversion of a charter can amount to a defeasance of it, never were they so grossly palpable as in this instance; never was charter so justly forfeited. Neither am I at all afraid that such a measure should be drawn into a precedent; unless it could be alleged, as a sufficient reason for not having a rogue, that perhaps magistracy might grow wanton in the exercise of such a power, and now and then hang up an honest man for its amusement. When the governors of the Bank shall have deserved the same severity, I hope they will meet with it. In the mean time I do not think them a whit more in jeopardy because a corporation of plunderers have been brought to justice.

We are well, and love you all. I never wrote in such a hurry, nor in such a disturbance. Pardon the effects, and believe me yours affectionately.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

Feb. 10, 1784.

My dear friend,

THE morning is my writing time, and in the morning I have no spirits. So much the worse for my correspondents. Sleep, that refreshes my body, seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches, I grow more alert; and, when I am retiring to bed, am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with us, whom they call nervous. By a strange inversion of the animal economy, we are ready to sleep when we have most need to be awake, and go to bed just when we might sit up to some purpose. The watch is irregularly wound up; it goes in the night, when it is not wanted, and in the day stands still. In many respects we have the advantage of our forefathers the Picts. We sleep in a whole skin, and are not obliged to submit to the painful operation of punctuating ourselves from head to foot in order that we may be decently dressed and fit to appear abroad. But, on the other hand, we have reason enough to envy them their tone of nerves, and that flow of spirits, which effectually secured them from all uncomfortable impressions of a gloomy atmosphere, and from every shade of melancholy from every other cause. They understood, I suppose, the use of vulnerary herbs, having frequent occasion for some skill in surgery; but physicians, I presume, they had none, having no need of any. Is it possible, that a creature like myself can be descended from such progenitors, in whom there appears not a single trace of family resemblance? What an alteration have a few ages made! They, without clothing, would defy the severest season; and I, with all the accommodations that art has since invented, am hardly secure even in the mildest. If the wind blows upon me when my pores are open, I catch cold. A cough is the consequence. I suppose, if such a disorder could have seized a Pict, his friends would have concluded that a bone had stuck in his throat, and that he was in some danger of choking. They would, perhaps, have addressed themselves to the cure of his cough by thrusting their fingers into his gullet, which would only have exasperated the case. But they would never have thought of administering laudanum, my only remedy. For this difference, however, that has obtained betweeen me and my ancestors, I am indebted to the luxurious practices and enfeebling self-indulgence of a long line of grandsires, who, from generation to generation, have been employed in deteriorating the breed; till at last the collected effects of all their follies have centred in my puny self: a man, indeed, but not in the image of those that went before me: a man who sigh and groan, who wear out life in dejection and oppression of spirits, and who never think of the aborigines of the country to which I belong, without wishing that I had been born among them. The evil is without a remedy, unless the ages that are passed could be recalled, my whole pedigree be permitted to live again, and, being properly admonished to beware of enervating sloth and refinement, would preserve their hardiness of nature unimpaired, and transmit the desirable quality to their posterity. I once saw Adam in a dream. We sometimes say of a picture, that we doubt not its likeness to the original, though we never saw him; a judgment we have some reason to form, when the face is strongly charactered, and the features full of expression. So I think of my visionary Adam, and for a

similar reason. His figure was awkward, indeed, in the extreme. It was evident, that he had never been taught by a Frenchman to hold his head erect, or to turn out his toes; to dispose gracefully of his arms, or to simper without a meaning. But if Mr. Bacon was called upon to produce a statue of Hercules, he need not wish for a juster pattern. He stood like a rock; the size of his limbs, the prominence of his muscles, and the height of his stature, all conspired to bespeak him a creature, whose strength had suffered no diminution, and who, being the first of his race, did not come into the world under a necessity of sustaining a load of infirmities, derived to him from the intemperance of others. He was as much stouter than a Pict, as I suppose a Pict to have been than I. Upon my hypothesis, therefore, there has been a gradual declension, in point of bodily vigour, from Adam down to me; at least if my dream were a just representation of that gentleman, and deserve the credit I cannot help giving it, such must have been the case. Yours, my dear friend.

## LETTER XXXV.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

Olney, March 11, 1784.

I RETURN you many thanks for your Apology, which I have read with great pleasure. You know of old that your style always pleases me; and having, in a former letter, given you the reasons for which I like it, I spare you now the pain of a repetition. The spirit, too, in which you write, pleases me as much. But I perceive that, in some cases, it is possible to be severe, and, at the same time, perfectly good-tempered; in all cases, I suppose, where we suffer by an injurious and unreasonable attack, and can justify our conduct by a plain and simple narrative. On such occasions, truth itself seems a satire, because by implication, at least, it convicts our adversaries of the want of charity and candour. For this reason, perhaps, you will find, that you have made many angry, though you are not so; and it is possible, they may be the more angry upon that very account. To assert, and to prove, that an enlightened minister of the Gospel may, without any violation of his conscience, and even upon the ground of prudence and propriety, continue in the Establishment; and to do this with the most absolute composure, must be very provoking to the dignity of some dissenting doctors; and, to nettle them still the more, you in a manner impose upon them the necessity of being silent, by declaring, that you will be so yourself. Upon the whole, however, I have no doubt that your Apology will do good. If it should irritate some, who have more zeal than knowledge, and more of bigotry than of either, it may serve to enlarge the views of others, and to convince them that there may be grace, truth, and efficacy, in the ministry of a church, of which they are not members. I wish it success, and all that attention to which, both from the nature of the subject and the manner in which you have treated it, it is so well entitled.

The patronage of the East Indies will be a dangerous weapon, in whatever hands. I have no prospect of a deliverance for this country, but the same that I have of a possibility that we may one day be disencumbered of our ruinous possessions in the East.

Our good neighbours, who have so successfully knocked away our Western crutch from under us, seem to design us the same favour on the opposite side, in which case we shall be poor, but I think we shall stand a

better chance to be free; and I had rather drink water-gruel for breakfast, and be no man's slave, than wear a chain, and drink tea as usual.

I have just room to add, that we love you as usual, and are your affectionate William and Mary.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

March 19, 1784.

My dear friend,

I WISH it were in my power to give you any account of the marquis Caraccioli. Some years since I saw a short history of him in the Review, of which I recollect no particulars, except that he was (and, for aught I know, may be still) an officer in the Prussian service. I have two volumes of his works lent me by lady Austen. One is upon the subject of self-acquaintance, and the other treats of the art of conversing with the same gentleman. Had I pursued my purpose of translating him, my design was to have furnished myself, if possible, with some authentic account of him, which I suppose may be procured at any bookseller's who deals in foreign publications. But, for the reasons given in my last, I have laid aside the design. There is something in his style that touches me exceedingly, and which I do not know how to describe. I should call it pathetic, if it were occasional only, and never occurred but when his subject happened to be particularly affecting. But it is universal; he has not a sentence that is not marked with it. Perhaps, therefore, I may describe it better by saying, that his whole work has an air of pious and tender melancholy, which, to me, at least, is extremely agreeable. This property of it, which depends, perhaps, altogether upon the arrangement of his words and the modulation of his sentences, it would be very difficult to preserve in a translation. I do not know that our language is capable of being so managed, and rather suspect that it is not, and that it is peculiar to the French, because it is not unfrequent among their writers, and I never saw any thing similar to it in our own.

My evenings are devoted to books. I read aloud for the entertainment of the party, thus making amends, by a vociferation of two hours, for my silence at other times. We are in good health, and waiting as patiently as we can for the end of this second winter. Yours, my dear friend.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

April 25, 1784.

My dear William,

I WISH I had both burning words and bright thoughts. But I have at present neither. My head is not itself. Having had an unpleasant night, and a melancholy day, and having already written a long letter, I do not find myself, in point of spirits, at all qualified either to burn or shine. The post sets out early on Tuesday. The morning is the only time of exercise with me. In order, therefore, to keep it open for that purpose, and to comply with your desire of an immediate answer, I give you as much as I can spare of the present evening.

Since I despatched my last, Blair has crept a little farther into my favour. As his subjects improve, he improves with them; but upon the whole I account him a dry writer, useful no doubt as an instructor, but as little entertaining as, with so much knowledge, it is possible to be. His language is (except Swift's) the least figurative I remember to have seen,

and the few figures found in it are not always happily employed. I take him to be a critic very little animated by what he reads, who rather reasons about the beauties of an author than really tastes them, and who finds that a passage is praise-worthy, not because it charms him, but because it is accommodated to the laws of criticism, in that case made and provided. I have a little complied with your desire of marginal annotations, and should have dealt in them more largely, had I read the books to myself; but, being reader to the ladies, I have not always time to settle my own opinion of a doubtful expression, much less to suggest an emendation. I have not censured a particular observation in the book, though, when I met with it, it displeased me. I this moment recollect it, and may as well therefore note it here. He is commending, and deservedly, that most noble description of a thunder storm in the first Georgic, which ends with

*Ingeminant austri et densissimus imber.**

Being in haste, I do not refer to the volume for his very words, but my memory will serve me with the matter. When poets describe, he says, they should always select such circumstances of the subject as are least obvious, and therefore most striking. He therefore admires the effects of the thunderbolt splitting mountains, and filling a nation with astonishment; but quarrels with the closing member of the period, as containing particulars of a storm not worthy of Virgil's notice, because obvious to the notice of all. But here I differ from him; not being able to conceive that wind and rain can be improper in the description of a tempest, or how wind and rain could possibly be more poetically described. Virgil is indeed remarkable for finishing his periods well, and never comes to a stop but with the most consummate dignity of numbers and expression; and in the instance in question, I think, his skill in this respect is remarkably displayed. The line is perfectly majestic in its march. As to the wind, it is such only as the word *ingeminant* could describe; and the words *densissimus imber* give one an idea of a shower indeed, but of such a shower as is not very common, and such a one as only Virgil could have done justice to by a single epithet. Far therefore from agreeing with the Doctor in his stricture, I do not think the Æneid contains a nobler line, or a description more magnificently finished.

We are glad that Dr. C—— has singled you out upon this occasion. Your performance we doubt not will justify his choice: fear not—you have a heart that can feel upon charitable occasions, and therefore will not fail you upon this. The burning words will come fast enough when the sensibility is such as yours.—Yours, my dear friend.

* The South winds redouble and the thickest shower.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

May 8, 1784.

My dear friend,

You do well to make your letters merry ones, though not very merry yourself, and that both for my sake and your own; for your own sake, because it sometimes happens, that, by assuming an air of cheerfulness, we become cheerful in reality; and for mine, because I have always more need of a laugh than a cry; being somewhat disposed to melancholy by natural temperament as well as by other causes.

It was long since, and even in the infancy of John Gilpin, recommend-

ed to me by a lady now at Bristol, to write a sequel. But having always observed, that authors, elated with the success of a first part, have fallen below themselves when they have attempted a second, I had more prudence than to take her counsel. I want you to read the history of that hero, published by Bladon, and to tell me what it is made of. But buy it not. For, puffed as it is in the papers, it can be but a bookseller's job, and must be dear at the price of two shillings. In the last packet but one that I received from Johnson, he asked me if I had any improvements of John Gilpin in hand, or if I designed any; for that to print only the original again, would be to publish what has been hackneyed in every magazine, in every newspaper, and in every street. I answered, that the copy which I sent him contained two or three small variations from the first, except which I had none to propose; and if he thought him now too trite to make a part of my volume, I should willingly acquiesce in his judgment. I take it for granted, therefore, that he will not bring up the rear of my poems according to my first intention, and shall not be sorry for the omission. It may spring from a principle of pride; but spring from what it may, I feel, and have long felt, a disinclination to a public avowal that he is mine: and since he became so popular, I have felt it more than ever; not that I should have expressed a scruple, if Johnson had not. But a fear has suggested itself to me, that I might expose myself to a charge of vanity by admitting him into my book, and that some people would impute it to me as a crime. Consider what the world is made of, and you will not find my suspicions chimerical. Add to this, that when, on correcting the latter part of the fifth book of the Task, I came to consider the solemnity and sacred nature of the subjects there handled, it seemed to me an incongruity at the least, not to call it by a harsher name, to follow up such premises with such a conclusion. I am well content therefore with having laughed and made others laugh, and will build my hopes of success, as a poet, upon more important matter.

In our printing business we now jog on merrily enough. The coming week will, I hope, bring me to an end of the Task, and the next fortnight to an end of the whole. I am glad to have Paley on my side in the affair of education. He is certainly on all subjects a sensible man, and on such, a wise one. But I am mistaken if Tirocinium do not make some of my friends angry, and procure me enemies not a few. There is a sting in verse, that prose neither has nor can have; and I do not know that schools in the gross, and especially public schools, have ever been so pointedly condemned before. But they are become a nuisance, a pest, an abomination; and it is fit that the eyes and noses of mankind should, if possible, be opened to perceive it.

This is indeed an author's letter; but it is an author's letter to his friend. If you will be the friend of an author, you must expect such letters. Come July, and come yourself, with as many of your exterior selves as can possibly come with you!

Yours, my dear William, affectionately, and with your mother's remembrances. Adieu.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

July 5, 1784.

My dear friend,

A DEARTH of materials, a consciousness that my subjects are, for the most part, and must be uninteresting and unimportant; but, above all, a poverty of animal spirits, that

makes writing much a great fatigue to me, have occasioned my choice of smaller paper. Acquiesce in the justness of these reasons for the present; and if ever the times should mend with me, I sincerely promise to amend with them.

Homer says on a certain occasion, that Jupiter, when he was wanted at home, was gone to partake of an entertainment provided for him by the Ethiopians. If by Jupiter we understand the weather, or the season, as the ancients frequently did, we may say that our English Jupiter has been absent on account of some such invitation: during the whole month of June he left us to experience almost the rigours of winter. This fine day, however, affords us some hope that the feast is ended, and that we shall enjoy his company without the interference of his Ethiopian friends again.

Is it possible, that the wise men of antiquity could entertain a real reverence for the fabulous rubbish which they dignified with the name of religion? We, who have been favoured from our infancy with so clear a light, are perhaps hardly competent to decide the question, and may strive in vain to imagine the absurdities, that even a good understanding may receive as truths, when totally unaided by revelation. It seems, however, that men whose conceptions upon other subjects were often sublime, whose reasoning powers were undoubtedly equal to our own, and whose management in matters of jurisprudence, that required a very industrious examination of evidence, was as acute and subtle as that of a modern attorney-general, could not be the dupes of such imposture, as a child among us would detect and laugh at. Juvenal, I remember, introduces one of his satires with an observation, that there were some in his day who had the hardiness to laugh at the stories of Tartarus and Styx and Charon, and of the frogs that croak upon the banks of Lethe, giving his reader, at the same time, cause to suspect, that he was himself one of that profane number. Horace, on the other hand, declares in sober sadness, that he would not for all the world get into a boat with a man who had divulged the Eleusinian mysteries. Yet we know, that those mysteries, whatever they might be, were altogether as unworthy to be esteemed divine, as the mythology of the vulgar. How then must we determine? If Horace were a good and orthodox heathen, how came Juvenal to be such an ungracious libertine in principle, as to ridicule the doctrines which the other held as sacred? Their opportunities of information and their mental advantages were equal. I feel myself rather inclined to believe, that Juvenal's avowed infidelity was sincere, and that Horace was no better than a canting hypocritical professor.

You must grant me a dispensation for saying any thing, whether it be sense or nonsense, upon the subject of politics. It is truly a matter in which I am so little interested, that were it not that it sometimes serves me for a theme, when I can find no other, I should never mention it. I would forfeit a large sum, if after advertising a month in the Gazette, the minister of the day, whoever he may be, could discover a man that cares about him, or his measures, so little as I do. When I say that I would forfeit a large sum, I mean to have it understood, that I would forfeit such a sum if I had it. If Mr. Pitt be indeed a virtuous man, as such I respect him. But at the best, I fear that he will have to say at last with Hector,

*Si Pergama dextrâ*
*Defendi possent, etiàm hâc defensa fuissent.**

Be he what he may, I do not like his

* If Troy could be defended, my right hand had defended it.

taxes. At least I am much disposed to quarrel with some of them. The additional duty upon candles, by which the poor will be much affected, hurts me most. He says, indeed, that they will but little feel it, because even now they can hardly afford the use of them. He had certainly put no compassion into his budget, when he produced from it this tax and such an argument to support it. Justly translated, it seems to amount to this—"Make the necessaries of life too expensive for the poor to reach them, and you will save their money. If they buy but few candles, they will pay but little tax; and if they buy none, the tax, as to them, will be annihilated." True. But, in the mean time, they will break their shins against their furniture, if they have any, and will be but little the richer, when the hours, in which they might work, if they could see, shall be deducted.

I have bought a great dictionary, and want nothing but Latin authors, to furnish me with the use of it. Had I purchased them first, I had begun at the right end. But I could not afford it. I beseech you admire my prudence. Yours affectionately.

## LETTER XL.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Aug. 14, 1784.

My dear friend,

I GIVE you joy of a journey performed without trouble or danger. You have travelled five hundred miles without having encountered either. Some neighbours of ours, about a fortnight since, made an excursion only to a neighbouring village, and brought home with them fractured sculls and broken limbs, and one of them is dead. For my own part, I seem pretty much exempted from the dangers of the road. Thanks to that tender interest and concern, which the legislature takes in my security! Having no doubt their fears lest so precious a life should determine too soon, and by some untimely stroke of misadventure, they have made wheels and horses so expensive, that I am not likely to owe my death to either.

Your mother and I continue to visit Weston daily, and find in those agreeable bowers such amusement, as leaves us but little room to regret that we can go no farther. Having touched that theme, I cannot abstain from the pleasure of telling you, that our neighbours in that place, being about to leave it for some time, and meeting us there but a few evenings before their departure, entreated us, during their absence, to consider the garden, and all its contents, as our own, and to gather whatever we liked, without the least scruple. We accordingly picked strawberries as often as we went, and brought home as many bundles of honeysuckles as served to perfume our dwelling till they returned.

Once more, by the aid of lord Dartmouth, I find myself a voyager in the Pacific Ocean. In our last night's lecture we made our acquaintance with the island of Hapaee, where we had never been before. The French and Italians, it seems, have but little cause to plume themselves on account of their achievements in the dancing way; and we may hereafter, without much repining at it, acknowledge their superiority in that art. They are equalled, perhaps excelled, by savages. How wonderful that without any intercourse with a politer world, and having made no proficiency in any other accomplishment, they should in this, however, have made

themselves such adepts, that for regularity and grace of motion they might even be our masters! How wonderful too, that with a tub, and a stick, they should be able to produce such harmony, as persons accustomed to the sweetest music, cannot but hear with pleasure! Is it not very difficult to account for the striking difference of character that obtains among the inhabitants of these islands? Many of them are near neighbours to each other; their opportunities of improvement much the same; yet some of them are in a degree polite; discover symptoms of taste, and have a sense of elegance: while others are as rude as we naturally expect to find a people, who have never had any communication with the northern hemisphere. These volumes furnish much matter of philosophical speculation, and often entertain me, even while I am not employed in reading them.

I am sorry you have not been able to ascertain the doubtful intelligence I have received on the subject of cork skirts and bosoms. I am now every day occupied in giving all the grace I can to my new production, and in transcribing it; I shall soon arrive at the passage that censures that folly, which I shall be loth to expunge, but which I must not spare, unless the criminals can be convicted. The world, however, is not so unproductive of subjects of censure, but that it may probably supply me with some other that may serve as well.

If you know any body that is writing or intends to write an epic poem on the new regulation of *franks*, you may give him my compliments, and these two lines for a beginning—

*Heu quot amatores nunc torquet epistola rara!*
*Vectigal certum, perituraque gratia* FRANKI!

Yours faithfully.

## LETTER XLI.

*To the Rev. John Newton.*

Aug. 16, 1784.

My dear friend,

HAD you not expressed a desire to hear from me before you take leave of Lymington, I certainly should not have answered you so soon. Knowing the place, and the amusements it affords, I should have had more modesty than to suppose myself capable of adding any thing to your present entertainments worthy to rank with them. I am not, however, totally destitute of such pleasures as an inland country may pretend to. If my windows do not command a view of the ocean, at least they look out upon a profusion of mignonette; which, if it be not so grand an object, is, however, quite as fragrant: and if I have not a hermit in a grotto, I have nevertheless myself in a green-house, a less venerable figure perhaps, but not at all less animated than he: nor are we in this nook altogether unfurnished with such means of philosophical experiment and speculation, as at present the world rings with. On Thursday morning last, we sent up a balloon from Emberton meadow. Thrice it rose, and as oft descended; and in the evening it performed another flight at Newport, where it went up, and came down no more. Like the arrow discharged at the pigeon in the Trojan games, it kindled in the air, and was consumed in a moment. I have not heard what interpretation the soothsayers have given to the omen, but shall wonder a little if the Newton shepherd prognosticate any thing less from it than the most bloody war that was ever waged in Europe.

I am reading Cook's last voyage, and am much pleased and amused with it. It seems, that in some of

the Friendly Isles they excel so much in dancing, and perform that operation with such exquisite delicacy and grace, that they are not surpassed even upon our European stages. Oh! that Vestris had been in the ship, that he might have seen himself outdone by a savage. The paper indeed tells us, that the queen of France has clapped this king of capers up in prison, for declining to dance before her, on a pretence of sickness, when in fact he was in perfect health. If this be true, perhaps he may by this time be prepared to second such a wish as mine, and to think, that the durance he suffers would be well exchanged for a dance at Annamooka. I should, however, as little have expected to hear, that these islanders had such consummate skill in an art that requires so much taste in the conduct of the person, as that they were good mathematicians and astronomers. Defective, as they are, in every branch of knowledge, and in every other species of refinement, it seems wonderful that they should arrive at such perfection in the dance, which some of our English gentlemen, with all the assistance of French instruction, find it impossible to learn. We must conclude, therefore, that particular nations have a genius for particular feats, and that our neighbours in France, and our friends in the South Sea, have minds very nearly akin, though they inhabit countries so very remote from each other.

Mrs. Unwin remembers to have been in company with Mr. Gilpin at her brother's. She thought him very sensible and polite, and consequently very agreeable.

We are truly glad that Mrs. Newton and yourself are so well, and that there is reason to hope that Eliza is better. You will learn from this letter that we are so; and that, for my own part, I am not quite so low in spirits as at some times. Learn too, what you knew before, that we love you all, and that I am your affectionate friend.

## LETTER XLII.

### *To the Rev. William Unwin.*

Oct. 2, 1784.

My dear William,

A POET can but ill spare time for prose. The truth is, I am in haste to finish my transcript, that you may receive it time enough to give it a leisurely reading before you go to town; which, whether I shall be able to accomplish, is at present uncertain. I have the whole punctuation to settle, which in blank verse is of the last importance, and of a species peculiar to that composition: for I know no use of points, unless to direct the voice; the management of which, in the reading of blank verse, being more difficult than in the reading of any other poetry, requires perpetual hints and notices, to regulate the inflections, cadences, and pauses. This, however, is an affair that, in spite of grammarians, must be left pretty much *ad libitum scriptoris.** For I suppose every author points according to his own reading. If I can send the parcel to the waggon by one o'clock next Wednesday, you will have it on Saturday the ninth. But this is more than I expect. Perhaps I shall not be able to despatch it till the eleventh, in which case it will not reach you till the thirteenth. I the rather think that the latter of these two periods will obtain, because, besides the punctuation, I have the argument of each book to transcribe. Add to this, that in writing for the printer, I am forced to write my best, which makes slow work. The motto of the whole is—*Fit surculos arbor.*† If you can put the

* To the will of the author.

† The twig becomes a tree.

author's name under it, do so—if not, it must go without one, for I know not to whom to ascribe it. It was a motto taken by a certain prince of Orange, in the year 1733; but not to a poem of his own writing, nor indeed to any poem at all, but, as I think, to a medal.

Mr. ——— is a Cornish member; but for what place in Cornwall I know not. All I know of him is, that I saw him once clap his two hands upon a rail, meaning to leap over it. But he did not think the attempt a safe one, and therefore took them off again. He was in company with Mr. Throckmorton. With that gentleman we drank chocolate, since I wrote last. The occasion of our visit was, as usual, a balloon. Your mother invited her, and I him, and they promised to return the visit, but have not yet performed. *Tout le monde se trouvoit là*,* as you may suppose; among the rest, Mrs. W——. She was driven to the door by her son, a boy of seventeen, in a phaeton, drawn by four horses from Lilliput. This is an ambiguous expression; and, should what I write now be legible a thousand years hence, might puzzle commentators. Be it known therefore, to the Alduses and the Stevenses of ages yet to come, that I do not mean to affirm, that Mrs. W—— herself came from Lilliput that morning, or indeed that she ever was there, but merely to describe the horses, as being so diminutive, that they might be, with propriety, said to be Lilliputian.

The privilege of franking having been so cropped, I know not in what manner I and my bookseller are to settle the conveyance of proof sheets hither and back again. They must travel, I imagine, by coach, a large quantity of them at a time; for, like other authors, I find myself under a poetical necessity of being frugal.

We love you all, jointly and separately, as usual.

* Every body was there.

## LETTER XLIII.

*To Joseph Hill, Esq.*

November, 1784.

My dear friend,

To condole with you on the death of a mother, aged eighty-seven, would be absurd—rather, therefore, as is reasonable, I congratulate you on the almost singular felicity of having enjoyed the company of so amiable and so near a relation so long. Your lot and mine, in this respect, have been very different, as indeed in almost every other. Your mother lived to see you rise, at least to see you comfortably established in the world. Mine dying, when I was six years old, did not live to see me sink in it. You may remember with pleasure while you live, a blessing vouchsafed to you so long; and I, while I live, must regret a comfort of which I was deprived so early. I can truly say, that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day,) in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short. But the ways of God are equal—and when I reflect on the pangs she would have suffered had she been a witness of all mine, I see more cause to rejoice than to mourn, that she was hidden in the grave so soon.

We have, as you say, lost a lively and sensible neighbour in lady Austen; but we have been long accustomed to a state of retirement, within one degree of solitude; and, being naturally lovers of still life, can relapse into our former duality, with-

out being unhappy at the change. To me, indeed, a third is not necesry, while I can have the companion I have had these twenty years.

I am gone to the press again; a volume of mine will greet your hands some time either in the course of the winter, or early in the spring. You will find it, perhaps, on the whole, more entertaining than the former, as it treats a greater variety of subjects, and those at least the most of a sublunary kind. It will consist of a poem in six books, called the Task. To which will be added another, which I finished yesterday, called, I believe, Tirocinium, on the subject of education.

You perceive that I have taken your advice, and given the pen no rest.

## LETTER XLIV.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

March 20, 1785.

My dear William,

I THANK you for your letter. It made me laugh; and there are not many things capable of being contained within the dimensions of a letter, for which I see cause to be more thankful. I was pleased, too, to see my opinion of his lordship's *nonchalance*, upon a subject that you had so much at heart, completely verified. I do not know that the eye of a nobleman was ever dissected. I cannot help supposing, however, that, were that organ, as it exists in the head of such a personage, to be accurately examined, it would be found to differ materially in its construction from the eye of a commoner; so very different is the view that men in an elevated, and in an humble station, have of the same object. What appears great, sublime, beautiful, and important to you and to me, when submitted to my lord, or his grace, and submitted, too, with the utmost humility, is either too minute to be visible at all, or, if seen, seems trivial, and of no account. My supposition, therefore, seems not altogether chimerical.

In two months I have corrected proof sheets to the amount of ninety-three pages and no more. In other words, I have received three packets. Nothing is quick enough for impatience; and I suppose that the impatience of an author has the quickest of all possible movements. It appears to me, however, that at this rate we shall not publish till next autumn. Should you happen therefore to pass Johnson's door, pop in your head as you go, and just insinuate to him, that, were his remittances rather more frequent, that frequency would be no inconvenience to me. I much expected one this evening, a fortnight having now elapsed since the arrival of the last. But none came, and I felt myself a little mortified. I took up the newspaper, however, and read it. There I found, that the Emperor and the Dutch are, after all their negotiations, going to war. Such reflections as these struck me. A great part of Europe is going to be involved in the greatest of all calamities—troops are in motion—artillery is drawn together—cabinets are busied in contriving schemes of blood and devastation—thousands will perish, who are incapable of understanding the dispute; and thousands, who, whatever the event may be, are little more interested in it than myself, will suffer unspeakable hardships in the course of the quarrel. Well, Mr. Poet, and how then? You have composed certain verses, which you are desirous to see in print; and because the impression seems to be delayed, you are displeased, not to say dispirited. Be ashamed of yourself! You live in a world in which your feelings may find worthier subjects.

Be concerned for the havoc of nations, and mourn over your retarded volume when you find a dearth of more important tragedies!

You postpone certain topics of conference to our next meeting. When shall it take place? I do not wish for you just now, because the garden is a wilderness, and so is all the country around us. In May we shall have 'sparagus, and weather in which we may stroll to Weston; at least we may hope for it; therefore come in May; you will find us happy to receive you, and as much of your fair household as you can bring with you.

We are very sorry for your uncle's indisposition. The approach of summer seems however to be in his favour, that season being of all remedies for the rheumatism, I believe, the most effectual.

I thank you for your intelligence concerning the celebrity of John Gilpin. You may be sure that it was agreeable—but your own feelings on occasion of that article, pleased me most of all. Well, my friend, be comforted. You had not an opportunity of saying publicly, "I know the author." But the author himself will say as much for you soon, and perhaps will feel in doing so a gratification equal to your own.

In the affair of face-painting, I am precisely of your opinion. Adieu.

## LETTER XLV.

*To Joseph Hill, Esq.*

June 25, 1785.

My dear friend,

I WRITE in a nook, that I call my *boudoir*. It is a summer-house, not much bigger than a sedan-chair, the door of which opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles; and the window into my neighbour's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary, now dead, as a smoking-room; and under my feet is a trap-door, which once covered a hole in the ground, where he kept his bottles. At present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses. Having lined it with garden mats, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, here I write all that I write in summer-time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion; for intruders sometimes trouble me in the winter evenings at Olney. But (thanks to my *boudoir!*) I can now hide myself from them. A poet's retreat is sacred. They acknowledge the truth of that proposition, and never presume to violate it.

The last sentence puts me in mind to tell you, that I have ordered my volume to your door. My bookseller is the most dilatory of all his fraternity, or you would have received it long since. It is more than a month since I returned him the last proof, and consequently since the printing was finished. I sent him the manuscript at the beginning of last November, that he might publish while the town was full; and he will hit the exact moment when it is entirely empty. Patience (you will perceive) is in no situation exempted from the severest trials; a remark that may serve to comfort you under the numberless trials of your own

## LETTER XLVI.

*To Lady Hesketh.*

Oct. 12, 1785.

My dear cousin,

IT is no new thing with you to give pleasure. But I will venture to say, that you do not often give more than you gave me this morning.—When I came down to breakfast, and found upon the table a letter franked by my uncle, and when open-

ing that frank I found that it contained a letter from you, I said within myself—"This is just as it should be. We are all grown young again, and the days that I thought I should see no more are actually returned." You perceive, therefore, that you judged well when you conjectured, that a line from you would not be disagreeable to me. It could not be otherwise than as in fact it proved, a most agreeable surprise; for I can truly boast of an affection for you, that neither years nor interrupted intercourse have at all abated. I need only recollect how much I valued you once, and with how much cause, immediately to feel a revival of the same value; if that can be said to revive, which at the most has only been dormant for want of employment. But I slander it when I say that it has slept. A thousand times have I recollected a thousand scenes, in which our two selves have formed the whole of the drama, with the greatest pleasure; at times, too, when I had no reason to suppose that I should ever hear from you again. I have laughed with you at the Arabian Nights Entertainment, which afforded us, as you well know, a fund of merriment that deserves never to be forgot. I have walked with you to Netley Abbey, and have scrambled with you over hedges in every direction, and many other feats we have performed together, upon the field of my remembrance, and all within these few years. Should I say within these twelve months, I should not transgress the truth. The hours that I have spent with you were among the pleasantest of my former days, and are therefore chronicled in my mind, so deeply as to fear no erasure. Neither do I forget my poor friend, sir Thomas. I should remember him indeed, at any rate, on account of his personal kindness to myself; but the last testimony that he gave of his regard for you, endears him to me still more. With his uncommon understanding (for with many peculiarities he had more sense than any of his acquaintance) and with his generous sensibilities, it was hardly possible that he should not distinguish you as he has done. As it was the last, so it was the best proof, that he could give, of a judgment that never deceived him, when he would allow himself leisure to consult it.

You say that you have often heard of me:—that puzzles me. I cannot imagine from what quarter; but it is no matter. I must tell you, however, my cousin, that your information has been a little defective. That I am happy in my situation, is true; I live, and have lived these twenty years, with Mrs. Unwin, to whose affectionate care of me, during the far greater part of that time, it is (under Providence) owing, that I live at all. But I do not account myself happy in having been for thirteen of those years in a state of mind, that has made all that care and attention necessary; an attention and a care that have injured her health, and which, had she not been uncommonly supported, must have brought her to the grave. But I will pass to another subject: it would be cruel to particularize only to give pain; neither would I by any means give a sable hue to the first letter of a correspondence so unexpectedly renewed.

I am delighted with what you tell me of my uncle's good health. To enjoy any measure of cheerfulness at so late a day, is much. But to have that late day enlivened with the vivacity of youth, is much more, and in these postdiluvian times, a rarity indeed. Happy, for the most part, are parents who have daughters.—Daughters are not apt to outlive their natural affections, which a son has generally survived, even before his boyish years are expired. I rejoice particularly in my uncle's felicity, who has three female descendants

from his little person, who leave him nothing to wish for upon that head.

My dear cousin, dejection of spirits, which (I suppose) may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently; as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write, therefore, generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I transcribe. I read also, but less than I write; for I must have bodily exercise, and therefore never pass a day without it.

You ask me where I have been this summer. I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer, at Olney. Ay, and the winters also, I have seldom left it; and, except when I attended my brother in his last illness, never, I believe, a fortnight together.

Adieu, my beloved cousin. I shall not always be thus nimble in reply, but shall always have great pleasure in answering you when I can. Yours, my dear friend and cousin.

## LETTER XLVII.

*To Lady Hesketh.*

My dearest cousin,

I AM glad that I always loved you as I did. It releases me from any occasion to suspect that my present affection for you is indebted for its existence to any selfish considerations. No. I am sure I love you disinterestedly, and for your own sake; because I never thought of you with any other sensations than those of the truest affection, even while I was under the persuasion that I should never hear from you again. But with my present feelings, superadded to those that I always had for you, I find it no easy matter to do justice to my sensations. I perceive myself in a state of mind similar to that of the traveller described in Pope's Messiah, who, as he passes through a sandy desert, starts at the sudden and unexpected sound of a waterfall. You have placed me in a situation new to me, and in which I feel myself somewhat puzzled how to behave. At the same time I would not grieve you, by putting a check upon your bounty. I would be as careful not to abuse it, as if I were a miser, and the question not about your money, but my own.

Although I do not suspect that a secret to you, my cousin, is any burthen, yet, having maturely considered that point since I wrote my last, I feel myself altogether disposed to release you from the injunction, to that effect, under which I laid you. I have now made such a progress in my translation, that I need neither fear that I shall stop short of the end, nor that any other rider of Pegasus should overtake me. Therefore, if at any time it should fall fairly in your way, or you should feel yourself invited to say I am so occupied, you have my poetship's free permission. Dr. Johnson read and recommended my first volume.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*To Lady Hesketh.*

Olney, Jan. 31, 1786.

IT is very pleasant, my dearest cousin, to receive a present so delicately conveyed as that which I received so lately from Anonymous; but it is also very painful to have nobody to thank for it. I find myself therefore driven by stress of necessity to the following resolutions, *viz.* that I will constitute you my thanks-receiver

general, for whatsoever gift I shall receive hereafter, as well as for those that I have already received from a nameless benefactor. I therefore thank you, my cousin, for a most elegant present, including the most elegant compliment that ever poet was honoured with; for a snuff-box of tortoise-shell, with a beautiful landscape on the lid of it, glazed with crystal, having the figures of three hares in the fore-ground, and inscribed above with these words, *The peasant's nest;* and below with these, *Tiny, Puss, and Bess.* For all and every of these I thank you, and also for standing proxy on this occasion. Nor must I forget to thank you, that so soon after I had sent you the first letter of Anonymous, I received another in the same hand. There! Now I am a little easier.

I have almost conceived a design to send up half a dozen stout country fellows, to tie by the leg to their respective bed-posts the company that so abridges your opportunity of writing to me. Your letters are the joy of my heart; and I cannot endure to be robbed, by I know not whom, of half my treasure. But there is no comfort without a drawback; and therefore it is, that I, who have unknown friends, have unknown enemies also. Ever since I wrote last, I find myself in better health, and my nocturnal spasms and fever considerably abated. I intend to write to Dr. Kerr on Thursday, that I may gratify him with an account of my amendment: for to him I know that it will be a gratification. Were he not a physician, I should regret that he lives so distant, for he is a most agreeable man; but being what he is, it would be impossible to have his company, even if he were a neighbour, unless in time of sickness; at which time, whatever charms he might have himself, my own must necessarily lose much of their effect on him.

When I write to you, my dear, what I have already related to the General, I am always fearful lest I should tell you that for news with which you are well acquainted. For once, however, I will venture—On Wednesday last, I received from Johnson the MS copy of a specimen that I had sent to the General, and, inclosed in the same cover, notes upon it by an unknown critic. Johnson, in a short letter recommended him to me as a man of unquestionable learning and ability. On perusal and consideration of his remarks, I found him such; and having nothing so much at heart as to give all possible security to yourself and the General that my work shall not come forth unfinished, I answered Johnson that I would gladly submit my MS to his friend. He is, in truth, a very clever fellow, perfectly a stranger to me, and one who, I promise you, will not spare for severity of animadversion where he shall find occasion. It is impossible for you, my dearest cousin, to express a wish that I do not equally feel a wish to gratify.—You are desirous that Maty should see a book of my Homer; and for that reason, if Maty will see a book of it, he shall be welcome, although time is likely to be precious, and consequently any delay, that is not absolutely necessary, as much as possible to be avoided. I am now revising the Iliad. It is a business that will cost me four months, perhaps five; for I compare the very words as I go, and if much alteration should occur, must transcribe the whole. The first book I have almost transcribed already. To these five months, Johnson says that nine more must be added for printing; and upon my own experience I will venture to assure you, that the tardiness of printers will make those nine months twelve. There is danger, therefore, that my subscribers may think that I make them wait too long, and that they who know me not may suspect

a bubble. How glad shall I be to read it over in an evening, book by book, as fast as I settle the copy, to you and to Mrs. Unwin! She has been my touchstone always; and without reference to her taste and judgment, I have printed nothing. With one of you at each elbow, I should think myself the happiest of all poets.

The General and I, having broken the ice, are upon the most comfortble terms of correspondence. He writes very affectionately to me, and I say every thing to him that comes uppermost. I could not write frequently to any creature living upon any other terms than those. He tells me of infirmities that he has, which make him less active than he was. I am sorry to hear that he has any such. Alas! alas! he was young when I saw him, only twenty years ago.

I have the most affectionate letter imaginable from Colman, who writes to me like a brother. The chancellor is yet dumb.

May God have you in his keeping, my beloved cousin! Farewell.

## LETTER XLIX.

*To Lady Hesketh.*

Olney, Feb. 11, 1786.

My dearest cousin,

It must be (I suppose) a fortnight or thereabouts since I wrote last, I feel myself so alert and so ready to write again. Be that as it may, here I come. We talk of nobody but you. What we will do with you when we get you, where you shall walk, where you shall sleep—in short, every thing that bears the remotest relation to your well-being at Olney, occupies all our talking time, which is all that I do not spend at Troy.

I have every reason for writing to you as often as I can; but I have a particular reason for doing it now. I want to tell you, that by the diligence on Wednesday next I mean to send you a quire of my Homer for Maty's perusal. It will contain the first book, and as much of the second as brings us to the catalogue of the ships, and is every morsel of the revised copy that I have transcribed. My dearest cousin, read it yourself, let the General read it, do what you please with it, so that it reach Johnson in due time. But let Maty be the only *critic* that has any thing to do with it. The vexation, the perplexity, that attends a multiplicity of criticisms by various hands, many of which are sure to be futile, many of them ill-founded, and some of them contradictory to others, is inconceivable, except by the author whose ill-fated work happens to be the subject of them. This also appears to me self-evident, that if a work have past under the review of one man of taste and learning, and have had the good fortune to please him, his approbation gives security for that of all others qualified like himself. I speak thus, my dear, after having just escaped from such a storm of trouble, occasioned by endless remarks, hints, suggestions, and objections, as drove me almost to despair, and to the very verge of a resolution to drop my undertaking for ever. With infinite difficulty I at last sifted the chaff from the wheat, availed myself of what appeared to me to be just, and rejected the rest, but not till the labour and anxiety had nearly undone all that Kerr had been doing for me. My beloved cousin, trust me for it, as you safely may, that temper, vanity, and self-importance had nothing to do in all this distress that I suffered. It was merely the effect of an alarm that I could not help taking when I compared the great trouble I had with a few lines only, thus handled,

with that which I foresaw such handling of the whole must necessarily give me. I felt beforehand that my constitution would not bear it. I shall send up this second specimen in a box that I have had made on purpose; and when Maty has done with the copy, and you have done with it yourself, then you must return it in said box to my translatorship. Though Johnson's friend has teased me sadly, I verily believe that I shall have no more such cause to complain of him. We now understand one another; and I firmly believe, that I might have gone the world through before I had found his equal in an accurate and familiar acquaintance with the original.

A letter to Mr. Urban in the last Gentleman's Magazine, of which I's book is the subject, pleases me more than any thing I have seen in the way of eulogium yet. I have no guess of the author.

I do not wish to remind the Chancellor of his promise. Ask you why, my cousin? Because I suppose it would be impossible. He has no doubt forgotten it entirely, and would be obliged to take my word for the truth of it, which I could not bear. We drank tea together with Mrs. C——e and her sister, in King Street, Bloomsbury, and there was the promise made. I said, "Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall be always nobody, and you will be chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are." He smiled, and replied, "I surely will." "These ladies," said I, "are witnesses." He still smiled, and said, "Let them be so, for I will certainly do it." But, alas! twenty-four years have passed since the day of the date thereof; and to mention it now would be to upbraid him with inattention to his plighted troth. Neither do I suppose that he could easily serve such a creature as I am, if he would.

Adieu, whom I love entirely.

## LETTER L.

### *To the Rev. Walter Bagot.*

Olney, Feb. 27, 1786.

ALAS! alas! my dear, dear friend, may God himself comfort you! I will not be so absurd as to attempt it. By the close of your letter, it should seem, that in this hour of great trial he withholds not his consolations from you. I know by experience, that they are neither few nor small: and though I feel for you as I never felt for man before, yet do I sincerely rejoice in this, that whereas there is but one true Comforter in the universe, under afflictions such as yours, you both know him and know where to seek him. I thought you a man the most happily mated that I had ever seen, and had great pleasure in your felicity. Pardon me, if now I feel a wish, that, short as my acquaintance with her was, I had never seen her. I should have mourned with you, but not as I do now. Mrs. Unwin sympathizes with you also most sincerely; and you neither are nor will be soon forgotten in such prayers as we can make at Olney. I will not detain you longer now, my poor afflicted friend, than to commit you to the tender mercy of God, and to bid you a sorrowful adieu!

Adieu! ever yours.

## LETTER LI.

### *To Lady Hesketh.*

Olney, April 24, 1786.

YOUR letters are so much my comfort, that I often tremble, lest by any accident I should be disappointed; and the more because you have been, more than once, so engaged in company on the writing day, that I have had a narrow escape. Let me give you a piece of good counsel, my

cousin: Follow my laudable example—write when you can; take Time's forelock in one hand and a pen in the other, and so make sure of your opportunity. It is well for me that you write faster than any body, and more in an hour than other people in two, else I know not what would become of me. When I read your letters, I hear you talk; and I love talking letters dearly, especially from you. Well! the middle of June will not be always a thousand years off; and when it comes I shall hear you, and see you too, and shall not care a farthing then if you do not touch a pen in a month. By the way, you must either send me or bring me some more paper; for before the moon shall have performed a few more revolutions, I shall not have a scrap left; and tedious revolutions they are just now, that is certain.

I give you leave to be as peremptory as you please, especially at a distance; but when you say that you are a Cowper (and the better it is for the Cowpers that such you are, and I give them joy of you, with all my heart), you must not forget, that I boast myself a Cowper too, and have my humours, and fancies, and purposes, and determinations, as well as others of my name, and hold them as fast as they can. *You* indeed tell *me* how often I shall see you when you come. A pretty story truly. I am an *he* Cowper, my dear, and claim the privileges that belong to my noble sex. But these matters shall be settled, as my cousin Agamemnon used to say, at a more convenient time.

I shall rejoice to see the letter you promise me; for though I met with a morsel of praise last week, I do not know that the week current is likely to produce me any; and having lately been pretty much pampered with that diet, I expect to find myself rather hungry by the time when your next letter shall arrive. It will therefore be very opportune. The morsel above alluded to, came from—whom do you think? From ——, but she desires that her authorship may be a secret. And in my answer I promised not to divulge it, except to you. It is a pretty copy of verses, neatly written, and well turned; and when you come you shall see them. I intend to keep all pretty things to myself till then, that they may serve me as a bait to lure you hither more effectually. The last letter that I had from ——, I received so many years since, that it seems as if it had reached me a good while before I was born.

I was grieved at the heart that the General could not come, and that illness was in part the cause that hindered him. I have sent him, by his express desire, a new edition of the first book, and half the second. He would not suffer me to send it to you, my dear, lest you should post it away to Maty at once. He did not give that reason, but being shrewd I found it.

The grass begins to grow, and the leaves to bud, and every thing is preparing to be beautiful against you come. Adieu!

You inquire of our walks, I perceive, as well as our rides. They are beautiful. You inquire also concerning a cellar. You have two cellars. Oh! what years have passed since we took the same walks, and drank out of the same bottle! But a few weeks more, and then!

## LETTER LII.

### *To Lady Hesketh.*

Olney, May 15, 1786.

My dearest cousin,

From this very morning I begin to date the last month of our long separation, and confidently and most

comfortably hope, that before the 15th of June shall present itself, we shall have seen each other. Is it not so? And will it not be one of the most extraordinary æras of my extraordinary life? A year ago we neither corresponded, nor expected to meet in this world. But this world is a scene of marvellous events, many of them more marvellous than fiction itself would dare to hazard; and (blessed be God!) they are not all of the distressing kind. Now and then, in the course of an existence, whose hue is for the most part sable, a day turns up that makes amends for many sighs and many subjects of complaint. Such a day shall I account the day of your arrival at Olney.

Wherefore is it (canst thou tell me?) that, together with all those delightful sensations to which the sight of a long absent dear friend gives birth, there is a mixture of something painful, flutterings, and tumults, and I know not what accompaniments of our pleasure, that are, in fact, perfectly foreign from the occasion? Such I feel, when I think of our meeting, and such, I suppose, feel you; and the nearer the crisis approaches, the more I am sensible of them. I know, beforehand, that they will increase with every turn of the wheels that shall convey me to Newport, when I shall set out to meet you; and that when we actually meet, the pleasure, and this unaccountable pain together, will be as much as I shall be able to support. I am utterly at a loss for the cause; and can only resolve it into that appointment, by which it has been foreordained that all human delights shall be qualified and mingled with their contraries. For there is nothing formidable in you. To me, at least, there is nothing such; no, not even in your menaces, unless when you threaten me to write no more. Nay, I verily believe, did I not know you to be what you are, and had less affection for you than I have, I should have fewer of these emotions, of which I would have none, if I could help it. But a fig for them all! Let us resolve to combat with, and to conquer them. They are dreams. They are illusions of the judgment. Some enemy that hates the happiness of human kind, and is ever industrious to dash it, works them in us; and their being so perfectly unreasonable as they are, is a proof of it. Nothing, that is such, can be the work of a good agent. This I know too, by experience, that, like all other illusions, they exist only by force of imagination, are indebted for their prevalence to the absence of their object, and, in a few moments after its appearance cease. So, then, this is a settled point, and the case stands thus: You will tremble as you draw near to Newport, and so shall I. But we will both recollect, that there is no reason why we should; and this recollection will, at least, have some little effect in our favour. We will likewise both take the comfort of what we know to be true, that the tumult will soon cease, and the pleasure long survive the pain, even as long, I trust, as we ourselves shall survive it.

What you say of Maty gives me all the consolation that you intended We both think it highly probable that you suggest the true cause of his displeasure, when you suppose him mortified at not having had a part of the translation laid before him, ere the specimen was published. The General was very much hurt, and calls his censures harsh and unreasonable. He likewise sent me a consolatory letter on the occasion, in which he took the kindest pains to heal the wound that (he supposed) I might have suffered. I am not naturally insensible; and the sensibilities that I had by nature have been wonderfully enhanced by a long

series of shocks, given to a frame of nerves that was never very athletic. I feel accordingly, whether painful or pleasant, in the extreme; am easily elevated, and easily cast down. The frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness. Yet I presently recover my confidence again. The half of what you so kindly say in your last, would at any time restore my spirits; and, being said by you, is infallible. I am not ashamed to confess, that, having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. *I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) in my nature an infinite share of ambition.* But with it I have at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking any thing, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured—ventured too in the only path, that, at so late a period, was yet open to me; and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way, through the obscurity that has been so long my portion, into notice. Every thing, therefore, that seems to threaten this my favourite purpose with disappointment, affects me nearly. I suppose that all ambitious minds are in the same predicament. He, who seeks distinction, must be sensible of disapprobation, exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause. And now, my precious cousin, I have unfolded my heart to you in this particular, without a speck of dissimulation. Some people, and good people too, would blame me. But you will not; and they (I think) would blame without just cause. We certainly do not honour God when we bury, or when we neglect to improve, as far as we may, whatever talent he may have bestowed on us, whether it be little or much. In natural things, as well as in spiritual, it is a never-failing truth, that to him, who *hath* (that is, to him who occupies what he hath diligently, and so as to increase it), more shall be given. Set me down, therefore, my dear, for an industrious rhymer, so long as I shall have the ability. For in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honour God or to serve man, or even to serve myself.

I rejoice to hear that Mr. Throckmorton wishes to be on a more intimate footing. I am shy, and suspect that he is not very much otherwise; and the consequence has been, that we have mutually wished an acquaintance without being able to accomplish it. Blessings on you for the hint that you dropped on the subject of the house at Weston! For the burthen of my song is, "Since we have met once again, let us never be separated, as we have been, more."

## LETTER LIII.

### *To Lady Hesketh.*

Olney, May 29, 1786.

Thou dear, comfortable cousin, whose letters, among all that I receive, have this property peculiarly their own, that I expect them without trembling, and never find any thing in them that does not give me pleasure! for which, therefore, I would take nothing in exchange that the world could give me, save and except that for which I must exchange them soon (and happy shall I be to do so), your own company. That, indeed, is delayed a little too long; to my impatience, at least it

seems so, who find the spring, backward as it is, too forward, because many of its beauties will have faded before you will have an opportunity to see them. We took our customary walk yesterday in the wilderness at Weston, and saw, with regret, the laburnums, syringas, and guelder-roses, some of them blown, and others just upon the point of blowing, and could not help observing—All these will be gone before lady Hesketh comes. Still, however, there will be roses, and jasmine, and honeysuckle, and shady walks, and cool alcoves, and you will partake them with us. But I want you to have a share of every thing that is delightful here, and cannot bear that the advance of the season should steal away a single pleasure before you can come to enjoy it.

Every day I think of you, and almost all day long; I will venture to say, that even *you* were never so expected in your life. I called last week at the Quaker's to see the furniture of your bed, the fame of which had reached me. It is, I assure you, superb; of printed cotton, and the subject classical. Every morning you will open your eyes on Phaeton kneeling to Apollo, and imploring his father to grant him the conduct of his chariot for a day. May your sleep be as sound as your bed will be sumptuous, and your nights, at least, will be well provided for.

I shall send up the sixth and seventh books of the Iliad shortly, and shall address them to you. You will forward them to the General. I long to show you my workshop, and to see you sitting on the opposite side of my table. We shall be as close packed as two wax figures in an old-fashioned picture frame. I am writing in it now. It is the place in which I fabricate all my verse in summer time. I rose an hour sooner than usual this morning that I might finish my sheet before breakfast, for I must write this day to the General.

The grass under my windows is all bespangled with dew-drops, and the birds are singing in the apple trees among the blossoms. Never poet had a more commodious oratory in which to invoke his Muse.

I have made your heart ache too often, my poor dear cousin, with talking about my fits of dejection. Something has happened that has led me to the subject, or I would have mentioned them more sparingly. Do not suppose, or suspect, that I treat you with reserve; there is nothing, in which I am concerned, that you shall not be made acquainted with. But the tale is too long for a letter. I will only add, for your present satisfaction, that the cause is not exterior, that it is not within the reach of human aid, and that yet I have a hope myself, and Mrs. Unwin a strong persuasion, of its removal. I am indeed even now, and have been for a considerable time, sensible of a change for the better, and expect, with good reason, a comfortable lift from you. Guess then, my beloved cousin, with what wishes I look forward to the time of your arrival, from whose coming I promise myself not only pleasure, but peace of mind, at least an additional share of it. At present it is an uncertain and transient guest with me; but the joy with which I shall see and converse with you at Olney, may, perhaps, make it an abiding one.

## LETTER LIV.

*To the Rev. William Unwin.*

My dear William,

How apt we are to deceive ourselves where self is in question!

You say I am in your debt, and I accounted you in mine: a mistake to which you must attribute my arrears, if indeed I owe you any; for I am not backward to write where the uppermost thought is welcome.

I am obliged to you for all the books you have occasionally furnished me with: I did not indeed read many of Johnson's Classics: those of established reputation are so fresh in my memory, though many years have intervened since I made them my companions, that it was like reading what I read yesterday over again; and as to the minor Classics, I did not think them worth reading at all. I tasted most of them, and did not like them. It is a great thing to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century. Churchill, the great Churchill, deserved the name of poet. I have read him twice, and some of his pieces three times over; and the last time with more pleasure than the first. The pitiful scribbler of his life seems to have undertaken that task, for which he was entirely unqualified, merely because it afforded him an opportunity to traduce him. He has inserted in it but one anecdote of consequence, for which he refers you to a novel, and introduces the story with doubts about the truth of it. But his barrenness as a biographer I could forgive, if the simpleton had not thought himself a judge of his writings, and under the erroneous influence of that thought, informs his reader that "Gotham," "Independence," and the "Times," were catchpennies. Gotham, unless I am a greater blockhead than he, which I am far from believing, is a noble and beautiful poem, and a poem with which I make no doubt the author took as much pains as with any he ever wrote. Making allowance (and Dryden perhaps, in his "Absalom and Achitophel," stands in need of the same indulgence) for an unwarrantable use of Scripture, it appears to me to be a masterly performance. Independence is a most animated piece, full of strength and spirit, and marked with that bold masculine character, which I think is the great peculiarity of this writer. And the Times (except that the subject is disgusting to the last degree) stands equally high in my opinion. He is indeed a careless writer for the most part; but where shall we find, in any of those authors, who finish their works with the exactness of a Flemish pencil, those bold and daring strokes of fancy, those numbers so hazardously ventured upon and so happily finished, the matter so compressed and yet so clear, and the colouring so sparingly laid on and yet with such a beautiful effect! In short, it is not his least praise, that he is never guilty of those faults as a writer, which he lays to the charge of others: a proof that he did not judge by a borrowed standard, or from rules laid down by critics, but that he was qualified to do it by his own native powers, and his great superiority of genius. For he that wrote so much, and so fast, would, through inadvertence and hurry, unavoidably have departed from rules, which he might have found in books; but his own truly poetical talent was a guide which could not suffer him to err. A race horse is graceful in his swiftest pace, and never makes an awkward motion, though he is pushed to his utmost speed. A cart-horse might perhaps be taught to play tricks in the riding-school, and might prance and curvet like his betters; but at some unlucky time would be sure to betray the baseness of his original. It is an affair of very little consequence perhaps to the well-being of mankind, but I cannot help regretting that he died so soon. Those words of Virgil, upon the immature

death of Marcellus, might serve for his epitaph :—

*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra Esse sinent———.**

Yours.

## LETTER LV.

### *To the Rev. William Unwin.*

My dear friend,

I FIND the Register in all respects an entertaining medley; but especially in this, that it has brought to my view some long forgotten pieces of my own production. I mean, by the way, two or three. Those I have marked with my own initials; and you may be sure I found them peculiarly agreeable, as they had not only the grace of being mine, but that of novelty likewise to recommend them. It is at least twenty years since I saw them. You, I think, was never a dabbler in rhyme. I have been one ever since I was fourteen years of age, when I began with translating an elegy of Tibullus. I have no more right to the name of a poet, than a maker of mouse-traps has to that of an engineer; but my little exploits in this way have at times amused me so much, that I have often wished myself a good one. Such a talent in verse as mine is, like a child's rattle, very entertaining to the trifler that uses it, and very disagreeable to all beside. But it has served to rid me of some melancholy moments, for I only take it up as a gentleman performer does his fiddle. I have this peculiarity belonging to me as a rhymist, that though I am charmed to a great degree with my own work while it is on the anvil, I can seldom bear to look at it when it is once finished. The more I contemplate it, the more it loses its value, till I am at last disgusted with it. I then throw it by, take it up again perhaps ten years after, and am as much delighted with it as at the first.

Few people have the art of being agreeable when they talk of themselves; if you are not weary, therefore, you pay me a high compliment.

I dare say miss S—— was much diverted with the conjecture of her friends. The true key to the pleasure she found at Olney was plain enough to be seen; but they chose to overlook it. She brought with her a disposition to be pleased; which whoever does is sure to find a visit agreeable, because they make it so. Yours.

## LETTER LVI.

### *To Lady Hesketh.*

Weston Lodge, Nov. 26, 1786

IT is my birth-day, my beloved cousin, and I determine to employ a part of it, that it may not be destitute of festivity, in writing to you. The dark, thick fog that has obscured it, would have been a burthen to me at Olney; but here I have hardly attended to it. The neatness and snugness of our abode compensates all the dreariness of the season; and whether the ways are wet or dry, our house at least is always warm and commodious. Oh for you, my cousin, to partake these comforts with us! I will not begin already to tease you upon that subject; but Mrs. Unwin remembers to have heard from your own lips, that you hate London in the spring. Perhaps, therefore, by that time you may be glad to escape from a scene which will be every day growing more disagreeable, that you may enjoy the comforts of the Lodge. You well know that the best house has a desolate appearance unfurnished. This house accordingly, since it has been occupied by us and our *meubles*, is as much superior to what it was when

* This youth, the blissful vision of a day,
Shall just be shown to earth, then snatched away.
DRYDEN.

you saw it, as you can imagine. The parlour is even elegant. When I say that the parlour is elegant, I do not mean to insinuate that the study is not so. It is neat, warm, and silent; and a much better study than I deserve, if I do not produce in it an incomparable translation of Homer. I think every day of those lines of Milton, and congratulate myself on having obtained, before I am quite superannuated, what he seems not to have hoped for sooner:

> "And may at length my weary age
> Find out the peaceful hermitage!"

For it is not a hermitage, at least it is a much better thing; and you must always understand, my dear, that when poets talk of cottages, hermitages, and such-like things, they mean a house with six sashes in front, two comfortable parlours, a smart staircase, and three bed-chambers of convenient dimensions; in short, exactly such a house as this.

The Throckmortons continue the most obliging neighbours in the world. One morning last week, they both went with me to the cliffs—a scene, my dear, in which you would delight beyond measure, but which you cannot visit except in the spring or autumn. The heat of summer, and clinging dirt of winter, would destroy you. What is called the cliff is no cliff, nor at all like one, but a beautiful terrace, sloping gently down to the Ouse, and from the brow of which, though not lofty, you have a view of such a valley as makes that which you see from the hills near Olney, and which I have had the honour to celebrate, an affair of no consideration.

Wintry as the weather is, do not suspect that it confines me. I ramble daily, and every day change my ramble. Wherever I go, I find short grass under my feet; and when I have travelled perhaps five miles, come home with shoes not at all too dirty for a drawing-room. I was pacing yesterday under the elms that surround the field in which stands the great alcove, when lifting my eyes I saw two black genteel figures bolt through a hedge into the path where I was walking. You guess already who they were, and that they could be nobody but our neighbours. They had seen me from a hill at a distance, and had traversed a great turnip field to get at me. You see, therefore, my dear, that I am in some request: alas! in too much request with some people. The verses of Cadwallader have found me at last.

I am charmed with your account of our little cousin* at Kensington. If the world does not spoil him hereafter, he will be a valuable man.—Good night, and may God bless thee!

## LETTER LVII.

### *To Samuel Rose, Esq.*

Weston, Oct, 19, 1787

Dear sir,

A SUMMONS from Johnson, which I received yesterday, calls my attention once more to the business of translation. Before I begin I am willing to catch though but a short opportunity to acknowledge your last favour. The necessity of applying myself with all diligence to a long work, that has been but too long interrupted, will make my opportunities of writing rare in future.

Air and exercise are necessary to all men, but particularly so to the man, whose mind labours; and to him, who has been all his life accustomed to much of both, they are necessary in the extreme. My time, since we parted, has been devoted entirely to the recovery of health and strength for this service, and I am willing to hope with good effect. Ten

* Lord Cowper.

months have passed since I discontinued my poetical efforts; I do not expect to find the same readiness as before till exercise of the neglected faculty, such as it is, shall have restored it to me.

You find yourself, I hope, by this time as comfortably situated in your new abode, as in a new abode one can be. I enter perfectly into all your feelings on occasion of the change. A sensible mind cannot do violence even to a local attachment without much pain. When my father died I was young, too young to have reflected much. He was rector of Berkhamstead, and there I was born. It had never occurred to me that a parson has no fee-simple in the house and glebe he occupies.—There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile, in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation; and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt for the first time that I and my native place were disunited for ever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods, from which I once thought I should never be parted; and was at no time so sensible of their beauties as just when I left them all behind me, to return no more.

## LETTER LVIII.

*To Lady Hesketh.*

The Lodge, Nov. 10, 1787.

THE parliament, my dearest cousin, prorogued continually, is a meteor dancing before my eyes, promising me my wish only to disappoint me; and none but the king and his ministers can tell when you and I shall come together. I hope however that the period, though so often postponed, is not far distant; and that once more I shall behold you, and experience your power to make winter gay and sprightly.

I have a kitten, the drollest of all creatures that ever wore a cat's skin. Her gambols are not to be described, and would be incredible if they could. In point of size she is likely to be a kitten always, being extremely small of her age; but time, I suppose, that spoils every thing, will make her also a cat. You will see her, I hope, before that melancholy period shall arrive; for no wisdom that she may gain by experience and reflection hereafter will compensate the loss of her present hilarity. She is dressed in a tortoise-shell suit, and I know that you will delight in her.

Mrs. Throckmorton carries us tomorrow in her chaise to Chicheley. The event however must be supposed to depend on elements, at least on the state of the atmosphere, which is turbulent beyond measure. Yesterday it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning I saw the sky as red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle that foretels all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. No, not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice it to say, that no change of weather surprises him; and that in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence, he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all indeed can make the least pretence to foretel thunder—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him, which is a groat more than the market price; though he is in fact, or rather would be, if leeches were not found in every ditch, an invaluable acquisition.

## LETTER LIX.

*To Lady Hesketh.*

The Lodge, Nov. 27, 1787.

It is the part of wisdom, my dearest cousin, to sit down contented under the demands of necessity, because they are such. I am sensible that you cannot, in my uncle's present infirm state, and of which it is not possible to expect any considerable amendment, indulge either us or yourself, with a journey to Weston. Yourself, I say, both because I know it will give you pleasure to see *Causidice mi** once more, especially in the comfortable abode where you have placed him; and because, after so long an imprisonment in London, you, who love the country, and have a taste for it, would of course be glad to return to it. For my own part, to me it is ever new; and though I have now been an inhabitant of this village a twelvemonth, and have during the half of that time been at liberty to expatiate and to make discoveries, I am daily finding out fresh scenes and walks, which you would never be satisfied with enjoying—some of them are unapproachable by you either on foot or in your carriage. Had you twenty toes (whereas I suppose you have but ten) you could not reach them; and coach-wheels have never been seen there since the flood. Before it indeed (as Burnet says that the earth was then perfectly free from all inequalities in its surface), they might have been seen there every day. We have other walks both upon hill tops, and in valleys beneath, some of which by the help of your carriage, and many of them without its help, would be always at your command.

On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke as follows: "Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All-Saints in Northampton; brother of Mr. C. the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great favour, sir, if you would furnish me with one." To this I replied, "Mr. C., you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, C——, the statuary, who, every body knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose."—"Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading, that the people of our town cannot understand him." I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, Perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too for the same reason. But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my Muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him.—The waggon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals. I have written *one*, that serves *two hundred* persons.

A few days since I received a second very obliging letter from Mr. M——. He tells me that his own papers, which are by far, he is sorry to say, the most numerous, are marked V. I. Z. Accordingly, my dear,

* The appellation which Sir Thomas Hesketh used to give him in jest when he was of the Temple.

I am happy to find that I am engaged in a correspondence with Mr. Viz, a gentleman for whom I have always entertained the profoundest veneration. But the serious fact is, that the papers distinguished by those signatures have ever pleased me most, and struck me as the work of a sensible man, who knows the world well, and has more of Addison's delicate humour than any body.

A poor man begged food at the hall lately. The cook gave him some vermicelli soup. He ladled it about some time with the spoon, and then returned it to her, saying, "I am a poor man, it is true, and I am very hungry, but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in it." Once more, my dear, a thousand thanks for your box full of good things, useful things, and beautiful things. Yours ever.

## SECTION III.

### FROM THE LETTERS OF DR. BEATTIE, SIR WM. JONES, AND OTHERS.

### LETTER I.

*Dr. Beattie to Robert Arbuthnot, Esq.*

Aberdeen, 12th December, 1763.

SINCE you left us, I have been reading Tasso's "Jerusalem," in the translation lately published by Hoole. I was not a little anxious to peruse a poem which is so famous over all Europe, and has so often been mentioned as a rival to the "Iliad," "Æneid," and "Paradise Lost." It is certainly a noble work; and though it seems to me to be inferior to the three poems just mentioned, yet I cannot help thinking it in the rank next to these. As for the other modern attempts at the "Epopee," the "Henriade" of Voltaire, the "Epigoniad" of Wilkie, the "Leonidas" of Glover, not to mention the "Arthur" of Blackmore, they are not to be compared with it. Tasso possesses an exuberant and sublime imagination; though in exuberance it seems, in my opinion, inferior to our Spenser, and in sublimity inferior to Milton. Were I to compare Milton's genius with Tasso's, I would say, that the sublime of the latter is flashy and fluctuating, while that of the former diffuses an uniform, steady, and vigorous blaze: Milton is more majestic, Tasso more dazzling. Dryden, it seems, was of opinion, that the "Jerusalem Delivered" was the only poem of modern times that deserved the name of epic; but it is certain that criticism was not this writer's talent; and I think it is evident, from some passages of his works, that he either did not, or would not, understand the "Paradise Lost." Tasso borrows his plot and principal characters from Homer, but his manner resembles Virgil's. He is certainly much obliged to Virgil, and scruples not to imitate, nor to translate him on many occasions. In the *pathetic*, he is far inferior both to Homer, to Virgil, and to Milton. His characters, though different, are not always distinct, and want those

masterly and distinguishing strokes, which the genius of Homer and Shakspeare, and of them only, knows how to delineate. Tasso excels in describing pleasurable scenes, and seems peculiarly fond of such as have a reference to the passion of love. Yet, in characterizing this passion, he is far inferior, not only to Milton, but also to Virgil, whose fourth book he has been at great pains to imitate. The translation is smooth and flowing; but in dignity, and variety of numbers, is often defective, and often labours under a feebleness and prolixity of phrase, evidently proceeding either from want of skill, or from want of leisure in the versifier.

## LETTER II.

### *Dr. Beattie to Sir William Forbes.*

Aberdeen, 30th January, 1766.

YOUR zeal in promoting my interest demands my warmest acknowledgments; yet, for want of adequate expressions, I scarce know in what manner to pay them. I must therefore leave you to guess at my gratitude, by the emotions which would arise in your own heart, on receiving a very important favour from a person of whom you had merited nothing, and to whom you could make no just return.

I suppose you have seen my letter to Dr. Blacklock. I hope, in due time, to be acquainted with your sentiments concerning it. I know not whether I have gained my point or not: but in composing that letter I was more studious of simplicity of diction than in any other of my pieces. I am not, indeed, in this respect, so very scrupulous as some critics of these times. I see no harm in using an expressive epithet, when, without the use of such an epithet, one cannot do justice to his idea. Even a compounded epithet, provided it be suitable to the genius of our language, and authenticated by some good writer, may often, in my opinion, produce a good effect. My notion of simplicity discards every thing from style which is affected, superfluous, indefinite, or obscure; but admits every grace, which, without encumbering a sentiment, does really embellish and enforce it. I am no friend to those prettinesses of modern style, which one may call the pompous earrings and flounces of the Muses, which, with some writers, are so highly in vogue at present: they may, by their glare and fluttering, take off the eye from imperfections; but I am convinced they disguise and disfigure the charms of genuine beauty.

I have of late been much engaged in metaphysics; at least I have been labouring with all my might to overturn that visionary science. I am a member of a club in this town, who style themselves the Philosophical Society. We have meetings every fortnight, and deliver discourses in our turn. I hope you will not think the worse of this society when I tell you, that to it the world is indebted for "A comparative View of the Faculties of Man," and an "Enquiry into Human Nature, on the Principles of Common Sense." Criticism is the field in which I have hitherto (chiefly at least) chosen to expatiate; but an accidental question lately furnished me with a hint, which I made the subject of a two hours' discourse at our last meeting. I have for some time wished for an opportunity of publishing something relating to the business of my own profession, and I think I have now found an opportunity: for the doctrine of my last discourse seems to be of importance, and I have already finished two-thirds of my plan. My doctrine is this: that as we know nothing of the eternal relations of things, *that* to us *is* and must be

*truth*, which we feel that we must believe; and *that* to us is falsehood, which we feel that we must disbelieve. I have shown, that all genuine reasoning does ultimately terminate in certain principles, which it is impossible to disbelieve, and as impossible to prove: that therefore the ultimate standard of truth to us is common sense, or that instinctive conviction into which all true reasoning does resolve itself: that therefore what contradicts common sense is in itself absurd, however subtle the arguments which support it: for such is the ambiguity and insufficiency of language, that it is easy to argue on either side of any question with acuteness sufficient to confound one who is not expert in the art of reasoning. My principles, in the main, are not essentially different from Dr. Reid's; but they seem to offer a more compendious method of destroying scepticism. I intend to show (and have already in part shown) that all sophistical reasoning is marked with certain characters which distinguish it from true investigation: and thus I flatter myself I shall be able to discover a method of detecting sophistry, even when one is not able to give a logical confutation of its arguments. I intend further to inquire into the nature of that modification of intellect which qualifies a man for being a sceptic; and I think I am able to prove, that it is not genius, but the want of it. However, it will be summer before I can finish my project. I own it is not without indignation, that I see sceptics and their writings (which are the bane, not only of science, but also of virtue) so much in vogue in the present age.

## LETTER III.

### *Dr. Beattie to Sir William Forbes.*

Aberdeen, 13th September, 1766.

You flatter me very agreeably, by wishing me to engage in a translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem." If I had all the other accomplishments necessary to fit me for such an undertaking (which is by no means the case), I have not as yet acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Italian language, although I understand it tolerably well. My proficiency would have been much more considerable, if my health had allowed me to study; but I have been obliged to estrange myself from books for some months past. I intend to persist in my resolution of acquiring that language, for I am wonderfully delighted with the Italian poetry. It does not seem to abound much in those strokes of fancy that raise admiration and astonishment, in which I think the English very much superior; but it possesses all the milder graces in an eminent degree; in simplicity, harmony, delicacy, and tenderness, it is altogether without a rival. I cannot well account for that neglect of the Italian literature, which, for about a century past, has been fashionable among us. I believe Mr. Addison may have been instrumental in introducing, or at least in vindicating it; though I am inclined to think, that he took upon trust, from Boileau, that censure which he past upon the Italian poets, and which has been current among the critics ever since the days of the "Spectator."

A good translation of Tasso would be a very valuable accession to English literature; but it would be a most difficult undertaking, on account of the genius of our language, which, though in the highest degree copious, expressive, and sonorous, is not to be compared with the Italian in delicacy, sweetness, and simplicity of composition; and these are qualities so characteristical of Tasso, that a translator would do the highest injustice to his author, who should fail in transfusing them into his version. Besides, a work of such a nature

must not only be laborious but expensive; so that a prudent person would not choose to engage in it without some hope, not only of being indemnified, but even rewarded; and such a hope it would be madness in me to entertain. Yet, to show that I am not averse from the work (for, luckily for poor bards, poetry is sometimes its own reward, and is at any time amply rewarded when it gratifies the desire of a friend), I design, as soon as I have leisure, and sufficient skill in the language, to try my hand at a short specimen. In the mean time, I flatter myself you will not think the worse of me for not making a thousand protestations of my insufficiency, and as many acknowledgments of my gratitude for the honour you do me in supposing me capable of such a work. The truth is, I have so much to say on this subject, that if I were only to begin, I should never have done. Your friendship and your good opinion, which I shall ever account it my honour to cultivate, I do indeed value more than I can express.

Your neglect of the modern philosophical sceptics, who have too much engaged the attention of these times, does equal honour to your understanding and to your heart. To suppose that every thing may be made matter of dispute, is an exceeding false principle, subversive of all true science, and prejudicial to the happiness of mankind. To confute, without convincing, is a common case, and indeed a very easy matter; in all conviction (at least in all moral and religious conviction), the heart is engaged as well as the understanding; and the understanding may be satisfied, or at least confounded, with a doctrine from which the heart recoils with the strongest aversion.—This is not the language of a logician; but this, I hope, is the language of an honest man, who considers all science as frivolous, which does not make men wiser and better; and to puzzle with words, without producing conviction (which is all that our metaphysical sceptics have been able to do), can never promote either the wisdom or the virtue of mankind. It is strange that men should so often forget that "Happiness is our being's end and aim." Happiness is desirable for its own sake; truth is desirable only as a means of producing happiness; for who would not prefer an agreeable delusion to a melancholy truth? What, then, is the use of that philosophy, which aims to inculcate truth at the expense of happiness, by introducing doubt and disbelief in the place of confidence and hope? Surely the promoters of all such philosophy are either the enemies of mankind or the dupes of their own most egregious folly. I mean not to make any concessions in favour of metaphysical truth; genuine truth and genuine happiness were never inconsistent: but metaphysical truth (such as we find in our sceptical systems) is not genuine, for it is perpetually changing; and no wonder, since it depends not on the common sense of mankind (which is always the same), but varies according as the talents and the inclinations of different authors are different. The doctrines of metaphysical scepticism are either true or false; if false, we have little to do with them; if true, they prove the fallacy of the human faculties, and therefore prove too much; for it follows, as an undeniable consequence, that all human doctrines whatsoever (themselves not excepted) are fallacious, and consequently pernicious, insignificant, and vain.

## LETTER IV.

### *Dr. Beattie to Dr. Blacklock.*

Aberdeen, 22d September, 1766.

I AM not a little flattered by your

friendly and spirited vindication of the poem on *Bufo*. Among the invidious and malicious, I have got a few enemies on account of that performance; among the candid and generous, not one. This, joined to the approbation of my own conscience, is entirely sufficient to make me easy on that head. I have not yet heard whether my little work has been approved or condemned in England. I have not even heard whether it has been published or not. However, the days of romantic hope are now happily over with me, as well as the desire of public applause; a desire of which I never had any title to expect the gratification; and which, though I had been able to gratify it, would not have contributed a single mite to my happiness. Yet I am thankful to Providence for having endued me with an inclination to poetry; for, though I have never been supremely blest in my own Muse, I have certainly been gratified, in the most exquisite degree, by the productions of others.

Those pieces of mine, from which I have received the highest entertainment, are such as are altogether improper for publication, being written in a sort of burlesque humour, for the amusement of some particular friend, or for some select company: of these I have a pretty large collection; and though I should be ashamed to be publicly known as the author of many of them, I cannot help entertaining a certain partiality towards them; arising, perhaps, from this circumstance in their favour, that the pleasure they have yielded me has been altogether sincere, unmixed with that chagrin which never fails to attend an unfortunate publication.

Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the manner which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition. I have written one hundred and fifty lines, and am surprised to find the structure of that complicated stanza so little troublesome. I was always fond of it; for I think it the most harmonious that ever was contrived. It admits of more variety of pauses than either the couplet or the alternate rhyme; and it concludes with a pomp and majesty of sound, which, to my ear, is wonderfully delightful. It seems also very well adapted to the genius of our language, which, from its irregularity of inflexion, and number of monosyllables, abounds in diversified terminations, and consequently renders our poetry susceptible of an endless variety of legitimate rhymes. But I am so far from intending this performance for the press, that I am morally certain it never will be finished. I shall add a stanza now and then, when I am at leisure, and when I have no humour for any other amusement: but I am resolved to write no more poetry with a view to publication, till I see some dawnings of a poetical taste among the generality of readers, of which, however, there is not at present any thing like an appearance.

My employment, and indeed my inclination, leads me rather to prose composition; and in this way I have much to do. The doctrines commonly comprehended under the name of moral philosophy are at present over-run with metaphysics, a luxuriant and tenacious weed, which seldom fails to choke and extirpate the wholesome plants, which it was perhaps intended to support and shelter. To this literary weed I have an insuperable aversion, which becomes stronger and stronger, in pro-

portion as I grow more and more acquainted with its nature, and qualities, and fruits. It is very agreeable to the paradoxical and licentious spirit of the age: but I am thoroughly convinced that it is fatal to true science, an enemy to the fine arts, destructive of genuine sentiment, and prejudicial to the virtue and happiness of mankind.

## LETTER V.

### *Dr. Beattie to the Honourable Charles Boyd.*

Aberdeen, 16th November, 1766.

Of all the chagrins with which my present infirm state of health is attended, none afflicts me more than my inability to perform the duties of friendship. The offer which you were generously pleased to make me of your correspondence, flatters me extremely; but alas! I have not as yet been able to avail myself of it. While the good weather continued, I strolled about the country, and made many strenuous attempts to run away from this odious giddiness; but the more I struggled, the more closely it seemed to stick by me. About a fortnight ago the hurry of my winter business began; and at the same time my malady recurred with more violence than ever, rendering me at once incapable of reading, writing, and thinking. Luckily I am now a little better, so as to be able to read a page, and write a sentence or two without stopping; which, I assure you, is a very great matter. My hopes and my spirits begin to revive once more. I flatter myself I shall soon get rid of this infirmity; nay, that I shall ere long be in the way of becoming a *great man.* For have I not head-achs, like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? grey hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes (for fear of corns), like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes (though not of *lippitude*), like Horace? Am I not at this present writing invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph, the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod, the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles (in the air). I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rosinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil. This last sentence I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd. I might compare myself, in relation to many other infirmities, to many other *great men;* but if Fortune is not influenced in my favour by the particulars already enumerated, I shall despair of ever recommending myself to her good graces. I once had some thought of soliciting her patronage on the score of my resembling great men in their good qualities; but I had so little to say on that subject, that I could not for my life furnish matter for one well-rounded period: and you know a short ill-turned speech is very improper to be used in an address to a female deity.

Do not you think there is a sort of antipathy between philosophical and poetical genius? I question whether any one person was ever eminent for both. Lucretius lays aside the poet when he assumes the philosopher, and the philosopher when he assumes the poet: in the one character he is truly excellent, in the other he is absolutely nonsensical. Hobbes was a tolerable metaphysician, but his poetry is the worst that ever was. Pope's "Essay on Man" is the finest philosophical po-

em in the world; but it seems to me to do more honour to the imagination than to the understanding of its author: I mean its sentiments are noble and affecting, its images and allusions apposite, beautiful, and new; its wit transcendently excellent: but the scientific part of it is very exceptionable. Whatever Pope borrows from Leibnitz, like most other metaphysical theories, is frivolous and unsatisfying: what Pope gives us of his own, is energetic, irresistible, and divine. The incompatibility of philosophical and poetical genius is, I think, no unaccountable thing. Poetry exhibits the general qualities of a species; philosophy the particular qualities of individuals. *This* forms its conclusions from a painful and minute examination of single instances: *that* decides instantaneously, either from its own instinctive sagacity, or from a singular and unaccountable penetration, which at one glance sees all the instances which the philosopher must leisurely and progressively scrutinize, one by one. This persuades you gradually, and by detail; the other overpowers you in an instant by a single effort. Observe the effect of argumentation in poetry; we have too many instances of it in Milton: it transforms the noblest thoughts into drawling inferences, and the most beautiful language into prose: it checks the tide of passion, by giving the mind a different employment in the comparison of ideas. A little philosophical acquaintance with the most beautiful parts of nature, both in the material and immaterial system, is of use to a poet, and gives grace and solidity to poetry; as may be seen in the "Georgics," the "Seasons," and the "Pleasures of Imagination:" but this acquaintance, if it is any thing more than superficial, will do a poet rather harm than good; and will give his mind that turn for minute observation which enfeebles the fancy by restraining it, and counteracts the native energy of judgment, by rendering it fearful and suspicious.

## LETTER VI.

### *Dr. Beattie to Sir William Forbes.*

Aberdeen, 17th January, 1768.

I HAVE been intending, for these several weeks, to write to you, though it were only to assure you of the continuance of my esteem and attachment. This place, you know, furnishes little amusement, either political or literary; and at this season it is rather more barren than usual.

I have, for a time, laid aside my favourite studies, that I might have leisure to prosecute a philosophical inquiry, less amusing indeed than poetry and criticism, but not less important. The extraordinary success of the sceptical philosophy has long filled me with regret. I wish I could undeceive mankind in regard to this matter: perhaps this wish is vain; but it can do no harm to make the trial. The point I am now labouring to prove, is the universality and immutability of moral sentiment, a point which has been brought into dispute, both by the friends and by the enemies of virtue. In an age less licentious in its principles, it would not, perhaps, be necessary to insist much on this point. At present it is very necessary. Philosophers have ascribed all religion to human policy. Nobody knows how soon they may ascribe all morality to the same origin; and then the foundations of human society, as well as of human happiness, will be effectually undermined. To accomplish this end, Hobbes, Hume, Mandeville, and even Locke, have laboured; and I am sorry to say, from my knowledge of mankind, that their labour has not been altogether

in vain. Not that the works of these philosophers are generally read, or even understood by the few who read them. It is not the mode, now-a-days, for a man to think for himself; but they greedily adopt the conclusions, without any concern about the arguments or principles whence they proceed; and they justify their own credulity by general declamation upon the transcendent merit of their favourite authors, and the universal deference that is paid to their genius and learning. If I can prove those authors guilty of gross misrepresentations of matters of fact, unacquainted with the human heart, ignorant even of their own principles, the dupes of verbal ambiguities, and the votaries of frivolous though dangerous philosophy, I shall do some little service to the cause of truth; and all this I will undertake to prove, in many instances of high importance.

You have, no doubt, seen Dr. Blacklock's new book.* I was very much surprised to see my name prefixed to the dedication, as he never had given me the least intimation of such a design. His friendship does me great honour. I should be sorry, if, in this instance, it has got the better of his prudence; and I have some reason to fear, that my name will be no recommendation to the work, at least in this place, where, however, the book is very well spoken of, by some who have read it. I should like to know how it takes at Edinburgh.

## LETTER VII.

*Dr. Beattie to Sir William Forbes.*

Aberdeen, 4th May, 1770.

NOTHING, I think, is stirring in the literary world. All ranks are run mad with politics; and I know not whether there was any period at which it was more unseasonable to publish new books. I do not mean, that the nation has no need of instruction; I mean only, that it has neither leisure nor inclination to listen to any.

I am a very great admirer of Armstrong's poem on "Health;" and therefore, as soon as I heard that the same author had published two volumes of "Miscellanies," I sent a commission for them with great expectations: but I am miserably disappointed. I know not what is the matter with Armstrong; but he seems to have conceived a rooted aversion at the whole human race, except a few friends, who, it seems, are dead. He sets the public opinion at defiance; a piece of boldness which neither Virgil nor Horace were ever so shameless as to acknowledge. It is very true, that living authors are often hardly dealt with by their contemporaries; witness Milton, Collins the poet, and many others: but I believe it is equally true, that no good piece was ever published, which did not sooner or later, obtain the public approbation. How is it possible it should be otherwise? People read for amusement. If a book be capable of yielding amusement, it will naturally be read; for no man is an enemy to what gives him pleasure. Some books, indeed, being calculated for the intellects of a few, can please only a few; yet if they produce this effect, they answer all the end the authors intended; and if those few be men of any note, which is generally the case, the herd of mankind will very willingly fall in with their judgment, and consent to admire what they do not understand. I question whether there are now in Europe two thousand, or even one

* "Paraclesis, or Consolations."

thousand persons, who understand a word of Newton's "Principia;" yet there are in Europe many millions who extol Newton as a very great philosopher. Those are but a small number who have any sense of the beauties of Milton; yet every body admires Milton, because it is the fashion. Of all the English poets of this age, Mr. Gray is most admired, and, I think, with justice; yet there are, comparatively speaking, but a few who know any thing of his, but his "Church-yard Elegy," which is by no means the best of his works. I do not think that Dr. Armstrong has any cause to complain of the public: his "Art of Health" is not indeed a popular poem, but it is very much liked, and has often been printed. It will make him known and esteemed by posterity; and I presume he will be the more esteemed, if all his other works perish with him. In his "Sketches," indeed, are many sensible, and some striking remarks; but they breathe such a rancorous and contemptuous spirit, and abound so much in odious vulgarisms and colloquial execrations, that in reading we are as often disgusted as pleased. I know not what to say of his "Universal Almanack:" it seems to me an attempt at humour; but such humour is either too high or too low for my comprehension. The plan of his tragedy, called the "Forced Marriage," is both obscure and improbable; yet there are good strokes in it, particularly in the last scene.

## LETTER VIII.

### *Dr. Beattie to Dr. Blacklock.*

Aberdeen, 27th May, 1770.

I CANNOT express how much I think myself indebted to your friendship, in entering so warmly into all my concerns, and in making out so readily, and at such length, the two critical articles. The shortest one was sent back, in course of post, to Mr. Kincaid,* from whom you would learn the reasons that induced me to make some alterations in the analysis you had there made of my book. The other paper I return in this packet. I have made a remark or two at the end, but no alterations. Indeed, how could I? you understand my philosophy as perfectly as I do; you express it much better, and you embellish it with a great many of your own sentiments, which, though new to me, are exceedingly apposite to my subject, and set some parts of it in a fairer light than I have been able to do in my book. I need not tell you how happy I am in the thought, that this work of mine has your approbation; for I know you too well to impute to mere civility the many handsome things you have said in praise of it. I know you approve it, because I know you incapable to say one thing and think another; and I do assure you, I would not forego your approbation to avoid the censure of fifty Mr. Humes. What do I say? Mr. Hume's censure I am so far from being ashamed of, that I think it does me honour. It is, next to his conversion (which I have no reason to look for), the most desirable thing I have to expect from that quarter. I have heard, from very good authority, that he speaks of me and my book with very great bitterness (I own, I thought he would rather have affected to treat both with contempt); and that he says I have not used him like a gentleman. He is quite right to set the matter upon that footing. It is an odious charge; it is an objection easily remembered, and, for that rea-

* The publisher.

son, will be often repeated by his admirers; and it has this farther advantage, that being (in the present case) perfectly unintelligible, it cannot possibly be answered. The truth is, I, as a rational, moral, and immortal being, and something of a philosopher, treated him as a rational, moral, and immortal being, a sceptic, and an atheistical writer. My design was, not to make a book full of fashionable phrases and polite expressions, but to undeceive the public in regard to the merits of the sceptical philosophy, and the pretensions of its abettors. To say that I ought not to have done this with plainness and spirit, is to say, in other words, that I ought either to have held my peace, or to have been a knave. In this case, I might, perhaps, have treated Mr. Hume as a gentleman; but I should not have treated society, and my own conscience, as became a man and a Christian. I have all along foreseen, and still foresee, that I shall have many reproaches, and cavils, and sneers, to encounter on this occasion; but I am prepared to meet them. I am not ashamed of my cause; and, if I may believe those whose good opinion I value as one of the chief blessings of life, I need not be ashamed of my work. You are certainly right in your conjecture, that it will not have a quick sale. Notwithstanding all my endeavours to render it perspicuous and entertaining, it is still necessary for the person who reads it *to think a little;* a task to which every reader will not submit. My subject too is unpopular, and my principles such as a man of the world would blush to acknowledge. How then can my book be popular? If it refund the expense of its publication, it will do as much as any person, who knows the present state of the literary world, can reasonably expect from it.

## LETTER IX.

### *Dr. Beattie to the Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Forbes.**

Aberdeen, 12th October, 1772.

I WISH the merit of the "Minstrel" were such as would justify all the kind things you have said of it. That it has merit, every body would think me a hypocrite if I were to deny: I am willing to believe that it has even considerable merit; and I acknowledge, with much gratitude, that it has obtained from the public a reception far more favourable than I expected. There are in it many passages, no doubt, which I admire more than others do; and, perhaps, there are some passages which others are more struck with than I am. In all poetry, this, I believe, is the case, more or less; but it is much more the case in poems of a sentimental cast, such as the "Minstrel" is, than in those of the narrative species. In epic and dramatic poesy there is a standard acknowledged, by which we may estimate the merit of the piece; whether the narrative be probable, and the characters well drawn and well preserved; whether all the events be conducive to the catastrophe; whether the action is unfolded in such a way as to command perpetual attention, and undiminished curiosity—these are points of which, in reading an epic poem, or tragedy, every reader possessed of good sense, or tolerable knowledge of the art, may hold himself to be a competent judge. Common life, and the general tenor of human affairs, is the standard to which these points may be referred, and according to which they may be estimated. But of sentimental poetry (if I may use the expression), there is no external

* Mrs. Dorothea Dale, widow of the right hon. William Lord Forbes.

standard. By it the heart of the reader must be touched at once, or it cannot be touched at all. Here the knowledge of critical rules, and a general acquaintance of human affairs, will not form a true critic; sensibility, and a lively imagination, are the qualities which alone constitute a true taste for sentimental poetry. Again, your ladyship must have observed, that some sentiments are common to all men; others peculiar to persons of a certain character. Of the former sort are those which Gray has so elegantly expressed in his "Church-yard Elegy," a poem which is universally understood and admired, not only for its poetical beauties, but also, and perhaps chiefly, for its expressing sentiments in which every man thinks himself interested, and which, at certain times, are familiar to all men. Now the sentiments expressed in the "Minstrel," being not common to all men, but peculiar to persons of a certain cast, cannot possibly be interesting, because the generality of readers will not understand nor feel them so thoroughly as to think them natural. That a boy should take pleasure in darkness or a storm, in the noise of thunder, or the glare of lightning; should be more gratified with listening to music at a distance, than with mixing in the merriment occasioned by it; should like better to see every bird and beast happy and free, than to exert his ingenuity in destroying or ensnaring them—these, and such like sentiments, which, I think, would be natural to persons of a certain cast, will, I know, be condemned as unnatural by others, who have never felt them in themselves, nor observed them in the generality of mankind. Of all this I was sufficiently aware before I published the "Minstrel," and, therefore, never expected that it would be a popular poem. Perhaps, too, the structure of the verse (which, though agreeable to some, is not to all), and the scarcity of incidents, may contribute to make it less relished than it would have been, if the plan had been different in these particulars.

From the questions your ladyship is pleased to propose, in the conclusion of your letter, as well as from some things I have had the honour to hear you advance in conversation, I find you are willing to suppose, that, in Edwin, I have given only a picture of myself, as I was in my younger days. I confess the supposition is not groundless. I have made him take pleasure in the scenes in which I took pleasure, and entertain sentiments similar to those of which, even in my early youth, I had repeated experience. The scenery of a mountainous country, the ocean, the sky, thoughtfulness and retirement, and sometimes melancholy objects and ideas, had charms in my eyes, even when I was a schoolboy; and at a time when I was so far from being able to express, that I did not understand, my own feelings, or perceive the tendency of such pursuits and amusements; and as to poetry and music, before I was ten years old I could play a little on the violin, and was as much master of Homer and Virgil, as Pope's and Dryden's translations could make me. But I am ashamed to write so much on a subject so trifling as myself and my own works. Believe me, madam, nothing but your ladyship's commands could have induced me to do it.

## LETTER X.

*Dr. Beattie to Sir William Forbes.*

Aberdeen, 13th February, 1773.

I AM deeply sensible of your goodness, in communicating to me, in so tender and soothing a manner, the news of a misfortune, which is in-

deed one of the severest I have ever felt. For these two months past my spirits have been unusually depressed, so that I am but ill prepared for so terrible a stroke. Of the loss which society and which his family have received; of the incomparable loss which I sustain, by the death of this excellent person, I can say nothing; my heart is too full, and I have not yet recovered myself so far as to think or speak coherently, on this or any other subject.

You justly observe, that his friends may derive no small consolation from the circumstance of his death having been without pain,* and from the well-grounded hope we may entertain, of his having made a happy change. But I find I cannot proceed: I thought I should have been able to give you some of my thoughts on this occasion; but the subject overpowers me. Write to me as soon, and as fully as you can, of the situation of his family, and whatever you may think I would wish to know. I shall endeavour to follow your kind advice, and to reconcile myself to this great affliction as much as I am able. My reason, I trust, is fully reconciled: I am thoroughly convinced that every dispensation of Providence is wise and good; and that, by making a proper improvement of the evils of this life, we may convert them all into blessings. It becomes us, therefore, to adore the Supreme Benefactor, when he takes away, as well as when he gives; for He is wise and beneficent in both.

## LETTER XI.

### *Dr. Beattie to Mrs. Montagu.*

Aberdeen, 3d May, 1773.

I HAVE just now finished the business of a melancholy winter. When I wrote to you last, which was in January, my health and spirits were in a very low state. In this condition, the unexpected death of the best of men, and of friends, came upon me with a weight, which at any time I should have thought almost insupportable, but which, at that time, was afflicting to a degree which human abilities alone could never have endured. But Providence, ever beneficent and gracious, has supported me under this heavy dispensation; and I hope I shall in time be enabled to review it, even with that cheerful submission which becomes a Christian and which none but a Christian can entertain. I have a thousand things to say on this most affecting subject; but for your sake, madam, and for my own, I shall not, at present, enter upon them. Nobody can be more sensible than you are, of the irreparable loss which, not only his own family and friends, but which society in general sustains by the loss of this excellent person: and I need not tell you, for of this too I know you are sensible, that of all his friends (his own family excepted), none has so much cause of sorrow, on this occasion, as I. I should never have done, if I were to enter into the particulars of his kindness to me. For these many years past, I have had the happiness to be of his intimate acquaintance. He took part in all my concerns; and as I concealed nothing from him, he knew my heart and my character as well as I myself did; only the partiality of his friendship made him think more favourably of me than I deserved. In all my difficulties, I applied to him for advice and comfort, both which he had the art of communicating in such a way as never failed to compose and strengthen my mind. His zeal in promoting my interest and reputation is very generally known. In a word (for I must endeavour to quit a

* Dr. Gregory was found dead in bed, probably from an attack of the gout, to which he was subject.

subject which will long be oppressive to my heart), my inward quiet, and external prosperity, were objects of his particular and unwearied care; and he never missed any opportunity of promoting both, to the utmost of his power. I wrote to his son soon after the fatal event; and have had the comfort to hear from several hands, that he, and his sisters, and the whole family, behave with a propriety that charms every body. In continuing his father's lectures he acquits himself to universal satisfaction.

## LETTER XII.

### *Dr. Beattie to Mrs. Montagu.*

Aberdeen, 15th October, 1773.

I PURPOSELY delayed for a few days to answer your letter, that I might be at leisure to think seriously before I should venture to give my opinion, in regard to the important matter, about which you did me the honour to consult me. A religious education is indeed the greatest of all earthly blessings to a young man especially in these days, when one is in such danger of receiving impressions of a contrary tendency. I hope, and earnestly wish, that this, and every other blessing, may be the lot of your nephew, who seems to be accomplished and promising far beyond his years.

I must confess, I am strongly prepossessed in favour of that mode of education that takes place in the English universities. I am well aware at the same time, that in those seminaries, there are, to some young men, many more temptations to idleness and dissipation, than in our colleges in Scotland; but there are also, if I mistake not, better opportunities of study to a studious young man, and the advantages of a more respectable and more polite society, to such as are discreet and sober. The most valuable parts of human literature, I mean the Greek and Latin classics, are not so completely taught in Scotland as in England; and I fear it is no advantage, I have sometimes known it a misfortune, to those young men of distinction that come to study with us, that they find too easy and too favourable an admittance to balls, assemblies, and other diversions of a like kind, where the fashion not only permits, but requires that a particular attention be paid to the younger part of the female world. A youth of fortune, with the English language, and English address, soon becomes an object of consideration to a raw girl; and equally so, perhaps, though not altogether on the same account, to her parents. Our long vacations, too, in the colleges in Scotland, though a convenience to the native student (who commonly spends those intervals at home with his parents), are often dangerous to the students from England; who being then set free from the restraints of academical discipline, and at a distance from their parents or guardians, are too apt to forget, that it was for the purpose of study, not of amusement, they were sent into this country.

All, or most of these inconveniences, may be avoided at an English university, provided a youth have a discreet tutor, and be himself of a sober and studious disposition.—There, classical erudition receives all the attentions and honours it can claim; and there the French philosophy, of course, is seldom held in very high estimation; there, at present, a regard to religion is fashionable; there, the recluseness of a college-life, the wholesome severities of academical discipline, the authority of the university, and several other circumstances I could mention, prove very powerful restraints to such of the youth as have any sense of true

honour, or any regard to their real interest.

We, in Scotland, boast of our professors, that they give regular lectures in all the sciences, which the students are obliged to attend; a part of literary economy which is but little attended to in the universities of England. But I will venture to affirm, from experience, that if a professor does no more than deliver a set of lectures, his young audience will be little the wiser for having attended him. The most profitable part of my time is that which I employ in examinations, or in Socratical dialogue with my pupils, or in commenting upon ancient authors, all which may be done by a tutor in a private apartment, as well as by a professor in a public school. Lectures indeed I do, and must give; in order to add solemnity to the truths I would inculcate; and partly, too, in compliance with the fashion, and for the sake of my own character (for this, though not the most difficult part of our business, is that which shows the speaker to most advantage); but I have always found the other methods, particularly the Socratic form of dialogue, much more effectual in fixing the attention, and improving the faculties of the student.

I will not, madam, detain you longer with this comparison: it is my duty to give you my real sentiments, and you will be able to gather them from these imperfect hints. If it is determined that your nephew shall be sent to an university in Scotland, he may, I believe, have as good a chance for improvement at Edinburgh or Glasgow, as at any other; if the law is to form any part of his studies, he ought by all means to go to one or other of these places; as we have no law professors in any other part of this kingdom, except one in King's college, Aberdeen, whose office has been a sinecure for several generations. Whether he should make choice of Edinburgh or of Glasgow, I am at a loss to say: I was formerly well enough acquainted with the professors of both those societies, but, *tempora mutantur.** Dr. Reid is a very learned, ingenious, and worthy man; so is Dr. Blair: they are both clergymen; so that, I am confident, your nephew might lodge safely and profitably with either.—Whether they would choose to accept of the office of tutor to any young gentleman, they themselves only can determine; some professors would decline it, on account of the laboriousness of their office: it is partly on this account, but chiefly on account of my health, that I have been obliged to decline every offer of this sort.

## LETTER XIII.

### *Dr. Beattie to Mrs. Montagu.*

Aberdeen, 3d May, 1774.

I AM greatly obliged and honoured by what the hierarchy have done, and are doing for me. Of Dr. Law's attack I shall take no further notice.

I received a letter, two days ago, from Dr. Hurd.† It is a very kind letter, and much in praise of the "Minstrel." Lord Chesterfield's Letters, he says, are well calculated for the purpose of teaching "manners without morals" to our young people of quality. This opinion I had indeed begun to form concerning them, from some short extracts in the newspapers. In one of these extracts I was greatly surprised to see such a pompous encomium on Bolingbroke's *Patriot King;* which has always appeared to me a mere *vox et præterea nihil.*‡ Plato was one of

* Times are changed.
† Afterwards lord bishop of Worcester.
‡ Nothing but empty sound.

the first who introduced the fashion of giving us fine words instead of good sense; in this, as in his other faults, he has been successfully imitated by Shaftesbury; but I know not whether he, or any other author has ever put together so many words, with so little meaning, as Bolingbroke, in his papers on patriotism.

Lord Monboddo's second volume has been published some time. It is, I think, much better than the first, and contains much learning, and not a little ingenuity: but can never be very interesting, except to those who aim at a grammatical and critical knowledge of the Greek tongue.—Lord Kaimes's "Sketches" I have seen. They are not much different from what I expected. A man who reads thirty years, with a view to collect facts in support of two or three whimsical theories, may, no doubt, collect a great number of facts, and make a very large book. The world will wonder when they hear of a modern philosopher, who seriously denies the existence of such a principle as universal benevolence; a point of which no good man can entertain a doubt for a single moment.

I am sorry for poor Goldsmith.—There were some things in his temper which I did not like: but I liked many things in his genius: and I was sorry to find, last summer, that he looked upon me as a person who seemed to stand between him and his interest. However, when next we meet, all this will be forgotten; and the jealousy of authors, which Dr. Gregory used to say was next in rancour to that of physicians, will be no more.

I am glad that you are pleased with the additional stanzas of the second canto of the "Minstrel;" but I fear you are too indulgent. How it will be relished by the public, I cannot even guess. I know all its faults; but I cannot remedy them, for they are faults in the first concoction; they result from the imperfection of the plan. I am much obliged to you, madam, for advising that two copies should be presented to their majesties; which, Dilly writes me word, has been done by my good friend Dr. Majendie. This honour I meant to have solicited when the second edition came out, which will be soon. My reason for this delay was, that the first edition having been put to the press, and some sheets of it printed off before I knew, I had it not in my power to order any copies on fine paper. But it is better as it is: the paper of the copy I have is not at all amiss.

My "Essay on Laughter" advances but slowly. I have all my materials at hand; but my health obliges me to labour very moderately in reducing them into order. I am very unwilling to relinquish the hope of receiving from you, madam, some assistance in completing my volume. I beg you will think of it. Perhaps you may find more leisure when you come into the north.

Mr. Mason has never answered the letter I wrote to him, concerning the subscription. I guessed from the tenor of his letters, that he is (as you say) out of humour with the world. Mr. Dilly writes me word, that he says he is tempted to throw his *Life of Mr. Gray* (which is now finished, or nearly so) into the fire, so much is he dissatisfied with the late decision on literary property. By the way, I heartily wish the legislature may, by a new law, set this matter on a proper footing. Literature must suffer, if this decision remains unobviated.

## LETTER XIV.

### *The Rev. Dr. Porteus to Dr. Beattie.*

Hunton, near Maidstone, Kent, July 24, 1774.

I AM desired, by one of the epis-

copal bench,* whose name I am not yet at liberty to mention, to ask you, whether you have any objections to taking orders in the church of England. If you have not, there is a living now vacant in his gift, worth near five hundred pounds a-year, which will be at your service.

Be pleased to send me your answer to this, as soon as possible, and direct it to me at Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, where I shall probably be, before your letter can reach me. I feel myself happy in being the instrument of communicating to you so honourable and advantageous a proof of that esteem, which your literary labours have secured to you amongst all ranks of people.

## LETTER XV.

### *Dr. Beattie to the Rev. Dr. Porteus.*

Peterhead, Aug. 4, 1774.

I HAVE made many efforts to express, in something like adequate language, my grateful sense of the honour done me by the right reverend prelate, who makes the offer conveyed to me in your most friendly letter of the 24th July. But every new effort serves only to convince me, more and more, how unequal I am to the task.

When I consider the extraordinary reception which my weak endeavours in the cause of truth have met with, and compare the greatness of my success with the insignificance of my merit; what reasons have I not to be thankful and humble! to be ashamed that I have done so little public service, and to regret that so little *is in my power!* to rouse every power of my nature to purposes of benevolent tendency, in order to justify, by my intentions at least, the unexampled generosity of my benefactors!

My religious opinions would, no doubt, if I were to declare them, sufficiently account for, and vindicate, my becoming a member of the Church of England: and I flatter myself, that my studies, way of life, and habits of thinking, have always been such as would not disqualify me for an ecclesiastical profession. If I were to become a clergyman, the Church of England would certainly be my choice; as I think, that, in regard to church government, and church service, it has many great and peculiar advantages. And I am so far from having any natural disinclination to holy orders, that I have several times, at different periods of my life, been disposed to enter into them, and have directed my studies accordingly.—Various accidents, however, prevented me; some of them pretty remarkable, and such as I think I might, without presumption, ascribe to a particular interposition of Providence.

The offer now made me is great and generous beyond all expectation. I am well aware of all the advantages and honours that would attend my accepting, and yet I find myself obliged, in conscience, to decline it; as I lately did another of the same kind (though not so considerable) that was made me, on the part of another English gentleman. The reasons which did then, and do now, determine me, I beg leave, sir, briefly to lay before you.

I wrote the "Essay on Truth," with the certain prospect of raising many enemies, with very faint hopes of attracting the public attention, and without any views of advancing my fortune. I published it, however, because I thought it might probably do a little good, by bringing to nought, or at least lessening the reputation of, that wretched system of sceptical philosophy, which had made a most alarming progress, and done incredible mischief to this country. My

* Dr. Thomas, bishop of Winchester.

enemies have been at great pains to represent my views, in that publication, as very different; and that my principal or only motive was to make a book, and, if possible, to raise myself higher in the world. So that, if I were now to accept preferment in the church, I should be apprehensive that I might strengthen the hands of the gainsayer, and give the world some ground to believe, that my love of truth was not quite so ardent, or so pure as I had pretended.

Besides, might it not have the appearance of levity and insincerity, and, by some, be construed into a want of principle, if I were at these years (for I am now thirty-eight) to make such an important change in my way of life, and to quit, with no other *apparent* motive than that of bettering my circumstances, that church of which I have hitherto been a member? If my book has any tendency to do good, as I flatter myself it has, I would not, for the wealth of the Indies, do any thing to counteract that tendency; and I am afraid, that tendency might in some measure be counteracted (at least in this country), if I were to give the adversary the least ground to charge me with inconsistency. It is true, that the force of my reasonings cannot be *really* affected by my character; truth is truth, whoever be the speaker: but even truth itself becomes less respectable, when spoken, or supposed to be spoken, by insincere lips.

It has also been hinted to me, by several persons of very sound judgment, that what I have written, or may hereafter write, in favour of religion, has a chance of being more attended to, if I continue a layman, than if I were to become a clergyman. Nor am I without apprehensions (though some of my friends think them ill-founded), that, from entering so late in life, and from so remote a province, into the Church of England, some degree of ungracefulness, particularly in pronunciation, might adhere to my performances in public, sufficient to render them less pleasing, and consequently less useful.

Most of these reasons were repeatedly urged upon me, during my stay in England, last summer; and I freely own, that, the more I consider them, the more weight they seem to have. And from the peculiar manner in which the king has been graciously pleased to distinguish me, and from other circumstances, I have some ground to presume, that it is his majesty's pleasure that I should continue where I am, and employ my leisure hours in prosecuting the studies I have begun. This I can find time to do more effectually in Scotland than in England, and in Aberdeen than in Edinburgh; which, by the bye, was one of my chief reasons for declining the Edinburgh professorship. The business of my professorship here is indeed toilsome; but I have, by fourteen years' practice, made myself so much master of it, that it now requires little mental labour; and our long summer vacation, of seven months, leaves me at my own disposal, for the greatest and best part of the year: a situation favourable to literary projects, and now become necessary to my health.

Soon after my return home, in autumn last, I had occasion to write to the archbishop of York on this subject. I specified my reasons for giving up all thoughts of church preferment; and his grace was pleased to approve of them; nay, he condescended so far as to say, they did me honour. I told his grace, moreover, that I had already given a great deal of trouble to my noble and generous patrons in England, and could not think of being any longer a burden to them, now that his majesty had so graciously and so generously made for me a provision equal to my wishes,

and such as puts it in my power to obtain, in Scotland, every convenience of life to which I have any title, or any inclination to aspire.

I must, therefore, make it my request to you, that you would present my humble respects, and most thankful acknowledgments, to the eminent person at whose desire you wrote your last letter (whose name I hope you will not be under the necessity of concealing from me), and assure him, that, though I have taken the liberty to decline his generous offer, I shall, to the last hour of my life, preserve a most grateful remembrance of the honour he has condescended to confer upon me; and to prove myself not altogether unworthy of his goodness, shall employ that health and leisure which Providence may hereafter afford me, in opposing infidelity, heresy, and error, and in promoting sound literature and Christian truth, to the utmost of my power.

## LETTER XVI.

### *Mrs. Montagu to Dr. Beattie.*

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 3, 1775.

It was not without trembling and horror I read the account of your overturn, and the dangerous circumstances with which it was attended. The traveller who is obliged to traverse a pathless wilderness or in a frail boat to cross the angry ocean, devoutly prays to the Omnipotent to assist and preserve him; the occasion awakens his fears, and animates his devotion: but it is only from experience and reflection we are taught to consider every day, which passes in safety and closes in peace, as a mercy. If I had known, when you had set out from Denton, how near to a precipice you would have been thrown, I should more earnestly have prayed for your preservation through the journey: but the incident at once makes me sensible, that our safety depends not on the road, but the hand that upholds and guides us.

I left Denton the first day of August. On the second by noon, I reached the episcopal palace of our friend, the archbishop of York,* at Bishop's Thorpe. I had before visited him at his family seat at Brodsworth. The man, who has a charater of his own, is little changed by varying his situation: I can only say, that at his family seat I found him the most of a prelate of any gentleman, and, at his palace, the most of a gentleman I had ever seen. Native dignity is the best ground-work of assumed and special dignity. We talked a great deal of you; the subject was copious and pleasant. We considered you, as a poet, with admiration; as a philosopher, with respect; as a Christian, with veneration; and as a friend, with affection. His grace's health is not quite what we could wish. I could indulge myself in no longer than one day's delay at Bishop's Thorpe. I then made the best of my way to London, and, after a very short stay there, came to Tunbridge. I have the happiness of having Mrs. Carter in my house, and Mrs. Vesey is not at a quarter of a mile's distance: thus, though I live secluded from the general world, I have the society of those I love best. I propose to stay here about three weeks, then I return to London, to prepare for my expedition to the south of France. I have written to a gentleman at Montauban to endeavour to get for me a large house in any part of that town. I am assured that the climate of Montauban is very delightful; the air is dry, but not piercing as at Montpelier. There is but little society; but there are some provincial *noblesse,* amongst whom

* Hon. Dr. Hay Drummond, at that time archbishop of York.

I hope to find some who are more in the *ton* of Louis XIV.'s court, than I should at Versailles. It is long before the polished manners of a court arrive at the distant regions of a great country; but when there, they acquire a permanent establishment. At Paris, the minister, or the favourite of the day, is taken for the model, and there is a perpetual change of manners. I think with some pleasures of escaping the gloom of our winter and the bustle of London, and passing my time in the blessings of cheerful tranquillity and soft sunshine: at the same time, there is something painful in removing so far from one's dearest friends.

I wish much to see the verses on the pretty incident of the dove's alighting on Shakspeare's statue.—Of whatever nature and disposition the animal had been, he might have been presented as a symbol of Shakspeare. The gravity and deep thought of the bird of wisdom; the sublime flight of the eagle to the starry regions and the throne of Jove; the pensive song of the nightingale, when she shuns the noise of folly, and soothes the midnight visionary; the pert jackdaw, that faithfully repeats the chitchat of the market or the shop; the sky lark, that, soaring, seems to sing to the denizens of the air, and set her music to the tone of beings of another region—would all assort with the genius of universal Shakspeare.

## LETTER XVII.

### *Dr. Beattie to Mrs. Montagu.*

Aberdeen, Sept. 17, 1775.

Your reflections on the little disaster, with which our journey concluded, exactly coincide with mine. I agree with Hawkesworth, that the peril and the deliverance are equally providential; and I wonder he did not see, that both the one and the other may be productive of the very best effects. These little accidents and trials are necessary to put us in mind of that superintending goodness, to which we are indebted for every breath we draw, and of which, in the hour of tranquillity, many of us are too apt to be forgetful. But you, madam, forget nothing which a Christian ought to remember; and therefore I hope and pray that Providence may defend you from every alarm. By the way, there are several things, besides that preface to which I just now referred, in the writings of Hawkesworth, that show an unaccountable perplexity of mind in regard to some of the principles of natural religion. I observed, in his conversation, that he took a pleasure in ruminating upon riddles, and puzzling questions and calculations; and he seems to have carried something of the same temper into his moral and theological researches. His "Almoran and Hamet" is a strange confused narrative, and leaves upon the mind of the reader some disagreeable impressions in regard to the ways of providence; and from the theory of *pity*, which he has given us somewhere in the "Adventurer," one would suspect that he was no enemy to the philosophy of Hobbes. However, I am disposed to impute all this rather to a vague way of thinking, than to any perversity of heart or understanding. Only I wish, that in his last work he had been more ambitious to tell the plain truth, than to deliver to the world a wonderful story. I confess, that from the first I was inclined to consider his vile portrait of the manners of Otaheite as in part fictitious; and I am now assured, upon the very best authority, that Dr. Solander disavows some of those narrations, or at least declares them to be grossly misrepresented. There is, in almost all the late books of travels I have seen, a disposition

on the part of the author to recommend licentious theories. I would not object to the truth of any fact, that is warranted by the testimony of competent witnesses. But how few of our travellers are competent judges of the facts they relate! How few of them know any thing accurately of the language of those nations, whose laws, religion, and moral sentiments, they pretend to describe! And how few of them are free from that inordinate love of the marvellous, which stimulates equally the vanity of the writer, and the curiosity of the reader! Suppose a Japanese crew to arrive in England, take in wood and water, exchange a few commodities; and, after a stay of three months, to set sail for their own country, and there set forth a history of the English government, religion, and manners: it is, I think, highly probable, that, for one truth, they would deliver a score of falsehoods. But Europeans, it will be said, have more sagacity, and know more of mankind. Be it so: but this advantage is not without inconveniences, sufficient perhaps to counterbalance it. When a European arrives in any remote part of the globe, the natives, if they know any thing of his country, will be apt to form no favourable opinion of his intentions, with regard to their liberties; if they know nothing of him, they will yet keep aloof, on account of his strange language, complexion, and accoutrements. In either case he has little chance of understanding their laws, manners, and principles of action, except by a long residence in the country, which would not suit the views of one traveller in five thousand. He therefore picks up a few strange plants and animals, which he may do with little trouble or danger; and, at his return to Europe, is welcomed by the literati, as a philosophic traveller of most accurate observation, and unquestionable veracity. He describes, perhaps, with tolerable exactness, the soils, plants and other irrational curiosities of the new country, which procures credit to what he has to say of the people; though his accuracy in describing the material phenomena is no proof of his capacity to explain the moral. One can easily dig to the root of a plant, but it is not so easy to penetrate the motive of an action; and till the motive of an action be known, we are no competent judges of its morality; and in many cases the motive of an action is not to be known without a most intimate knowledge of the language and manners of the agent. Our traveller then delivers a few facts of the moral kind, which perhaps he does not understand, and from them draws some inferences suitable to the taste of the times, or to a favourite hypothesis. He tells us of a Californian, who sold his bed in a morning, and came with tears in his eyes to beg it back at night; whence he very wisely infers, that the poor Californians are hardly one degree above the brutes in understanding, for that they have neither foresight nor memory sufficient to direct their conduct on the most common occasions of life. In a word, they are quite a different species of animal from the European; and it is a gross mistake to think, that all mankind are descended from the same first parents. But one needs not go so far as to California, in quest of men who sacrifice a future good to a present gratification. In the metropolis of Great Britain one may meet with many reputed Christians, who would act the same part, for the pleasure of carousing half a day in a gin-shop. Again, to illustrate the same important truth, that man is a beast, or very little better, we are told of another nation, on the banks of the Orellana so wonderfully stupid, that they cannot reckon beyond the number three, but point

to the hair of their head whenever they would signify a greater number; as if four, and four thousand, were to them equally inconceivable. But, whence it comes to pass, that these people are capable of speech, or of reckoning at all, even so far as to three, is a difficulty of which our historian attempts not the solution. But, till he shall solve it, I must beg leave to tell him that the one half of his tale contradicts the other, as effectually as if he had told us of a people, who were so weak as to be incapable of bodily exertion, and yet that he had seen one of them lift a stone of a hundred weight.—I beg your pardon, madam, for running into this subject. The truth is, I was lately thinking to write upon it: but I shall not have leisure these many months.

Take no farther concern about your dwarf. The person, whom you honour with your notice, I shall always think it my duty to care for. I have let it be known in the town what you have done for him; which I hope will be a spur to the generosity of others. He has paid me but one visit as yet. His wants are few; and he seems to be modest as well as magnanimous. Both virtues certainly entitle him to consideration.

I have not yet seen the verses on Shakespeare and the dove. One thing I am certain of, which is, that they will contain nothing so much to the purpose, or so elegant, as what you have said on the occasion in prose. You justly remark, that any bird of character, from the eagle to the sky-lark, from the owl to the mock-bird, might symbolize with one or other of the attributes of that universal genius. But, do not you think that his dove-like qualities are among those on which he *now* reflects with peculiar complacency? And I think it could be shown, from many things in his writings, that he resembled the dove as much as the eagle. There are no surly fellows among his favourite characters: and he seems to excel himself in the delineation of a good-natured one. Witness his Brutus, who is indeed finished *con amore;* and who, in gentleness of nature, exceeds even the Brutus of the good-natured Plutarch, as this last exceeded, by many degrees (if we are to believe some creditable historians), the true original Brutus, who fell at Philippi. There are besides, in the writings of Shakespeare, innumerable passages, that bespeak a mind peculiarly attentive to the rights of humanity and to the feelings of animal nature. Lear, when his distress is at the highest, sympathizes with those, who, amidst the pinchings of want and nakedness, are exposed to the tempestuous elements. I need not put you in mind of the *poor sequestered stag* in "As you like it;" nor need I say more on a subject with which you are much better acquainted than I am.

## LETTER XVIII.

### *Dr. Beattie to the Honourable Mr. Baron Gordon.*

Aberdeen, 6th February, 1776.

I HAVE been very much employed in preparing some little things of mine for the press; otherwise I should sooner have acknowledged the favour of your most obliging letter.

The last time I read Virgil, I took it into my head, that the tenth and eleventh books of the Æneid were not so highly finished as the rest. Every body knows that the last six books are less perfect than the first six; and I fancied that some of the last six came nearer to perfection than others. I cannot now recollect my reasons for this conceit; but I pro-

pose to read the Æneid again, as soon as I have got rid of this publication; and I hope I shall then be in a condition to give something of a reasonable answer to any question you may do me the honour to propose in regard to that matter.

I do not mean that the tenth or eleventh books are at all imperfect; I only mean, that they fall short of Virgilian perfection. And many passages there are in both, which Virgil himself could not, in my opinion, have made better. Such are the story of Mezentius and Lausus, in the end of the tenth book; and that passage in the eleventh, where old Evander meets the dead body of his son. Mezentius is a character of Virgil's own contrivance, and it is extremely well drawn: an old tyrant, hated by his people on account of his impiety and cruelty, yet graced with one amiable virtue, which is sometimes found in very rugged minds, a tender affection for a most deserving son. Filial affection is one of those virtues which Virgil dwells upon with peculiar pleasure; he never omits any opportunity of bringing it in, and he always paints it in the most lovely colours. Æneas, Ascanius, Euryalus, Lausus, are all eminent for this virtue; and Turnus, when he asks his life, asks it only for the sake of his poor old father. Let a young man read the Æneid with taste and attention, and then be an undutiful child if he can. I think there is nothing very distinguishing in Camilla. Perhaps it is not easy to imagine more than one form of that character. The adventures of her early youth are, however, highly interesting and wildly romantic. The circumstance of her being, when an infant, thrown across a river, tied to a javelin, is so very singular, that I should suppose Virgil had found it in some history; and, if I mistake not, Plutarch has told such a story of king Pyrrhus. The battle of the horse, in the end of the eleventh book, is well conducted, considering that Virgil was there left to his shifts, and had not Homer to assist him. The speeches of Drances and Turnus are highly animated; and nothing could be better contrived to raise our idea of Æneas than the answer which Diomede gives to the ambassadors from the Italian army.

I ought to ask pardon for troubling you with these superficial remarks. But a desire to approve myself worthy of being honoured with your commands, has led me into a subject for which I am not at present prepared. When I have the pleasure to pay my respects to you at Cluny, which I hope will be early in the summer, I shall be glad to talk over these matters, and to correct my opinions by yours.

## LETTER XIX.

### *Dr. Beattie to the Duchess of Gordon.*

Aberdeen, 10th January, 1779.

MAJOR MERCER made me very happy with the news he brought from Gordon castle, particularly when he assured me that your grace was in perfect health. He told me too, that your solitude was at an end for some time; which I confess I was not sorry to hear. Seasons of recollection may be useful; but when one begins to find pleasure in sighing over Young's "Night Thoughts" in a corner, it is time to shut the book, and return to the company. I grant, that, while the mind is in a certain state, those gloomy ideas give exquisite delight; but their effect resembles that of intoxication upon the body; they may produce a temporary fit of feverish exultation, but qualms, and weakened nerves, and depression of spirits, are the consequence. I have great respect for Dr. Young,

both as a man and as a poet; I used to devour his "Night Thoughts" with a satisfaction not unlike that, which, in my younger years, I have found in walking alone in a church-yard, or in a wild mountain, by the light of the moon, at midnight. Such things may help to soften a rugged mind; and I believe I might have been the better for them. But your grace's heart is already "too feelingly alive to each fine impulse;" and, therefore, to you I would recommend gay thoughts, cheerful books, and sprightly company: I might have said *company* without any limitation, for wherever you are the company must be sprightly. Excuse this obtrusion of advice. We are all physicians who have arrived at forty; and as I have been studying the anatomy of the human mind these fifteen years and upwards, I think I ought to be something of a soul-doctor by this time.

When I first read Young, my heart was broken to think of the poor man's afflictions. Afterwards, I took it in my head, that where there was so much lamentation there could not be excessive suffering; and I could not help applying to him sometimes those lines of a song,

> "Believe me, the shepherd butfeigns
> He's wretched, to shew he has wit."

On talking with some of Dr. Young's particular friends in England, I have since found that my conjecture was right; for that while he was composing the "Night Thoughts" he was really as cheerful as any other man.

I well know the effect of what your grace expresses so properly of a cold *yes* returned to a warm sentiment. One meets with it often in company; and, in most companies, with nothing else. And yet it is perhaps no great loss, upon the whole, that one's enthusiasm does not always meet with an adequate return. A disappointment of this sort, now and then, may have upon the mind an effect something like that of the cold bath upon the body; it gives a temporary shock, but is followed by a very delightful glow as soon as one gets into a society of the right temperature. They resemble too in another respect. A cool companion may be disagreeable at first, but in a little time he becomes less so; and at our first plunge we are impatient to get out of the bath, but if we stay in it a minute or two, we lose the sense of its extreme coldness. Would not your grace think, from what I am saying, or rather preaching, that I was the most social man upon earth? And yet I am become almost an hermit: I have not made four visits these four months. Not that I am running away, or have any design to run away, from the world. It is, I rather think, the world that is running away from me.

No character was ever more fully or more concisely drawn than that of Major Mercer by your grace. I was certain you would like him the more, the longer you knew him. With more learning than any other man of my acquaintance, he has all the playfulness of a schoolboy; and unites the wit and the wisdom of Montesquieu, with the sensibility of Rousseau, and the generosity of Tom Jones. Your grace has likewise a very just idea of Mrs. Mercer. She is most amiable, and well accomplished; and in goodness and generosity of nature is not inferior even to the major himself. I met her the other day, and was happy to find her in better health than I think she has been for some years. This will be most welcome news to the major. Pray, does your grace think that he blames me for not writing to him this great while? The true reason is, that I have not had this great while any news to send him, but what I knew would give him pain;

and therefore I thought it better not to write, especially as we have been in daily expectation of seeing him here these several weeks. Will your grace take the trouble to tell him this? There is no man to whom I have been so much obliged; and, with one or two exceptions, there is no man or woman whom I love so well.

## LETTER XX.

### *Dr. Beattie to the Duchess of Gordon.*

Aberdeen, 5th July, 1779.

I NOW sit down to make good the threatening denounced in the conclusion of a letter which I had the honour to write to your grace about ten days ago. The request I am going to make I should preface with many apologies, if I did not know, that the personage to whom I address myself is too well acquainted with all the good emotions of the human heart to blame the warmth of a schoolboy attachment, and too generous to think the worse of me for wishing to assist an unfortunate friend.

Three weeks ago, as I was scribbling in my garret, a man entered, whom at first I did not know; but, on his desiring me to look him in the face, I soon recollected an old friend, whom I had not seen and scarcely heard of these twenty years. He and I lodged in the same house when we attended the school of Laurence-kirk, in the year 1747. I was then about ten years old, and he about fifteen. As he took a great liking to me, he had many opportunities of obliging me; having much more knowledge of the world, as well as more bodily strength, than I. He was, besides, an ingenious mechanic, and made for me many little things. and it must not be forgotten, that he first put a violin in my hands, and gave me the only lessons in music I ever received. Four years after this period I went to college, and he engaged in farming. But our acquaintance was renewed about five years after, when I remember he made me the confidant of a passion he had for the greatest beauty in that part of the country, whom he soon after married.

I was very glad to see my old friend so unexpectedly; and we talked over many old stories which, though interesting to us, would have given little pleasure to any body else. But my satisfaction was soon changed to regret, when, upon inquiring into the particulars of his fortune during these twenty years, I found he had been very unsuccessful. His farming projects had miscarried; and happening to give some offence to a young woman, who was called the house-keeper of a gentleman on whom he depended, she swore she would be revenged, to his ruin; and was as good as her word. He satisfied his creditors by giving them all his substance; and, retiring to a small house in Johnshaven,* made a shift to support his family by working as a joiner; a trade which, when a boy, he had picked up for his amusement. But a consumptive complaint overtook him; and, though he got the better of it, he has never since been able to do any thing that requires labour, and can now only make fiddles, and some such little matters, for which there is no great demand in the place where he lives. He told me he had come to Aberdeen on purpose to put me in mind of our old acquaintance, and see whether I could do any thing for him. I asked, in what respect he wished me to serve him. He would do any thing, he said, for his family, that was not dishonourable: and, on

* A small fishing town in the county of Kincardine.

pressing him a little further, I found that the height of his ambition was to be a tide-waiter, a land-waiter, or an officer of excise. I told him, it was particularly unlucky that I had not the least influence, or even acquaintance, with any one commissioner, either of the excise or customs: but, as I did not care to discourage him, I promised to think of his case, and to do what I could. I have since seen a clergyman, who knows my friend very well, and describes his condition as still more forlorn than he had represented it.

It is in behalf of this poor man, that I now venture to implore your grace's advice and assistance. I am well aware, that though his case is very interesting to me, there is nothing extraordinary in it, and that your grace must often be solicited for others in like circumstances. It is, therefore, with the utmost reluctance that I have taken this liberty. If your grace thinks that an application from me to Mr. Baron Gordon might be sufficient to procure one of the offices in question for my friend, I would not wish you to have any trouble; but if my application were enforced by yours, it would have a better chance to succeed. This, however, I do not request, if it is not so easy to your grace as to be almost a matter of indifference.

By the first convenient opportunity I hope to send your grace a sort of curiosity—four elegant Pastorals, by a Quaker; not one of our Quakers of Scotland, but a true English Quaker, who says *thee* and *thou*, and comes into a room, and sits down in company, without taking off his hat. For all this, he is a very worthy man, an elegant scholar, a cheerful companion, and a particular friend of mine. His name is John Scott, of Amwell, near Ware, Hertfordshire, where he lives in an elegant retirement (for his fortune is very good); and has dug in a chalk-hill, near his house, one of the most curious grottos I have ever seen. As it is only twenty miles from London, I would recommend it to your grace, when you are there, as worth going to visit. Your grace will be pleased with his Pastorals, not only on account of their morality and sweet versification, but also for their images and descriptions, which are a very exact picture of the groves, woods, waters, and windmills, of that part of England where he resides.

## LETTER XXI.

### *Dr. Beattie to the Duchess of Gordon.*

Whitehall, 16th May, 1781.

I HAVE seen most of the fashionable curiosities; but will not trouble your grace with any particular account of them. The exhibition of pictures at the Royal Academy is the best of the kind I have seen. The best pieces, in my opinion, are, Thais (with a torch in her hand); the Death of Dido; and a Boy supposed to be listening to a wonderful story; these three by sir Joshua Reynolds; a Shepherd Boy, by Gainsborough; some landscapes, by Barrett. Christ healing the Sick, by West, is a prodigious great work, and has in it great variety of expression; but there is a glare and a hardness in the colouring, which makes it look more like a picture than like nature. Gainsborough's picture of the King is the strongest likeness I have ever seen; his Queen too is very well: but he has not given them attitudes becoming their rank; the King has his hat in his hand, and the Queen looks as if she were going to curtsy in the beginning of a minuet. Others may think differently; I give my own opinion.

There is nothing at either playhouse that is in the least captivating;

nor, I think, one player, Mrs. Abingdon excepted, whom one would wish to see a second time. I was shocked at Leoni, in "Had I a heart for falsehood," &c. A man singing with a woman's voice sounds as unnatural to me as a woman singing with a man's. Either may do in a private company, where it is enough if people are diverted; but on a stage, where nature ought to be imitated, both are, in my opinion, intolerable.

Johnson's new "Lives" are published. He is, as your grace heard he would be, very severe on my poor friend Gray. His life of Pope is excellent; and in all his lives there is merit, as they contain a great variety of sound criticism and pleasing information. He has not done justice to lord Lyttelton. He has found means to pay me a very great compliment, for which I am much obliged to him, in speaking of Mr. Gray's journey into Scotland in 1765.

Copley's picture of Lord Chatham's Death is an exhibition of itself. It is a vast collection of portraits, some of them very like; but, excepting three or four of the personages present, few of this vast assembly seem to be much affected with the great event; which divests the picture of its unity, and will in the next age make it cease to be interesting.

## LETTER XXII.

*Mr. Jones (at the Age of Fourteen) to his Sister.*

Dear sister,

When I received your letter I was very concerned to hear the death of your friend Mr. Reynolds, which I consider as a piece of affliction common to us both. For although my knowledge of his name or character is of no long date, and though I never had any personal acquaintance with him, yet (as you observe) we ought to regret the loss of every honourable man; and if I had the pleasure of your conversation I would certainly give you any consolatory advice that lay in my power, and make it my business to convince you what a real share I take in your chagrin. And yet, to reason philosophically, I cannot help thinking any grief upon a person's death very superfluous, and inconsistent with sense; for what is the cause of our sorrow? Is it because we hate the person deceased? that were to imply strange contradiction, to express our joy by the common signs of sorrow. If, on the other hand, we grieve for one who was dear to us, I should reply that we should, on the contrary, rejoice at his having left a state so perilous and uncertain as life is. The common strain is, "'Tis pity so virtuous a man should die:"—but I assert the contrary; and when I hear the death of a person of merit, I cannot help reflecting, how happy he must be who now takes the reward of his excellencies without the possibility of falling away from them, and losing the virtue which he professed; on whose character death has fixed a kind of seal, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; for death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as either good or bad. On the contrary, in life nothing is certain; whilst any one is liable to alteration, we may possibly be forced to retract our esteem for him, and some time or other he may appear to us as under a different light than what he does at present; for the life of no man can be pronounced either happy or miserable, virtuous or abandoned, before the conclusion of it. It was upon this reflection that Solon, being asked by Crœsus, a monarch of immense riches, Who was the happiest man? answered, After your death I shall be able to determine. Besides, though

a man should pursue a constant and determinate course of virtue, though he were to keep a regular symmetry and uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his reputation to the last, yet (while he lives) his very virtue may incur some evil imputation, and provoke a thousand murmurs of detraction; for, believe me, my dear sister, there is no instance of any virtue, or social excellence, which has not excited the envy of innumerable assailants, whose acrimony is raised barely by seeing others pleased, and by hearing commendation which another enjoys. It is not easy in this life for any man to escape censure; and infamy requires very little labour to assist its circulation. But there is a kind of sanction in the characters of the dead, which gives due force and reward to their merits, and defends them from the suggestions of calumny. But to return to the point: What reason is there to disturb yourself on this melancholy occasion? do but reflect that thousands die every moment of time; that even while we speak, some unhappy wretch or other is either pining with hunger or pinched with poverty, sometimes giving up his life to the point of the sword, torn with convulsive agonies, and undergoing many miseries which it were superfluous to mention. We should therefore compare our afflictions with those who are more miserable, and not with those who are more happy. I am ashamed to add more, lest I should seem to mistrust your prudence; but next week, when I understand your mind is more composed, I shall write you word how all things go here. I designed to write you this letter in French, but I thought I could express my thoughts with more energy in my own language.

I come now, after a long interval, to mention some more private circumstances. Pray give my duty to my mamma, and thank her for my shirts. They fit, in my opinion, very well, though Biddy says they are too little in the arms. You may expect a letter from me every day in the week till I come home; for Mrs. Biscoe has desired it, and has given me some franks. When you see her, you may tell her that her little boy sends his duty to her, and Mr. Biscoe his love to his sister, and desires to be remembered to miss Cleeve: he also sends his compliments to my mamma and you. Upon my word, I never thought our bleak air would have so good an effect upon him. His complexion is now ruddy, which before was sallow and pale, and he is indeed much grown: but I now speak of trifles, I mean in comparison of his learning; and indeed he takes that with wonderful acuteness; besides, his excessive high spirits increase mine, and give me comfort, since, after Parnell's departure, he is almost the only company I keep. As for news, the only article I know is, that Mrs. Par is dead and buried. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are well: the latter thanks you for bringing the letter from your old acquaintance, and the former has made me an elegant present. I am now very much taken up with study; am to speak Antony's speech in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar (which play I will read to you when I come to town), and am this week to make a declamation. I add no more than the sincere well wishes of your faithful friend, &c.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Mr. Jones to Lady Spencer.*

September 7, 1769.

THE necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my history, prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakspeare, by attending his

jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of his L'Allegro—

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green
* * * * * *
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.
* * * * * *
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks, &c.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides; the distant mountains, that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed, that several papers in Milton's own hand were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them showed us a ruinous wall, that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the Penseroso. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briars, vines, and honeysuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon. I have, &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

### *Mr. Jones to N. B. Halhed.*

Nice, March 1, 1770.

I RECEIVED your short letter with great pleasure, as it convinced me that you were not insensible of my esteem for you, and such as resemble you. I wrote immediately to my friends, as you desired, most earnestly requesting them to promote your views, as if my own interest were concerned; if they accede to my wishes in this respect they will oblige me and themselves too; for doubtless I shall be ready to make them every return that I can. I think, however, that I shall have it in my power to serve you more effectually after my return to England; and I beg you to believe, that no inclination or efforts on my part shall ever be wanting to promote your wishes.

My health is good; but I long for those enjoyments, of which I know not well how to bear the privation. When I first arrived here I was delighted with a variety of objects, rarely, if ever, seen in my own country, —olives, myrtles, vineyards, pomegranates, palms, aromatic plants, and a surprising variety of the sweetest flowers, blooming in the midst of winter. But the attraction of novelty has ceased; I am now satiated, and begin to feel somewhat of disgust. The windows of our inn are scarcely thirty paces from the sea, and, as Ovid beautifully says—

Tired, on the uniform expanse I gaze.

I have, therefore, no other resource than, with Cicero, to count the waves; or, with Archimedes and Archytas, to measure the sands. I cannot describe to you how weary I am of this place, nor my anxiety to be again at Oxford, where I might jest with you, or philosophize with Poore. If it be not inconvenient, I wish you would write to me often, for I long to know how you and our friends are: but write if you please in Latin, and with gaiety, for it grieves me to observe the uneasiness under which you appear to labour. Let me ever retain a place in your affection, as you do in mine; continue to cultivate polite literature; woo the muses; reverence philosophy; and give your days and nights to composition, with a due regard, however, to the preservation of your health.

## LETTER XXV.

### *Mr. Jones to Lady Spencer.*

Nice, April 14, 1770.

IT is with great pleasure that I acquaint your ladyship that Mrs. Poyntz, lady Harriet, and her brother, are perfectly well; Mrs. Poyntz goes this morning to Villa Franca; I am to be her knight, and am just equipped to mount my Rosinante: mademoiselle Annette is to go upon lady Mary Somerset's ass; so we shall make a formidable procession. It is a delightful morning, and I hope Mrs. Poyntz will be pleased with her jaunt. We have had very bad weather, violent

rains, and storms of thunder in the night, a close sultry heat all day, and a very sharp cold every evening; but the spring seems now to be pretty well settled, and I fancy we shall have a continually clear sky, and a mild air, as long as we stay. We all promise ourselves great pleasure in our journey homewards; and we have great reason to believe it will be enchantingly pleasant. I have every day more and more reason to be pleased with the unfolding of my pupil's disposition: your ladyship will perhaps think these to be words of course, and what you might naturally expect from any other person in my situation; but, believe me, I say them upon no other motive than their truth; for if it were my nature to speak to any one what I do not think, I should at least speak truly to your ladyship, of whom I am, with the greatest truth, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

### *Mr. Jones to Lady Spencer.*

Paris, June 4, 1770.

YOUR ladyship will be surprised at receiving such a parcel of papers from me; but I am willing to make amends for not writing all last month. The truth is, I had nothing particular to say at that time; but on my arrival at Paris I found a letter from my friend Reviczki, with a very spirited ode composed by him upon the marriage of the archduchess. I dare say lord Spencer will like it, and I therefore take the liberty to enclose it for him. I have also sent with it the Baron's letter to me, which will serve as a comment upon many parts of the ode. You will have heard of the shocking accidents that happened here the night of the fireworks. Above one hundred and thirty people were killed; and several people of fashion were crushed to death in their carriages. We had the good fortune to arrive here two days after this dreadful catastrophe: which perhaps has saved some of us, if not from real danger, at least from the apprehension of it. We shall not be sorry to see England again and hope to have that pleasure very soon. Soon after my return, I think of going to Oxford for a short time: but if lord Althorpe goes back to school this summer, as I sincerely hope he will, I shall not go to college till August; for I am convinced that a public school has already been, and will continue to be, of the highest advantage to him in every respect. While Mrs. Poyntz staid at Lyons, I made an excursion to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire, but was disappointed. I sent him a note with a few verses, implying that the muse of tragedy had left her ancient seat in Greece and Italy, and had fixed her abode on the borders of a lake, &c. He returned this answer: "The worst of French poets and philosophers is almost dying; age and sickness have brought him to his last day; he can converse with nobody, and entreats Mr. Jones to excuse and pity him. He presents him with his humble respects." But he was not so ill as he imagined; for he had been walking in his court, and went into his house, just as I came to it. The servants showed me somebody at a window, who they said was he; but I had scarce a glimpse of him. I am inclined to think that Voltaire begins to be rather serious, when he finds himself upon the brink of eternity; and that he refuses to see company, because he cannot display his former wit and sprightliness. I find my book* is published. I am not at all solicitous about its success; as I did not choose the subject myself, I am not answerable for the wild extravagance of the style, nor for the faults of the original; but if your ladyship takes the trouble to read the

* Translation of the Life of Nadir Shah.

dissertation at the end, you may perhaps find some new and pleasing images. The work has one advantage; it is certainly authentic. Lady Georgiana is so good as to inquire how Soliman goes on; pray tell her he is in great affliction, as he begins to suspect the innocence of Mustafa, who is just slain. To be serious; my tragedy is just finished, and I hope to show it to your ladyship in a short time. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *Mr Jones to C. Reviczki.*

March, 1771.

A PLAGUE on our men in office, who for six months have amused me with idle promises, which I see no prospect of their fulfilling, that they would forward my books and a letter to you! They say, that they have not yet had an opportunity; and that the apprehension of a Spanish war (which is now no more) furnishes them with incessant occupation.—I have however so much to say to you, that I can no longer delay writing: I wish, indeed, I could communicate it in person. On my late return to England, I found myself entangled, as it were, in a variety of important considerations. My friends, companions, relations, all attacked me with urgent solicitations to banish poetry and Oriental literature for a time, and apply myself to oratory and the study of the law; in other words, to become a barrister, and pursue the track of ambition. Their advice in truth was conformable to my own inclinations; for the only road to the highest stations in this country is that of the law; and I need not add, how ambitious and laborious I am. Behold me then become a lawyer, and expect in future that my correspondence will have somewhat more of public business in it. But if it ever should be my fortune to have any share in administration, you shall be my Atticus, the partner of my plans, the confidant of my secrets. Do not, however, suppose, that I have altogether renounced polite literature. I intend shortly to publish my English poems; and I mean to bring my tragedy of Soliman on the stage, when I can find proper actors for the performance of it. I intend also composing an epic poem, on a noble subject, under the title of Britanneis: but this I must defer until I have more leisure, with some degree of independence. In the mean time, I amuse myself with the choicest of the Persian poets; and I have the good fortune to possess many manuscripts, which I have either purchased, or borrowed from my friends, on various subjects, including history, philosophy, and some of the most celebrated poetry of Persia.

I am highly delighted with Jami's poem of Yusef and Zuleika; it contains somewhat more than four thousand couplets, each of which is a star of the first brilliance. We have six copies of this work at Oxford, one of which is correct; it has the vowel points, and is illustrated with the notes of Golius. I also possess a copy, which, as soon as I have leisure, I will print. Let me ask, in the mean time, how you are employed. Do you continue your occupation of elucidating your favourite Hafez? I will most willingly give all the assistance in my power to the publication of your work, if you will have it printed in London; but I scarcely think that any printer will undertake it at his own expense, unless the poems are accompanied with an English or French translation, for you cannot conceive how few English gentlemen understand Latin.—Let me recommend to you, therefore, to give a literal version of Hafez in French, with annotations in the same language; and this I think will be more acceptable, even to your own

countrymen, than a Latin translation; though, indeed, you may annex to your work such odes as you have translated into that language. The new edition of Meninski goes on tolerably well. I enclose a specimen of the new Arabic types, and earnestly beg your opinion upon them, that any defects may be corrected as soon as possible. I have had a copper-plate engraving made of one of the odes of Hafez; and may, perhaps, when my circumstances afford it, print an edition of Jami's whole poem in the same manner. A work of this kind on silken paper would, I doubt not, be very acceptable to the governor of Bengal, and the other principal persons in India. I cannot conceive what is become of the book which I sent to you; but I will take the first opportunity of transmitting a fairer and more correct copy, together with my little Treatise on the Literature of Asia, and my Grammar of the Persian Language, which is printed with some degree of elegance; and I earnestly entreat you to tell me if any thing is wrong in it, or any thing omitted, that the next edition may be more perfect. I only wait for leisure to publish my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry.

Do not, however, imagine that I despise the usual enjoyments of youth; no one can take more delight in singing and dancing than I do, nor in the moderate use of wine, nor in the exquisite beauty of the ladies, of whom London affords an enchanting variety; but I prefer glory, my supreme delight, to all other gratifications, and I will pursue it through fire and water, by day and by night. Oh! my Charles (for I renounce all ceremony, and address you with ancient simplicity), what a boundless scene opens to my view! If I had two lives I should scarcely find time for the due execution of all the public and private projects which I have in mind!

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *Mr. Jones to J. Wilmot, Esq.*

Univ. Coll. Oxford, 3d of June, 1771.

My dear Wilmot,

It makes me very happy to hear that my Lord Chief Justice does not retire on account of ill health, but from a motive which does him the highest honour. He will now enjoy the greatest happiness of human life, ease with dignity, after having passed through the most honourable labour without danger. I should think myself highly blessed, if I could pursue a similar course in my small sphere, and after having raised a competency at the bar, could retire to the bowers of learning and the arts.

I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,—

"The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,"—

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind, and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the two first volumes of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge. I have opened two common-place books, the one of the law, the other of oratory, which is surely too much neglected by our modern speakers. I do not mean the popular eloquence, which cannot be tolerated at the bar, but that correctness of style and elegance of method, which at once

pleases and persuades the hearer.—But I must lay aside my studies for about six weeks, while I am printing my Grammar, from which a good deal is expected; and which I must endeavour to make as perfect as a human work can be. When that is finished I shall attend the Court of King's Bench very constantly, and shall either take a lodging in Westminster, or accept the invitation of a friend in Duke Street, who has made me an obliging offer of apartments.

I am sorry the characters you sent me are not Persian but Chinese, which I cannot decipher without a book, which I have not at present, but *tous Chinois qu'ils sont*, I shall be able to make them out when the weather will permit me to sit in the Bodleian. In the mean time, I would advise you to inquire after a native of China, who is now in London; I cannot recollect where he lodges, but shall know when I come to town, which will be to-morrow or Saturday. I shall be at Richardson's till my Grammar is finished, unless I can buy a set of chambers in the Temple, which I fear will be difficult. I will certainly call upon you in a day or two. On one of the Indian pictures at your house there was a beautiful copy of Persian verses, which I will beg leave to transcribe, and should be glad to print it, with a translation, in the Appendix to my Grammar. I have not yet had my Persian proposals engraved; but when you write to your brother you would much oblige me by desiring him to send me a little Persian manuscript, if he can procure it without much trouble. It is a small poem which I intend to print; we have six or seven copies of it at Oxford, but if I had one in my possession it would save me the trouble of transcribing it. I have enclosed its title in Persian and English. I am very glad that your family are well. I wish them joy upon every occasion; my mother and sister desire their compliments to you, and I am, with great regard, yours, &c.

## LETTER XXIX.

### *Mr. Jones to Mr. Hawkins.*

November 5, 1771.

I SHALL ever gratefully acknowledge, dear sir, my obligations to you for the trouble you take in inspecting my trifles. Had Dryden and other poets met with such a friend, their poems would have been more polished, and consequently more fit to see the light. Your observations are so judicious, that I wish you had not been so sparing of them. I entirely approve of all your corrections, &c.

As to the years in which the poems were written, they are certainly of no consequence to the public, but (unless it be very absurd) I would wish to specify them, for it would hurt me, as a student at the bar, to have it thought that I continue to apply myself to poetry; and I mean to insinuate, that I have given it up for several years, which I must explain more fully in the preface. For a man, who wishes to rise in the law, must be supposed to have no other object.

## LETTER XXX.

### *Dr. Hunt to Mr. Jones.*

Ch. Church, March 2, 1774.

Dear sir,

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your most acceptable present of your excellent book on the Asiatic Poetry. I should have made you my acknowledgments for this great favour before, but I have been so entirely engaged in reading the book (which I have done from the beginning to the end), that I have not had time to think of its worthy author,

any otherwise than by tacitly admiring, as I went along, his exquisitely fine parts, and wonderful learning. Indeed, so engaging is the beautiful style of this admirable performance, and so striking the observations it contains, that it is next to impossible for a person, who has any taste for this branch of literature, when he has once taken it into his hand, to lay it aside again, without giving it a thorough perusal. I find you have enriched this work with a great variety of curious quotations and judicious criticisms, as well as with the addition of several valuable new pieces, since you favoured me with the sight of it before, and the pleasure which I have now had in reading it has been in proportion. I hope this new key to the Asiatic poetry, with which you have obliged the world, will not be suffered to rust for want of use; but that it will prove, what you intended it to be, a happy instrument in the hands of learned and inquisitive men, for unlocking the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge, which have been preserved in the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, and the other Oriental languages; and especially the Hebrew, that venerable channel, through which the sacred compositions of the divinely inspired poets have been conveyed down to us. I hope this will find you well, and am, &c.

P. S. I have seen your proposals for printing the mathematical works of my worthy friend your late father, and beg to be of the number of your subscribers.

## LETTER XXXI.

*Mr. Jones to F. P. Bayer.*

Oct. 4, 1774.

I CAN scarcely find words to express my thanks for your obliging present of a most beautiful and splendid copy of Sallust, with an elegant Spanish translation. You have bestowed upon me, a private, untitled individual, an honour which heretofore has only been conferred upon great monarchs, and illustrious universities. I really was at a loss to decide whether I should begin my letter by congratulating you on having so excellent a translator, or by thanking you for this agreeable proof of your remembrance. I look forward to the increasing splendour, which the arts and sciences must attain in a country, where the son of the king possesses genius and erudition capable of translating and illustrating with learned notes the first of the Roman historians. How few youths amongst the nobility in other countries possess the requisite ability or inclination for such a task! The history of Sallust is a performance of great depth, wisdom, and dignity: to understand it well is no small praise; to explain it properly is still more commendable; but to translate it elegantly, excites admiration. If all this had been accomplished by a private individual, he would have merited applause; if by a youth, he would have had a claim to literary honours; but when to the title of youth that of Prince is added, we cannot too highly extol, or too loudly applaud, his distinguished merit.

Many years are elapsed since I applied myself to the study of your learned language, but I well remember to have read in it, with great delight, the heroic poem of Alonzo, the odes of Garcilasso, and the humorous stories of Cervantes: but I most sincerely declare, that I never perused a more elegant or polished composition than the translation of Sallust; and I readily subscribe to the opinion of the learned author in his preface, that the Spanish language approaches very nearly to the dignity of the Latin.

May the accomplished youth con-

tinue to deserve well of his country and mankind, and establish his claim to distinction above all the princes of the age! If I may be allowed to offer my sentiments, I would advise him to study most diligently the divine works of Cicero, which no man, in my opinion, ever perused without improving in eloquence and wisdom. The epistle which he wrote to his brother Quintus, on the government of a province, deserves to be daily repeated by every sovereign in the world; his books on offices, on moral ends, and the Tusculan question, merit a hundred perusals; and his orations, nearly sixty in number, deserve to be translated into every European language; nor do I scruple to affirm, that his sixteen books of letters to Atticus are superior to almost all histories, that of Sallust excepted. With respect to your own compositions, I have read with great attention, and will again read, your most agreeable book. I am informed that you propose giving a Latin translation of it, and I hope you will do it for the benefit of foreigners. I see nothing in it which requires alteration—nothing which is not entitled to praise. I much wish that you would publish more of your treatises on the antiquities of Asia and Africa. I am confident they would be most acceptable to such as study those subjects. I have only for the present to conclude, by bidding you farewell in my own name, and that of the republic of letters. Farewell.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Mr. Jones to Lord Althorpe.*

Bath, Dec. 28, 1777.

My dear lord,

I TOLD you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that it was doubtful whether I should pass my vacation at Amsterdam or at Bath: the naiads of the hot springs have prevailed, you see, over the nymphs of the lakes, and I have been drinking the waters for a month, with no less pleasure than advantage to my health; the improvement of which I ascribe, however, in great measure, to my regular exercise on the downs, and to abstinence from any study that requires too much exertion of the mind. I should have skaited indeed in Holland from town to town, and a little voyage would have dissipated my bile, if I had any: but that scheme I must postpone till another winter, and have sent an excuse to my Dutch friend who expected me.

As I came hither entirely for the purpose of recreating my exhausted spirits, and strengthening my stomach, I have abstained with some reluctance from dancing, an amusement which I am as fond of as ever, but which would be too heating for a water drinker: and as for the idler diversions of a public place, they have not the recommendation of novelty, without which they cannot long please. You, my dear friend, are in the mean time relaxing yourself, from the severer pursuits of science and civil knowledge, with the healthy and manly exercise of the field, from which you will return with a keener appetite to the noble feast, which the Muses are again preparing for you at Cambridge. And here, by way of parenthesis, I must tell you, that I joined a small party of hunters the other morning, and was in at the death of a hare; but I must confess, that I think hare hunting a very dull exercise, and fit rather for a huntress than a mighty hunter, rather for Diana than Orion. Had I the taste and vigour of Actæon, without his indiscreet curiosity, my game would be the stag or the fox, and I should leave the hare in peace, without sending her to her many friends. This heresy of mine may arise from my fondness for every thing vast, and

my disdain of every thing little; and for the same reason I should prefer the more violent sport of the Asiatics, who enclose a whole district with toils, and then attack the tigers and leopards with javelins, to the sound of trumpets and clarions. Of music I conclude you have as much at Althorpe as your heart can desire; I might here have more than my ears could bear, or my mind conceive, for we have with us La Motte, Fischer, Rauzzini; but, as I live in the house of my old master, Evans, whom you remember, I am satisfied with his harp, which I prefer to the Theban lyre as much as I prefer Wales to ancient or modern Egypt.

I was this morning with Wilkes, who showed me a letter lately written to him from Paris, by Diderot; as I have, you know, a quick memory, I brought away the substance of it, and give it to you in a translation almost literal. "Friend Wilkes, it delights me to hear that you still have sufficient employment for your active mind, without which you cannot long be happy. I have just read the several speeches, which you have delivered on the subject of your present war against the provincials; they are full of eloquence, force, and dignity. I too have composed a speech on the same subject, which I would deliver in your senate, had I a seat in it:—'I will wave for the present, my countrymen, all considerations of the justice or injustice of the measures you are pursuing; I well know that to be an improper topic at the time when the public welfare is immediately concerned. I will not even question at present your power to reduce an exasperated and desperate people; but consider, I entreat you, that you are surrounded by nations by whom you are detested; and say, for heaven's sake, how long you will give them reason to laugh at the ridiculous figure you are making.' This is my harangue; it is short in words, but extensive in meaning." So far, my dear lord, we have no reason to censure the thoughts or expressions of the learned Encyclopedist: what follows is so profligate, that I would not transcribe it, if I were not sure that you would join with me in condemning it. "As to yourself," he adds, "be cheerful; drink the best wines; keep the gayest company; and, should you be inclined to a tender passion, address yourself to such women as make the least resistance; they are as amusing and as interesting as others. One lives with them without anxiety, and quits them without regret." I want words, Diderot, to express the baseness, the folly, the brutality of this sentiment. I am no cynic, but as fond as any man at Paris of cheerful company, and of such pleasures as a man of virtue need not blush to enjoy; but if the philosophy of the French academicians be comprised in your advice to your friend Wilkes, keep it to yourself, and to such as you. I am of a different sect. He concludes his letter with some professions of regard, and with a recommendation of a young Frenchman, who told Wilkes some speeches of Diderot to the empress of Russia, which you shall hear at some other time. I am interrupted, and must leave you with reluctance till the morning.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Edmund Burke to Mr. Jones.*

March 12, 1779

My dear sir,

I GIVE you many thanks for your most obliging and valuable present, and feel myself extremely honoured by this mark of your friendship. My first leisure will be employed in an attentive perusal of an author, who had merit enough to fill up a

part of yours, and whom you have made accessible to me with an ease and advantage, which one so many years disused to Greek literature as I have been, could not otherwise have. Isæus is an author of whom I know nothing but by fame: I am sure that any idea I had from thence conceived of him will not be at all lessened by seeing him in your translation. I do not know how it has happened, that orators have hitherto fared worse in the hands of the translators than even the poets; I never could bear to read a translation of Cicero. Demosthenes suffers I think somewhat less; but he suffers greatly; so much, that I must say, that no English reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the first of orators. I am satisfied that there is now an eminent exception to this rule, and I sincerely congratulate the public on that acquisition. I am, with the greatest truth and regard, my dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### *Mr. Jones to Lord Althorpe.*

Temple, Oct. 13, 1778.

My dear lord, captain, and friend (of all which titles no man entertains a juster idea than yourself), how shall I express the delight which your letter from Warley camp has given me! I cannot sufficiently regret, that I was so long deprived of that pleasure; for, intending to be in London soon after the circuit, I had neglected to leave any directions here about my letters; so that yours has lain almost a month upon my table, where I found it yesterday on my return from the country. I ought indeed to have written first to you, because I was a rambler, you stationary; and because the pen has been my peculiar instrument, as the sword has been yours, this summer; but the agitation of forensic business, and the sort of society in which I have been forced to live, afforded me few moments of leisure, except those in which nature calls for perfect repose, and the spirits, exhausted with fatigue, require immediate reparation. I rejoice to see that you are a votary, as Archilocus says of himself, both of the Muses and of Mars; nor do I believe, that a letter full of more manly sentiments, or written with more unaffected elegance, than yours, has often been sent from a camp. You know I have set my mind on your being a fine speaker in next parliament, in the cause of true constitutional liberty, and your letters convince me that I shall not be disappointed. To this great object, both for your own glory and your country's good, your present military station will contribute not a little: for a soldier's life naturally inspires a certain spirit and confidence, without which the finest elocution will not have a full effect. Not to mention Pericles, Xenophon, Cæsar, and a hundred other eloquent soldiers among the ancients, I am persuaded that Pitt (whom by the way I am far from comparing to Pericles) acquired his forcible manner in the field where he carried the colours. This I mention in addition to the advantages of your present situation, which you very justly point out: nor can I think your summer in any respect uselessly spent, since our constitution has a good defence in a well-regulated militia, officered by men who love their country; and a militia so regulated may in due time be the means of thinning the formidable standing army, if not of extinguishing it. Captain *** is one of the worthiest as well as tallest men in the kingdom; but he, and his Socrates, Dr. Johnson, have such prejudices in politics, that one must be upon one's guard in their company, if

one wishes to preserve their good opinion. By the way, the dean of Gloucester has printed a work, which he thinks a full confutation of "Locke's Theory of Government;" and his second volume will contain a new theory of his own; of this when we meet. The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet named; many doubt whether he will be: I think he will not, unless the chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the bar, that I should be the man. I believe the minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years' standing till that time: now many believe that they keep the place open for me till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have twenty thousand pounds in my pocket before I am eight-and-thirty years old; and then I might contribute in some little degree towards the service of my country in parliament, as well as at the bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing: and I might be a speaker in the house of commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age; whereas, in the slow career of Westminster Hall, I should not perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear lord, that if the minister be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak, of public affairs, and on that account should refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence, without a debt or a care of any kind. I will not break in upon you at Warley unexpectedly; but whenever you find it most convenient, let me know, and I will be with you in less than two hours.

## LETTER XXXV.

### *Mr. Jones to Lord Althorpe.*

Temple, Feb. 4, 1780.

THE public piety having given me this afternoon what I rarely can obtain, a short intermission of business, can I employ my leisure more agreeably than in writing to my friend? I shall send my letter at random, not knowing whether you are at Althorpe or at Buckingham, but persuading myself that it will find you without much delay. May I congratulate you and our country on your entrance upon the great career of public life? If there ever was a time when men of spirit, sense, and virtue, ought to stand forth, it is the present. I am informed, that you have attended some county meetings, and are on some committees. Did you find it necessary or convenient to speak on the state of the nation? It is a noble subject, and, with your knowledge as well as judgment, you will easily acquire habits of eloquence; but *habits* they are, no less than playing on a musical instrument, or handling a pencil: and as the best musicians and finest painters began with playing sometimes out of tune, and drawing out of proportion, so the greatest orators must begin with leaving some periods unfinished, and perhaps with sitting down in the middle of a sentence. It is only by continued use, that a speaker learns to express his ideas with precision and soundness, and to provide at the beginning of a period for the conclusion of it; but to this facility of speaking the habit of writing rapidly contributes in a wonderful degree. I would particularly impress this truth upon your mind, my dear

friend, because I am fully convinced, that an Englishman's real importance in his country will always be in a compound ratio of his virtue, his knowledge, and his eloquence; without all of which qualities little real utility can result from either of them apart; and I am no less persuaded, that a virtuous and knowing man, who has no natural impediment, may by habit acquire perfect eloquence, as certainly as a healthy man, who has the use of his muscles, may learn to swim or to skate. When shall we meet, and where, that we may talk over these and other matters? There are some topics, which will be more properly discussed in conversation than upon paper, I mean on account of their copiousness; for, believe me, I should not be concerned if all that I write were copied at the post-office, and read before the king in council. * * * * * * At the same time I solemnly declare, that I will not enlist under the banners of a party: a declaration which is, I believe, useless, because no party would receive a man, determined as I am to think for himself. To you alone, my friend, and to your interests, I am firmly attached, both from early habit and from mature reason; from ancient affection unchanged for a single moment, and from a full conviction, that such affection was well placed. The views and wishes of all other men I will analyze and weigh with that suspicion and slowness of belief, which my experience, such as it is, has taught me; and to be more particular, although I will be jealous of the *regal* part of our constitution, and always lend an arm towards restraining its proud waves within due limits, yet my most vigilant and strenuous efforts shall be directed against any oligarchy that may rise: being convinced, that on the popular part of every government depends its real force, the obligation of its laws, its welfare, its security, its permanence. I have been led insensibly to write more seriously than I had intended; my letters shall not always be so dull; but with so many public causes of grief or of resentment, who can at all times be gay?

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Mr. Jones to the Rev. E. Cartwright.*

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, May 16, 1780.

Dear sir,

SINCE my friends have declared me a candidate for the very honourable seat which sir Roger Newdigate intends to vacate, I have received many flattering testimonies of regard from several respectable persons; but your letter, dated May 8th, which I did not receive till this morning, is, without a compliment, the fairest and most pleasing fruit of the competition in which I am engaged. The rule of the University, which is a very noble one, forbidding me to solicit votes for myself, I have not been at liberty even to apply to many persons whom it is both a pleasure and honour to know. Your unsolicited approbation is a great reward of my past toil in my literary career, and no small incentive to future exertions. As to my integrity, of which you are pleased to express a good opinion, it has not yet been tried by any very strong temptations; I hope it will resist them, if any be thrown in my way. This only I may say (and I think without a boast), that my ambition was always very much bounded, and that my views are already attained by professional success adequate to my highest expectations. Perhaps I shall not be thought very unambitious if I add, that my great object of imitation is Mr. Selden; and that if I could obtain the same honour which was conferred on him, I should, like

him, devote the rest of my life to the service of my constituents and my country, to the practice of an useful profession, and to the unremitted study of our English laws, history, and literature. To be approved by you, and such men as you (if many such could be found), would be a sufficient reward to, &c.

P. S. Permit me to add an ode printed (but not published) before the present competition, and at a time when I should have been certainly made a judge in India, by the kindness of lord North, if any appointment had taken place. It proves sufficiently, that no views or connexions can prevent me from declaring my honest sentiments, when I think they may be useful to my country.

## LETTER XXXVII.

### *Mr. Jones to Dr. Wheeler.*

September 2, 1780.

My dear sir,

THE parliament being suddenly dissolved, I must beg you, as one of my best and truest friends, to make it known in the University, that I decline giving the learned body any further trouble, and am heartily sorry for that which has already been given them. It is needless to add, what you well know, that I should never have been the first to have troubled them at all. I always thought a delegation to parliament from so respectable a society a laudable object of true ambition; but I considered it as a distant object, as a reward of long labour and meritorious service in our country; and I conceived, that had I filled a judge's seat in India, with the approbation of my countrymen, I might, on my return, be fixed on as a proper representative of the University. Had not that happened, which you know, I should no more have thought of standing now, than of asking for a peerage. As to principles in politics, if my success at Oxford, at any future time, depend upon a change of them, my cause is hopeless: I cannot alter or conceal them, without abandoning either my reason or my integrity; the first of which is my only guide, and the second my chief comfort, in this passage through life. Were I inclined to boast of any thing, I should certainly boast of making those principles my rule of conduct, which I learned from the best of men in ancient and modern times; and which, my reason tells me, are conducive to the happiness of mankind. As to *men*, I am certainly not hostile to the *ministers*, from whom I have received obligations; but I cannot in conscience approve their *measures*.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

### *Mr. Jones to the Bishop of St. Asaph.*

November 23, 1780.

My lord,

HAD I not been prevented by particular business from writing to your lordship on Tuesday evening and yesterday, I would have informed you before, that we had done ourselves the honour (and a very great one we shall ever esteem it) of electing your lordship a member of our club.* The election was of course unanimous, and it was carried with the sincere approbation and eagerness of all present. I am sorry to add,

* Generally known by the name of the *Turk's Head Club*, held in Gerrard Street, Soho. The establishment of this club was first proposed by sir Joshua Reynolds to Burke and Johnson, and the original members of it were the friends of these three. The number of members was gradually increased to forty, comprehending men of the most distinguished characters, and eminent for their learning, talents, and abilities.

that lord Camden and the bishop of Chester* were rejected. When bishops and chancellors honour us with offering to dine with us at a tavern, it seems very extraordinary that we should ever reject such an offer; but there is no reasoning on the caprice of men. Of our club I will only say, that there is no branch of human knowledge, on which some of our members are not capable of giving information; and I trust, that as the honour will be ours, so your lordship will receive some pleasure from the company, once a fortnight, of some of our first writers and critics, as well as our most virtuous senators and accomplished men. I think myself highly honoured in having been a member of this society near ten years, and chiefly in having contributed to add such names to the number of our friends as those of your lordship and lord Althorpe. I spoke yesterday in Westminster Hall for two hours and a half on a knotty point of law, and this morning for above an hour on a very interesting public question; to-morrow I must argue a great cause, and am therefore obliged to conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, with the highest, &c.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*The Bishop of St. Asaph† to Mr. Jones.*

Nov. 3, 1781.

Dear sir,

A LETTER from you is always welcome, come sooner or later; yet I cannot help rejoicing at that ceaseless hurry of business, which occasioned your delay in writing, and made me lose a very valuable visit. Riches and reputation, after showing a little coyness at first, are now making their advances at a very great rate, and will soon be as lavish of their charms as you could wish; yet I know you think too liberally to let either your friends or your liberty suffer by their engrossing you too much.

I thank you for the nuptial ode, which, notwithstanding its incorrectness, which you need not complain of, is the most genuine imitation of Pindar I have ever seen. I don't know whether I can assent to your criticism on the word *replete*, that it is never used in a good sense. Were it left to me, I would use it in no sense. It has but little meaning. It was never naturalized in conversation or in prose, and I think makes no figure in verse.

I have another present of value to thank you for—your "Essay on the Law of Bailments." To own the truth, your name to the advertisement made me impatient, and I had sent for it and read it before. It appears to me to be clear, just, and accurate; I mean as clear as the subject will permit. My want of law language, and perhaps of a legal understanding, made me feel great difficulty in following you through your very ingenious distinctions and consequences, of which I thought I could perceive the solidity. I foretel, that this will be your last work. For the future your business and the public will allow you to write no more.

Though I fear it will not be consistent with your employment in Westminster Hall, I cannot help telling you, that for as many days as you can spare between this time and the meeting of parliament, you will find a warm bed and a hearty welcome at Chilbolton. Mrs. Shipley and her daughters desire their compliments, and join in the invitation. I am, &c.

* Dr. Porteus.
† Dr. Shipley.

## LETTER XL.

*Mr. Jones to Lord Althorpe.*

Jan. 5, 1782.

*O La bella cosa il far niente!** This was my exclamation, my dear lord, on the 12th of last month, when I found myself, as I thought, at liberty to be a rambler, or an idler, or any thing I pleased; but my *mal di gola*† took ample revenge for my abuse and contempt of it, when I wrote to you, by confining me twelve days with a fever and quinsy: and I am now so cramped by the approaching session at Oxford, that I cannot make any long excursion. I enclose my tragical song of "A shepherdess going," with Mazzanti's music, of which my opinion at present is, that the modulation is very artificial, and the harmony good, but that Pergolesi (whom the modern Italians are such puppies as to undervalue) would have made it more pathetic and *heart-rending*, if I may compose such word. I long to hear it sung by Mrs. Poyntz. Pray present the enclosed, in my name, to lady Althorpe. I hope that I shall in a short time be able to think of you, when I read these charming lines of Catullus:‡

"And soon, to be completely blest,
Soon may a young Torquatus rise;
Who, hanging on his mother's breast,
To his known sire shall turn his eyes,
Outstretch his infant arms awhile,
Half ope his little lips, and smile."
*Printed Translation.*

What a beautiful picture! Can Dominichino equal it? How weak are all arts in comparison of poetry and rhetoric! Instead however of *Torquatus*, I would read *Spencerus*. Do you not think, that I have discovered the true use of the fine arts, namely, in relaxing the mind after toil? Man was born for *labour;* his configuration, his passions, his restlessness, all prove it; but labour would wear him out, and the purpose of it be defeated, if he had not intervals of *pleasure;* and unless that pleasure be *innocent*, both he and society must suffer. Now what pleasures are more harmless, if they be nothing else, than those afforded by polite arts and polite literature?—Love was given us by the Author of our being as the reward of virtue, and the solace of care; but the base and sordid forms of *artificial* (which I oppose to *natural*) society, in which we live, have encircled that heavenly rose with so many thorns, that the wealthy alone can gather it with prudence. On the other hand, mere pleasure, to which the idle are not justly entitled, soon satiates, and leaves a vacuity in the mind more unpleasant than actual pain. A just mixture, or interchange of labour and pleasure, appears alone conducive to such happiness as this life affords. Farewell. I have no room to add my useless name, and still more useless professions of friendship.

* What a delightful thing it is to do nothing.
† Sore throat.
‡ The original is quoted by Mr. Jones:—
Torquatus volo parvulus,
Matris è gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem,
Semi-hiante labello.

## LETTER XLI.

*Mr. Jones to Mr. Thomas Yeates.*

Lamb's Buildings, April 25, 1782.

Sir,

It was not till within these very few days that I received, on my return from the circuit, your obliging letter, dated the 18th of March, which, had I been so fortunate as to have received earlier, I should have made a point of answering immediately. The society for constitutional information, by electing me one of their members, will confer upon me an honour, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, but which is so

flattering to me, that I accept of their offer with pleasure and gratitude. I should indeed long ago have testified my regard for so useful an institution by an offer of my humble service in promoting it, if I had not really despaired, in my present situation, of being able to attend your meetings as often as I should ardently wish.

My future life shall certainly be devoted to the support of that excellent constitution, which it is the object of your society to unfold and elucidate; and from this resolution, long and deliberately made, no prospects, no connexion, no station here or abroad, no fear of danger or hope of advantage to myself, shall ever deter or allure me.

A form of government so apparently conducive to the true happiness of the community, must be admired as soon as it is understood; and, if reason and virtue have any influence in human breasts, ought to be preserved by any exertions, and at any hazard. Care must now be taken, lest, by reducing the regal power to its just level, we raise the aristocratical to a dangerous height; since it is from the people that we can deduce the obligation of our laws, and the authority of magistrates.

On the people depend the welfare, the security, and the permanence of every legal government; in the people must reside all substantial power; and to the people must all those, in whose ability and knowledge we sometimes wisely, often imprudently, confide, be always accountable for the due exercise of that power with which they are for a time entrusted.

If the properties of all good government be considered as duly distributed in the different parts of our limited republic, goodness ought to be the distinguished attribute of the crown, wisdom of the aristocracy, but power and fortitude of the people.

May justice and humanity prevail in them all!

I am, &c.

## LETTER XLII.

*Mr. Jones to the Bishop of St. Asaph.*

Wimbledon Park, Sept. 13, 1782.

My lord,

If your lordship received my letter from Calais, you will not be much surprised to see the date of this, and the place where I now am writing, while lady Spencer is making morning visits. Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz have this instant left us. Lord Althorpe being in Northamptonshire, I must give myself some consolation for my disappointment in missing him, by scribbling a few lines to him as soon as I have finished these with which I now trouble your lordship. My excursion to the United *Provinces* (which has been the substitute for my intended expedition to the United *States*) was extremely pleasing and improving to me. I returned last Monday, and, finding all my friends dispersed in various parts of England, am going for a few days into Buckinghamshire, whence I shall go to Oxford, and must continue there till the sessions. Should your lordship be in Hampshire any time in October, and should it be in all respects convenient to you, I will accept this year, with great pleasure, the obliging invitation to Chilbolton, which I was unfortunately prevented from accepting last year. I lament the unhappy dissensions among our great men, and clearly see the vanity of my anxious wish, that they would have played in tune some time longer in the political concert.

The delays about the India judgeship have, it is true, greatly injured me; but, with my patience and assiduity, I could easily recover my lost

ground. I must, however, take the liberty here to allude to a most obliging letter of your lordship from Chilbolton, which I received so long ago as last November, but was prevented from answering till you came to town. It was inexpressibly flattering to me; but my intimate knowledge of the nature of my profession obliges me to assure you, that it requires the *whole man*, and admits of no concurrent pursuits; that, consequently, I must either give it up, or it will engross me so much, that I shall not for some years be *able to enjoy the society of my friends, or the sweets of liberty*. Whether it be a wise part to live uncomfortably, in order to die wealthy, is another question; but this I know by experience, and have heard old practitioners make the same observation, that a lawyer, who is in earnest, must be chained to his chambers and the bar for ten or twelve years together. In regard to your lordship's indulgent and flattering prediction, that my "Essay on Bailments" would be my last work, and that, for the future, business and the public would allow me to write no more; I doubt whether it will be accomplished, whatever may be my practice or situation; for I have already prepared many tracts on jurisprudence; and when I see the volumes written by lord Coke, whose annual gains were twelve or fourteen thousand pounds, by lord Bacon, sir Matthew Hale, and a number of judges and chancellors, I cannot think that I should be hurt in my professional career, by publishing now and then a law tract upon some interesting branch of the science; and the science itself is indeed so complex, that, without *writing*, which is *the chain of memory*, it is impossible to remember a thousandth part of what we read or hear. Since it is my wish therefore to become in time as great a lawyer as Sulpicius, I shall probably leave as many volumes of my works as he is said to have written. As to politics, I begin to think, that the natural propensity of men to dissent from one another will prevent them, in a corrupt age, from uniting in any laudable design; and at present I have nothing to do but to *rest on my oars*, which the Greek philosophers, I believe, called ἐποχήν, a word which Cicero applies in one of his letters to the same subject.

My best respects to the ladies, for whom I would certainly have brought some Virginia nightingales, if my western expedition had taken place, since I was informed by the captain, with whom I should have sailed, that they might have been kept in the cabin without any danger.

## LETTER XLIII.

### *Mr. Jones to Lady Spencer.*

Chilbolton, Oct. 21, 1782.

Madam,

Though I wrote so lately to your ladyship, and cannot hope by any thing I can now say to make amends for the dulness of my last letter; yet, as some of the ladies here are this moment writing to St. James's Place, I cannot prevail on myself to decline joining so agreeable a party, especially as the very favourable accounts which were last night received of lord Spencer's health have given me spirits, and made me eager to offer my sincere congratulations. Yes; I rejoice with the truest sincerity, that his lordship's health is so likely to be re-established; for I cannot name a man of rank in the nation, in whose health the public and all mankind, as well as his family and friends, are more truly interested. I have passed my time at Chilbolton so agreeably, that ten days have appear-

ed like one: and it gives me concern, that the near approach of the term will oblige me to leave so charming and improving a society at the end of this week; after which I shall hope to find my friends at Midgham in perfect health; and then farewell, a long farewell, to all my rational and interesting pleasures, which must be succeeded by the drudgery of drawing bills in equity, the toil of answering cases, the squabbles of the bar, and the more vexatious dissensions and conflicts of the political world, which I vainly deprecated, and now as vainly deplore. How happy would it be if statesmen had more *music in their souls*, and could bring themselves to consider, that what harmony is in a concert, such is union in a state; but in the great orchestra of politics I find so many musicians out of humour, and instruments out of tune, that I am more tormented by such dissonance than the man in Hogarth's print, and am more desirous than ever of being transported to the distance of five thousand leagues from all this fatal discord. Without a metaphor, I lament with anguish the bitterness and animosity, with which some of my friends have been assailing others; as if empty altercation could be the means of procuring any good to this afflicted country. I find myself, in more instances than one, like poor Petrarch, wishing to pass my days

*Fra' magnanimi pochi; à chi'l ben piace,*
*Di lor chi m' assecura?*
*Io vo gridando* pace, pace, pace.*

—but I shall not be heard, and must console myself with the pleasing hope, that your ladyship, and the few friends of virtue and humanity, will agree in this sentiment with, &c.

* Among the magnanimous few, whom virtue pleases: who will secure to me this blessing? I go crying *peace, peace, peace.*

## LETTER XLIV.

### *Sir William Jones to Lord Ashburton.*

April 27, 1783.

YOUR kind letter found me on board the Crocodile: I should have been very unhappy had it missed me, since I have long habituated myself to set the highest value on every word you speak, and every line you write. Of the two enclosed letters to our friends, Impey and Chambers, I will take the greatest care, and will punctually follow your directions as to the first of them. My departure was sudden indeed; but the Admiralty were so anxious for the sailing of this frigate, and their orders were so peremptory, that it was impossible to wait for any thing but a breeze. Our voyage has hitherto been tolerably pleasant, and, since we left the Channel, very quick. We begin to see albicores about the ship, and to perceive an agreeable change of climate. Our days, though short, give me ample time for study, recreation, and exercise; but my joy and delight proceed from the surprising health and spirits of Anna Maria, who joins me in affectionate remembrance to lady Ashburton. As to you, my dear lord, we consider you as the spring and fountain of our happiness, as the author and parent (a Roman would have added, what the coldness of our northern language will hardly admit, the *god*) of our fortunes. It is possible indeed, that by incessant labour and irksome attendance at the bar, I might in due time have attained all that my very limited ambition could aspire to; but in no other station than that which I owe to your friendship, could I have gratified at once my boundless curiosity concerning the people of the East, continued the exercise of my profession, in which I sincerely delight, and en-

joyed at the same time the comforts of domestic life. The grand jury of Denbighshire have found, I understand, the bill against the dean of St. Asaph, for publishing my dialogue; but as an indictment for a theoretical essay on government was, I believe, never before known, I have no apprehension for the consequences. As to the doctrines in the tract, though I shall certainly not preach them to the Indians, who must and will be governed by absolute power, yet I shall go through life with a persuasion, that they are just and rational; that substantial freedom is both the daughter and parent of virtue; and that virtue is the only source of public and private felicity. Farewell.

## LETTER XLV.

*Sir William Jones to Dr. Patrick Russel.*

Calcutta, March 10, 1784.

You would readily excuse my delay in answering your obliging letter, if you could form an idea of the incessant hurry and confusion, in which I have been kept ever since my arrival in Bengal, by necessary business or necessary formalities, and by the difficulty of settling myself to my mind, in a country so different from that which I have left. I am indeed, at best, but a bad correspondent; for I never write by candle-light; and find so much Arabic or Persian to read, that all my leisure in a morning is hardly sufficient for a thousandth part of the reading that would be highly agreeable and useful to me; and as I purpose to spend the long vacation up the country, I wish to be a match in conversation with the learned natives, whom I may happen to meet.

I rejoice that you are so near, but lament that you are not nearer; and am not without hope, that you may one day be tempted to visit Bengal, where I flatter myself you will give me as much of your company as possible.

Many thanks for your kind hints in regard to my health. As to me, I do not expect, as long as I stay in India, to be free from a bad digestion, the morbus literatorum, for which there is hardly any remedy, but abstinence from too much food, literary and culinary. I rise before the sun, and bathe after a gentle ride; my diet is light and sparing, and I go early to rest; yet the activity of my mind is too strong for my constitution, though naturally not infirm, and I must be satisfied with a valetudinarian state of health. If you should meet with any curiosities on the coast, either in your botanical rambles or in reading, and will communicate them to our society, lately instituted for inquiring into the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, we shall give you our hearty thanks. There is an Abyssinian here, who knew Mr. Bruce, at Gwender. I have examined him, and he confirms Bruce's account. Every day supplies me with something new in Oriental learning; and if I were to stay here half a century, I should be continually amused.

## LETTER XLVI.

*Sir William Jones to* ———.

April 13, 1784

* * * * * * * * *

I am discouraged from writing to you as copiously as I wish, by the fear that my letter may never reach you. I enclose however a hymn to the Indian Cupid, which is here said to be the only correct specimen of Hindu mythology that has appeared; it is certainly new, and quite original, except the form of the stanza, which is Milton's. I add the character of lord Ashburton, which

my zeal for his fame prompted me to publish.

* * * * * * * * *

Had I dreamt that the dialogue would have made such a stir, I should certainly have taken more pains with it. I will never cease to avow and justify the doctrine comprised in it. I meant it merely as an imitation of one of Plato's, where a boy, wholly ignorant of geometry, is made by a few simple questions to demonstrate a proposition; and I intended to inculcate, that the principles of government were so obvious and intelligible, that a clown might be brought to understand them. As to raising sedition, I as much thought of raising a church.

My dialogue contains my system, which I have ever avowed, and ever will avow; but I perfectly agree (and no man of sound intellect can disagree) that such a system is wholly inapplicable to this country, where millions of men are so wedded to inveterate prejudices and habits, that, if liberty could be forced upon them by Britain, it would make them as miserable as the cruelest despotism.

Pray remember me affectionately to all my friends at the bar, whom I have not time to enumerate; and assure my academical and professional friends, that I will write to them all when I have leisure. Farewell, &c.

## LETTER XLVII.

*Sir Wm. Jones to Charles Chapman, Esq.*

Gardens, near Allipore, April 26, 1784.

ALLOW me, dear sir, to give you the warmest thanks, in my own name, and in that of our infant society, for the pleasure which we have received from your interesting account of Cochin China, with considerable extracts from which we have been favoured by our patrons. Our meetings are well attended, and the society may really be said, considering the recent time of its establishment, to flourish.

We have been rather indisposed, the weather being such as we had no idea of in England, excessive heat at noon, and an incessant high wind from morning to night; at this moment it blows a hurricane, and my study reminds me of my cabin at sea. Our way of life however is quite pastoral in this retired spot; as my prime favourites, among all our pets, are two large English sheep, which came with us from Spithead, and, having narrowly escaped the knife, are to live as long and as happily with us as they can; they follow us for bread, and are perfectly domestic. We are literally lulled to sleep by Persian nightingales; and cease to wonder, that the Bulbul, with a *thousand tales*, makes such a figure in Oriental poetry. Since I am resolved to sit regularly in court as long as I am well, not knowing how soon I may be forced to remit my attention to business, I shall not be at liberty to enter my budgerow till near the end of July, and must be again in Calcutta on the 22d of October, so that my time will be very limited; and I shall wish if possible to see Benares.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Sir William Jones to J. Shore, Esq.*

June 24.

* * * * * * * * * I AM well, rising constantly between three and four, and usually walking two or three miles before sun-rise; my wife is tolerably well; and we only lament that the damp weather will soon oblige us to leave our herds and flocks, and all our rural delights, on the banks of the Baghiratti. The bu-

siness of the court will continue at least two months longer, after which I purpose to take a house at Bandell, or Hugli, and pass my autumnal vacation, as usual, with the Hindu bards. I have read your pundit's curious book twice in Sanscrit, and will have it elegantly copied: the *Dabistan*, also, I have read through twice with great attention; and both copies are ready to be returned, as you shall direct. Mr. R. Johnston thinks he has a young friend who will translate the *Dabistan;* and the greatest part of it would be very interesting to a curious reader, but some of it cannot be translated. It contains more recondite learning, more entertaining history, more beautiful specimens of poetry, more ingenuity and wit, more indecency and blasphemy, than I ever saw collected in a single volume: the two last are not the author's, but are introduced in the chapters on the heretics and infidels of India. On the whole, it is the most amusing and instructive book I ever read in Persian.

I hear nothing from Europe but what all the papers contain; and that is enough to make me rejoice exceedingly that I am in Asia. Those with whom I have spent some of my happiest hours, and hope to spend many more on my return to England, are tearing one another to pieces, with the enmity, that is proverbial here, of the snake and the ichneumon. I have nothing left, therefore, but to wish what is right and just may prevail, to discharge my public duties with unremitted attention, and to recreate myself at leisure with the literature of this interesting country.

## LETTER XLIX.

*Sir William Jones to J. Shore, Esq.*

Chrishna-nagur, Aug. 16, 1786.

I THANK you heartily, my dear sir, for the tender strains of the unfortunate Charlotte,* which have given us pleasure and pain; the sonnets which relate to herself are incomparably the best. Petrarca is little known; his sonnets, especially the first book, are the least valuable of his works, and contain less natural sentiments than those of the swan of Avon; but his odes, which are political, are equal to the lyric poems of the Greeks; and his triumphs are in a triumphant strain of sublimity and magnificence. Anna Maria gives you many thanks for the pleasure you have procured her. We are in love with this pastoral cottage; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connected with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are; even in this cottage I am assisting the court, by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mohammedan or Hindu lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions.

This brings to my mind your honest pundit Rhadacaunt, who refused, I hear, the office of pundit to the court, and told Mr. Hastings, that he would not accept of it if the salary were doubled; his scruples were probably religious; but they would put it out of my power to serve him, should the office again be vacant. His unvarnished tale I would have repeated to you, if we had not missed one another on the river; but since I despair of seeing you until my return to Calcutta, at the end of October, I will set it down here, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:—

"My father (said he) died at the age of a hundred years, and my mother, who was eighty years old, became a *sati*, and burned herself to expiate sins. They left me little besides good principles. Mr. Hastings purchased for me a piece of land, which

* Sonnets by Charlotte Smith.

at first yielded twelve hundred rupees a year; but lately, either through my inattention or through accident, it has produced only one thousand. This would be sufficient for me and my family; but the duty of Brahmans is not only to teach the youths of their sect, but to relieve those who are poor. I made many presents to poor scholars and others in distress, and for this purpose I anticipated my income: I was then obliged to borrow for my family expenses, and I now owe about three thousand rupees. This debt is my only cause of uneasiness in this world; I would have mentioned it to Mr. Shore, but I was ashamed."

Now the question is, how he can be set upon his legs again, when I hope he will be more prudent. If Bahman* should return to Persia, I can afford to give him one hundred rupees a month, till his debt shall be discharged out of his rents; but at present I pay more in salaries to my native scholars than I can well afford; nevertheless I will cheerfully join you in any mode of clearing the honest man, that can be suggested; and I should assist him merely for his own sake, as I have more Brahmanical teachers than I can find time to hear. Adieu, my dear sir, &c.

## LETTER L.

### *Sir Wm. Jones to Thomas Caldicott, Esq.*

Sept. 24, 1788.

WE had incessant labour for six hours a-day, for three whole months, in the hot season between the tropics; and, what is a sad consequence of long sittings, we have scarcely any vacation. I can, therefore, only write to you a few lines this autumn. Before your brother sent me "Lewisdon Hill," I had read it twice aloud to different companies, with great delight to myself and to them: thank the author in my name. I believe his nameless rivulet is called *Bret* or *Brit* (whence *Bridport*) by Michael Drayton, who describes the fruitful Marshwood. * * * *

Pray assure all who care for me, or whom I am likely to care for, that I never, directly or indirectly, asked for the succession to sir E. Impey; and that if any indiscreet friend of mine has asked for it in my name, the request was not made by my desire, and never would have been made with my assent.

*"Co' magnanimi pochi, a chi'l ben piace,"**

I have enough; but if I had not, I think an ambitious judge a very dishonourable and mischievous character. Besides, I never would have opposed sir R. Chambers, who has been my friend twenty-five years, and wants money, which I do not.

I have fixed on the year 1800 for my return towards Europe, if I live so long, and hope to begin the new century auspiciously among my friends in England.

P. S. Since I wrote my letter, I have amused myself with composing the annexed ode to Abundance. I took up ten or twelve hours to compose and copy it; but I must now leave poetry, and return for ten months to J. N. and J. S.

## LETTER LI.

### *Sir William Jones to Mr. Justice Hyde.*

Sept. 19, 1789.

You have given lady Jones great pleasure by informing us, from so good authority, that a ship is arrived from England: she presents you with her best compliments.

Most readily shall I acquiesce in any alleviation of Horrebow's mise-

* A parsi and a native of Yezd, employed by Sir William Jones as a reader.

* With the magnanimous few, whom virtue pleases.

ry, that you and sir Robert Chambers shall think just and legal. I have not one law book with me; nor, if I had many, should I perfectly know where to look for a mitigation by the court of a sentence, which they pronounced after full consideration of all its probable effects on the person condemned. I much doubt whether it can legally be done; nor do I think the petition states any urgent reason for it. First, he mentions *losses already sustained* (not therefore to be prevented by his enlargement), and, in my opinion, they cannot easily be more than he deserves. Next, his wife's health may have been injured by his disgrace, and may not be restored by our shortening the time of his confinement, which, if I remember, is almost half expired, and was as short as justice tempered with lenity would allow. His own health is not said to be affected by the imprisonment in such a place, at such a season; for if it were proved that he were dangerously ill, we might, I suppose, remove him to a healthier place, or even let him go to sea, if able surgeons swore, that in their serious opinion, nothing else could save his life. That is by no means the case, and I confess I have no compassion for him; my compassion is for the enslaved children and their parents. Nevertheless, I know the benevolence of your heart, and shall approve whatever you and sir R. C. may do, if any precedent can be found or recollected of a power in the court to do what is now prayed. I am, &c.

## LETTER LII.

### *Sir William Jones to Sir Joseph Banks.*

Sept. 17, 1789.

Dear sir Joseph,

THE season for paying my annual epistolary rents being returned with the rough gales of the autumnal equinox, I am eager to offer my tribute where it is most due, to my best landlord, who, instead of claiming, like the India company, sixteen shillings in the pound for the neat profits of my farm (I speak correctly, though metaphorically), voluntarily offers me indulgences, even if I should run in arrears.

You have received, I trust, the pods of the finest Dacca cotton, with which the commercial resident at that station supplied me, and which I sent by different conveyances, some enclosed to yourself, some to sir George Young, and some by private hands. But I have always found it safer to send letters and small parcels by the public packet, than by careless and inconsiderate individuals. I am not partial to the *pryangu*, which I now find is its true name; but Mr. Shore found benefit from it, and procured the fresh plants from Arracan, which died unluckily in their way to Calcutta. But, seriously, it deserves a longer trial before its tonic virtues, if it have any, can be ascertained. It is certainly not so fine a bitter as camomile or columbo root.

I wish politics at the devil, but hope that, when the king recovered, science revived. It gives me great pain to know, that *party*, as it is called (I call it faction, because I hold party to be grounded on principles, and faction on self-interest, which excludes all principle), has found its way into a literary club, who meet reciprocally to impart and receive new ideas. I have deep-rooted political principles, which the law taught me; but I should never think of introducing them among men of science; and if, on my return to Europe, ten or twelve years hence, I should not find more science than politics in the club, my seat in it will be at the service of any politician, who may wish to be one of the party.

An intimate friend of Mr. Blane has written to him, at my request, for the newly discovered fragrant grass; and should the plants be sent before the last ships of the season sail, they shall be sent to you. Whether they be the nard of the ancients, I must doubt, because we have sweet grasses here of innumerable species; and Reuben Burrow brought me an odoriferous grass from the place where the Ganges enters India, and where it covers whole acres, and perfumes the whole country. From his account of it, I suspect it to be Mr. Blane's; but I could make nothing of the dry specimens, except that they differed widely from the *Jatamansi*, which I am persuaded is the Indian nard of Ptolemy. I can only procure the dry *Jatamansi*, but if I can get the stalks, roots, and flowers from Butan, I will send them to you. Since the death of Kœnig we are in great want of a professed botanist. I have twice read with rapture the "Philosophia Botanica," and have Murray's edition of the "Genera et Species Plantarum" always with me; but, as I am no lynx, like Linnæus, I cannot examine minute blossoms, especially those of grasses.

We are far advanced in the second volume of our "Transactions."

## LETTER LIII.

### *Sir Wm. Jones to Sir J. Macpherson, Bart.*

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 15. 1790.

I GIVE you hearty thanks for your postscript, which (as you enjoin secrecy) I will only allude to ambiguously, lest this letter should fall into other hands than yours. Be assured, that what I am going to say does not proceed from an imperfect sense of your kindness; but really I want no addition to my fortune, which is enough for me; and, if the whole legislature of Britain were to offer me a different station from that which I now fill, should most gratefully and respectfully decline it. The character of an ambitious judge is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public justice; and if I were a sole legislator, it should be enacted, that every judge, as well as every bishop, should remain for life in the place which he first accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the short duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four-and-forty years, and has learned to be contented. Of public affairs you will receive better intelligence than I am able to give you. My private life is similar to that which you remember: seven hours a day, on an average, are occupied by my duties as a magistrate, and one hour to the new Indian digest: for one hour in the evening I read aloud to lady Jones. We are now travelling to the sources of the Nile with Mr. Bruce, whose work is very interesting and important. The second volume of the "Asiatic Transactions" is printed, and the third ready for the press. I jabber Sanscrit every day with the pundits, and hope, before I leave India, to understand it as well as I do Latin. Among my letters I find one directed to you; I have unsealed it; and though it only shows that I was not inattentive to the note with which you favoured me on the eve of your departure, yet I annex it because it was yours, though brought back by my servant.

The latter part of it will raise me lancholy ideas; but death, if we look at it firmly, is only a change of place; every departure of a friend is a sort of death; and we are all continually dying and reviving. We shall all meet: I hope to meet you again in India; but wherever we meet, I expect to see you well and happy.—None of your friends can wish for

your health and happiness more ardently than, my dear sir, &c.

## LETTER LIV.

### *Sir Wm. Jones to Warren Hastings, Esq.*

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 17, 1791.

My dear sir,

BEFORE you can receive this, you will, I doubt not, have obtained a complete triumph over your persecutors; and your character will have risen, not brighter indeed, but more conspicuously bright, from the furnace of their persecution. Happy should I be if I could congratulate you in person on your victory; but though I have a fortune in England which might satisfy a man of letters, yet I have not enough to establish that absolute independence, which has been the chief end and aim of my life; and I must stay in this country a few years longer; lady Jones has, however, promised me to take her passage for Europe in January 1793, and I will follow her when I can. She is pretty well, and presents her kindest remembrance to you and Mrs. Hastings, whom I thank most heartily for a very obliging and elegant letter. My own health has, by God's blessing, been very firm, but my eyes are weak, and I have constantly employed them eight or nine hours a day. My principal amusement is botany, and the conversation of the pundits, with whom I talk fluently in the language of the *gods;* and my business, besides the discharge of my public duties, is the translation of "Menu," and of the digest which has been compiled at my instance. Our society still subsists, and the third volume of their Transactions is so far advanced, that it will certainly be published next season. Samuel Davis has translated the "Siurya Siddhanta," and is making discoveries in Indian astronomy; while Wilford is pursuing his geographical inquiries at Benares, and has found, or thinks he has found, an account of Africa and Europe, and even of *Britain* by name, in the Scanda Puran; he has sent us a chart of the Nile from Sanscrit authorities, and I expect soon to receive his proofs and illustrations. Of public affairs in India I say little, because I can say nothing with certainty; the seasons and elements have been adverse to us in Mysore. Farewell, my dear sir, and believe me to be, with unfeigned regard, yours, &c.

## LETTER LV.

### *Sir William Jones to Lord Teignmouth.*

My dear sir,

A FEW days after I troubled you about the yacht, I felt a severe pang on hearing of your domestic misfortune: and I felt more for you than I should for most men, on so melancholy an occasion, because I well know the sensibility of your heart. The only topic of consolation happily presented itself to you: reason perhaps might convince us, that the death of a created being never happens without the will of the Creator, who governs this world by a special interposition of his providential care; but, as this is a truth which Revelation expressly teaches us, our only true comfort in affliction must be derived from Christian philosophy, which is so far from encouraging us to stifle our natural feelings, that even the Divine Author of it wept on the death of a friend. This doctrine, though superfluous to you, is always present to my mind; and I shall have occasion in a few years, by the course of nature, to press it on the mind of lady Jones, the great age of whose mother is one of my reasons for hop-

ing most anxiously, that nothing may prevent her returning to England this season.

* * * *

I will follow her as soon as I can, possibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the season after that; for although I shall have more than enough to supply all the wants of a man, who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough, than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wish to complete the system of Indian laws while I remain in India, because I wish to perform whatever I promise, with the least possible imperfection; and in so difficult a work doubts might arise, which the pundits alone could remove. You continue, I hope, to find the gardens healthy; nothing can be more pleasant than the house in which we live; but it might justly be called the temple of the winds, especially as it has an octagonal form, like that erected at Athens to those boisterous divinities. I cannot get rid of the rheumatism, which their keen breath has given me, and submit with reluctance to the necessity of wrapping myself in shawls and flannel. We continue to be charmed with the perspicuity, moderation, and eloquence of Filangieri.

Of European politics I think as little as possible; not because they do not interest my heart, but because they give me too much pain. I have "good will towards men, and wish peace on earth;" but I see chiefly under the sun the two classes of men whom Solomon describes,—the oppressor and the oppressed. I have no fear in England of open despotism, nor of anarchy. I shall cultivate my fields and gardens, and think as little as possible of monarchs or oligarchs.

I am, &c.

## LETTER LVI.

### *Dr. Young to Mr. Richardson.*

Bath, Jan. 3, 1758.

My dearest friend,

NUMBERLESS are your favours: Mr. and Mrs. Ditcher are to me extremely kind. I bless God, I at last find benefit from the waters, as to appetite, rest, and spirits. I have now for three nights had pretty good rest, after two sleepless months: and I believe that persevering in the waters is the point, at least in my complaint.

But, at my time of day, how dare I to complain of small things? on the brink of the grave, and at the door of eternity! What a mercy that I am still here! What a fall have I seen around me! I was here twenty years ago, and scarce find one of the generation alive.

I rejoice, I greatly rejoice, to hear that you are better. Might not Bath be as much your friend as mine? In some points our cases are similar.

I think you told me in a letter, that you once found benefit from it: if you could try again, I would attend you to your last hour.

But, say you, are you idle all this time? No; I am on a great work. How great a work is it to learn to die with safety and comfort! This is, as it should be, my business, unless I think it too much to spend my superannuated hours on that which ought to have been the business of my whole life.

I am now (as it is high time) *setting my house in order*—and therefore desire you to send by the carrier the *parcel of sermons* (which were packed up when I was in town), that I may commit them to the flames.

And please to favour me with my *full and long debt* to you; for I am in pain to have it discharged.

That the wing of an indulgent Providence may be ever stretched

over you and yours, is the earnest prayer of, dear sir, &c.

## LETTER LVII.

*Mr. Richardson to Dr. Young.*

Jan. 1758.

Rev. and ever dear sir,

I CONGRATULATE you, with my whole heart, on the good effect the waters have at last had on your health.

What may we not promise ourselves from so sound and good a constitution, from your regularity and temperance, and from the powers of *such* a mind, invigorating the whole! a mind, which can enjoy, and even enlarge itself, by that very sleeplessness, which tears in pieces the health of others!

"Our cases in some points are similar." Ah, my dear and good sir!—But that exercise, that journeying, which will contribute to your cure, I am unable to take. What a motive do you give me to make you a Bath visit, were I able!—But I hope, on your return, I shall not be deprived of the blessing of your company, and the favour of Mrs. Hallowes's, as was my request, by my daughter Ditcher. I have been often at Bath; but remember not that I received benefit from the waters. The late worthy Dr. Hartley once whispered me, that I must not expect any.

"You are about a great work: to learn to die with safety and comfort." My dear sir, you, that have been so admirable a *teacher* of this very doctrine, in your excellent *Night Thoughts*, must be more than a *learner*. You have not left to *superannuated hours* (which, I hope, if ever they come, are far, very far, distant) that great work. How comfortably, therefore, may you enjoy life, as well as contemplate the closing scene. Your, &c.

P. S. I am sorry that sleeplessness is your complaint. But, when you sleep, you are awake to noble purpose: I, to none at all: my days are nothing but hours of dozings, for want of nightly rest, and through an impatience that I am ashamed of, because I cannot subdue it.

## LETTER LVIII.

*Miss Collier to Mr. Richardson.*

Ryde, Oct. 3, 1755.

Dear sir,

I HAVE delayed answering the kind favour of yours, in hopes I should have seen more of the island, which my good Mrs. Roberts proposed to have shown me; but the weather has been so very cold and comfortless here, that we have not had fine days enough successively to make the pleasant expedition we have intended: if we could have gone, I would have done my best to have given you a description of the views and pretty things I had seen; but I met with some lines, the other day, in a translation of a famous Italian poet, which, in a few expressive words, gives a better account of this sweet country, than I could in a hundred:—

"She wishes much to tarry in this land,
That hath both fruitful earth and pleasant air,
And fountains sweet, and woods on ev'ry hand,
And meadows green, and pastures fresh and fair;
Besides large hav'ns, where ships at ease may stand,
To which the merchants often make repair,
By tempest driven, well loaden with good traffick,
Of things that come from Egypt and from Africk."

This poem was the only book of amusement I brought with me; it is called Ariosto, or Orlando Furioso; and is, in its way, a most wonderful piece of imagination, and really a

very extraordinary work. My good friends at Appley are so kind to supply me with books when I am absent from them at my little cottage, which is not so often as to read a great deal. I am so apprehensive, now the weather grows cold, that I shall soon lose dear Mrs. Roberts and her amiable daughters, that I am as much with them as possible whilst I can have them so near me; and their frequent society is what I fear I shall greatly miss when they go to London; yet, for the sort of people in the low station my old folks are in, I hardly ever met with more simplicity and good sense than they both have; and it is with some degree of pleasure that I sit in an evening with them, and hear the discourse and gossippings of the day: it makes me smile often, and sometimes rises to a downright laugh; and whatever promotes and causes this, with innocence and good humour, is as eligible (as far as I know, in the way of conversation) and as worthy to be ranked of the sort called delightful and pleasing, as in the routs and hurricanes of the great, or at court, or even in company with my lord Chesterfield. I am acquainted with few others in this village besides my old folks; but endeavour to get a speaking and how d'ye kind of knowledge of them all as I meet them; and I hear by this behaviour I have acquired the title amongst them of "a civil gentlewoman," and "a very civil gentlewoman" many of them say; the children bow and curtsey down to the ground, and whisper and jog each other when I am coming, crying, "Here is the gentlewoman coming:" this is homage and respect enough to gratify all the vanity and ambition I have now left, I think, sufficiently. Mrs. Roberts says, when she sees me in my very poor house, sitting on my earthen floor, eating my dinner out of a platter, and my poor bed-chamber without any door to it, and a little window peeping out from under the thatch, bare walls, and every thing suitably poor, that under this humble roof I can have no proud thoughts; but must have killed every grain of worldly pride and vanity before I could sit down contented in such a place. I was forced to make a great slaughter, and lay about me prodigiously, before I could conquer those bitter enemies to peace and humility, called passions; but now I think and hope they all lie dead in heaps at several places in London and elsewhere; and I brought nothing down with me but a bundle of mortifications; or, to speak more seriously, a thorough and humble acquiescence to the Divine Will, and an earnest desire, with patience, resignation, and serenity of mind, to work out my salvation, as soon as it will please God to release me; perhaps a little impatience still remains, which tempts me to add, "The sooner the better;" and madame Maintenon's words, in a letter of hers, occur to me, where she says, "It is high time to die; why should I stay any longer in this world? I have nothing to do in it; and it is generally business and ambitious views that make us fond of staying here."

I was sadly vexed, at my first coming, at a report which had prevailed here, of my being the author of Mr. Fielding's last work, "The Voyage to Lisbon:" the reason which was given for supposing it mine, was to the last degree mortifying (*viz.* that it was so very bad a performance, and fell so far short of his other works, it must needs be the person *with him* who wrote it.) This is the disadvantageous light poor women are held in, by the ill-nature of the world. If they write well, and very ingeniously, and have a brother, then, to be sure—"She could not write so well; it was her brother's, no doubt." If a man falls short of what is expected from his former genius in writing,

and publishes a very dull and unentertaining piece, then, "To be sure it was his sister, or some woman friend who was with him." Alas! my good Mr. Richardson, is not this a hard case?—To you I appeal, as the only candid man, I believe, with regard to women's understandings; and indeed their only champion and protector, I may say, in your writings; for you write of angels, instead of women.

Admiral Byng and admiral Hawke now lie at Spithead; the latter brought in many French prizes with the fleet.

I heard there was a wreck of a West-Indiaman, on the south side of the island, last Friday (but the crew saved), laden with sugar.—Poor souls! it was a great distress the getting on shore, and being plundered, as in all likelihood they were. Had they been drowned, I think I should not have been so sorry; for I pity nobody that dies: I pity those left behind. Oh, that I had died for thee, my dearest friend and sister!—but it was not permitted me. Excuse me this sudden gust of grief: I should not, dare not, trust myself to write on this afflicting and tender subject; it makes me incapable, from want of eyes, to add more than my kindest and best respects to dear Mrs. Richardson and the miss Richardsons, to beg the continuance of your friendship, dear sir, and that you would believe me to be, with the highest esteem, your, &c.

## LETTER LIX.

*Mr. Richardson to Miss M. Collier.*

Dec. 24, 1755.

If my dear miss Collier knew how much I have been immersed in bricks, mortar, plasterers' and carpenters' work, all the summer, and till within this month past, and in that month wholly engrossed by the removal of all my printing materials into the new building, she would think the less hardly of my long silence to a letter that I admire in every line of it.

Do not let this silence deprive me of the description you intended to give me of the views, prospects, situations, that were to offer to you in the excursions you were to make with your hospitable friend, Mrs. Roberts, and her amiable daughters.

Alas! they have left you, I doubt! How are you now? Who have you to associate with, when you carry yourself out of that happy circle? Happy it must be; your ambition trodden under foot—your passions calmed. What a happy creature must you be in these conquests, in your lot, even as you describe it, though it would draw a tear from the eyes of readers less subdued. Your old couple, methinks I love them. I *must*, if they remain kind to you. Sweetly do you describe the power your amiable affability has given you over the affections of the children in your neighbourhood.—"The gentlewoman," my dear miss Collier! The honest villagers distinguish well: you are indeed *the gentlewoman*, and, what is far greater, *the Christian!* I always loved you; but never so well as since I have had the favour of your last letter. How often have I determined to sit down to answer it, and to tell you all I thought of it and you in the time of this long silence!

You regret, my dear miss Collier, the hard fate of women of genius, in being denied the merit of their own works, when well received, and in having them attributed to their brothers and other men friends, &c. But think you not that this is a great deal owing to your own sex, who (the capable ones I mean) hide their talents in a napkin, and are afraid—lovely dastards—of showing themselves capable of the perfections they are mis-

tresses of?—It is well I have not the punishing of such *degraders* of their own sex, so I was going to call them; for do they not, by their wilful and studious concealments of the gifts God has blessed them with, confess, at least indirectly, an inferiority to the other! What is it they fear, in asserting themselves with modesty, and when occasionally called forth? Is it that the men will be afraid of them, and shun them as wives? Unworthy fear! Let the wretches shun and be afraid of them. Unworthy of such blessings, let such men not dare to look up to merits so superior to their own; and let them enter into contract with women, whose sense is as diminutive as their own souls. What loss would a woman of high attainments and of genius have, in a man of a character so low, as to be afraid of the perfections of the woman, who would give him the honour of calling her his!

I was not a little pleased to hear that you kept up a correspondence with so excellent a woman as Mrs. Berthon is described to be by my good friend Mrs. Watts. Miss Lodwich, another admirable lady: But who can forbear being extremely anxious for them, and for many others, among the multitudes that have perished in the most tremendous catastrophe of Lisbon? What a dreadful dispensation!

Some impatience, in my dear miss Collier, seems still remaining to be conquered; and *when* that can be done, and a thorough reliance made on the Divine goodness, so as neither to covet life, nor to wish for death, but to wait the appointed time with cheerfulness—who will be so happy as my dear friend in the Isle of Wight?

But what shall we do for a door to your apartment this cold weather? Cannot you find a way to draw upon me, payable at sight, for five guineas? Oblige me, my dear miss Collier, in the grant of this request.—The promissory note I annex.*

My wife and girls most particularly desire their best wishes to be wafted to you.

Once more excuse my long silence; and believe me to be, with great truth your, &c.

## LETTER LX.

### *Mr. Richardson to Miss M. Collier.*

London, Jan. 5, 1756.

I AM sorry my dear Miss Collier had the thought of returning the note she mentions, unused. Give me not, madam, that mortification: I hope you will not; and, in that hope, will say no more on the subject.

The miss B——'s! True, my dear; they are among the dastards I had in my head, when I inveighed *so vehemently*, you say, against the geniuses of your sex, who studiously, in many inexplicable plaits, wrap up their napkin'd talents. "Punish them." I wish it were in my power. How do you think it should be, for the first fault, on conviction? Why, to banish them for three months to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Miss Collier to be the inflicter, and the example, too, of all *human* divestments (allow me the odd expression) for that space of time.

But think you, my good miss Collier, that this elaborate concealment of *God-given* talents is an *honest* one? Would these girls put a cheat upon some little-minded creatures, who would be afraid of such talents in their respective wives as would do them credit? Would they break upon them, when they could not help themselves, and *astun* them with a superiority of good sense? Rather let me ask, would such girls be afraid

* A note for five guineas.

that such men would slight them were they to unplait their napkins? Would they condescend to join hands with men *capable* of slighting them for the excellencies they gave not to themselves? Can you, who read Ariosto, help thinking that you see, on such an idea as this will raise, a lady possessed of the shield of Ruggiero, uncovering it, by surprise, and darting radiant glory in the face of her husband; the caitiff, as in one of the cuts of Harrington's translation, sprawling, dazzled, at her feet?

You honour me with the noble title of a vindicator of your sex; but let me desire you to whisper in the ears of the ladies you mention—"Who, my dears, shall vindicate the honour of a sex, the most excellent of which desert themselves?"—Don't mind their blushing looks at one another by turns:—whisper over again the question, till they are determined to amend; *or*—what *or*?—be sent to the Isle of Wight. No severe punishment, neither, I hope!—the complicated fault considered.

Mrs. Berthon and family, I have the pleasure of telling you, are safe in their persons. Mr. Millar has a letter from Mr. W.—I have not seen it. That gentleman was almost miraculously saved. Terribly extensive, indeed, has been this earthquake! God Almighty preserve us from the effects of these terraqueous convulsions. Were we to persuade ourselves that they are sent as judgments, what have not we of this kingdom to fear?

Your poor frantic girl, perhaps, thought she was avoiding the evil to come, and which she had prophesied would come, when she sought her death in the water. There have been unhappy people, more in their senses than she seems to have been, who have thrown themselves into the arms of death, for fear of dying. This girl must have been earthquake mad, as well as otherwise delirious. Don't you think so?

My wife, my girls, desire their particular respects to you, and join with me in wishing the begun year may be the happiest you have ever known. In the enviable frame of mind you are in, it must be so.

God bless you! adieu! and adieu, my dear miss Collier!

## LETTER LXI.

### *Miss Collier to Mr. Richardson.*

Feb. 11, 1756.

I AM much of your opinion, dear sir, as to the dishonesty of those girls who studiously conceal, in many inexplicable plaits (as you say) the glorious talents bestowed on them. I wish they had courage to assert themselves before marriage, and *astun the caitiffs vile*, in order to get rid of them; for I think, should they fall prostrate and sprawling before the dazzling shield of the lady, it would be a properer and more becoming posture for a lover than a husband; besides, it would be highly dishonest in such surpassing geniuses to marry men of inferior understandings in another light than that of deceiving; for ought not the power and government to rest with those who have the superiority of judgment and wisdom? And who would be so base and wanting to her own worth, as voluntarily to enter into a state of submission and acquiescence to the will of a person less qualified to govern than herself—when this would be to enter into a state of the vilest servitude, and the only one truly so called: as the divine Milton describes it, where he says,

"It is not servitude to serve whom God ordains
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same:
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is *servitude*,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier"

You say (and truly) that there are little-minded creatures who would be afraid of such talents in their respective wives as would outshine themselves.—And again, ask if such girls would be afraid that *such men* should slight them? Why no, surely.—But O! Mr. Richardson (with a deep sigh I say it) that I never had heard men of real good sense, great parts, and many fine qualities, lower themselves down to these little-minded creatures, in inveighing with warmth against an uncommon share of understanding in a wife; and showing but too plainly in their practice, when they come to marry, that they are as much afraid of a rivalship of understanding in their wives as those men you mention.—Indeed, indeed, sir, I have heard and seen this in men of unquestionable good sense!—Where, then, shall we find husbands for our dear uncommon geniuses of girls?—Are not they under a kind of necessity (if they ever intend to marry) to continue their napkins in plaits before marriage, nor ever dare to unfold them, even after marriage, to the generality of men, except they could meet with a noble-minded Sir Charles Grandison, or such as have grace enough to endeavour to tread in his steps.

I have a mixture of joy and tender concern in the account you give me of my friends at Lisbon, and from what I have heard from others. They are safe in their persons, it seems; but poor Mr. St—bs and family have lost every shilling they had in the world, it's said. Dear! what a trying circumstance is this to people in great affluence, as they were. I pray God support and comfort them under this heavy affliction: they are worthy, good people, and I hope they will find friends to assist them.

My good old folks—you can't think how I love them!—the more, I believe, because they hearken with such attention and admiration to Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison, which latter I have now begun to them. They believe both Clarissa and Sir Charles to be real stories, and no work of imagination; and I don't care to undeceive them. The good man is more than threescore, he believes; but quite alive, and has none of the infirmities of age. She has one of the most agreeable and placid countenances I ever saw.—They love each other, and the husband rejoices in the balance of sense being of her side, which it is, in some degree; and glories in her being able to read and write, which he can scarcely do. I can't quit my old folks without expressing my happiness in them, and gratitude to all my kind friends, who put it in my power, by the help my little pittance is to them, to afford them more of the necessaries and comforts of life than they enjoyed before I came.

In short, my good Gaffer and his wife, I believe, are just such good old folks as Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, in Pamela.

Compliments to dear Mrs. Richardson; and believe me to be, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER LXII.

### *Mr. Richardson to Miss Highmore.*

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 2, 1748.

WHAT say you to me *here*, miss Highmore?—"Sure, if you go to Tunbridge (says a lady you dearly love, but not better than every one who has the pleasure of knowing her, loves), you will not value travelling a few miles in order to visit us." Tunbridge Wells are about thirty-eight miles distant from London: Hatch (I have inquired) is about forty: and no extraordinary roads. I, a bad traveller, cannot sit a horse—come hither to drink the waters for health sake—can ill spare the time—pro-

pose but *three* weeks—have been here *one*, last Friday—this *my* situation.

The geniuses of Hatch, how different theirs! Nothing to do but study their diversion and amusement. Tunbridge, in high season, a place devoted to amusement.—Time entirely at command, though not hanging heavy; impossible, indeed, it should.—Vehicles, whether four-wheeled or four-legged, at will; riding, a choice.—And the worthy Dr. Knatchbull here. What says my fair correspondent?—what her worthy and kind friends, to *this?*

Do come and see how your other old lover spins away, hunting after new faces, at fifty-seven. You will see him in his kingdom; and he will read to you a new performance, calculated, indeed, for the perts of the place; "A Dialogue between a Father and a Daughter," very sprightly; a little sprinkling of something better in it, but very sparingly sprinkled; as if the author were afraid that his mind should be thought as antique as his body.—Calculated to reconcile fatherly authority with filial obedience (so he says):—But, I think, to level the former, and throw down distinction.

He read it to the speaker, who thought it better managed than he expected: but referred him to me upon it; for I was present and objected to it. I have, according to my usual prolixity, given him half a sheet upon half a page. He wants me to go on with my remarks—has altered two or three passages; but I think not for the better: it is a task, therefore, that I decline. For I am told I should not scribble—have a large correspondence upon my hands. Business, besides, very ill sparing me: and post and coach employed to carry up my directions, and in receiving accounts of management; with about one half of which, only, I can be pleased.

Lord, Lord! miss Highmore! what figures do Mr. Nash and Mr. Cibber make, hunting after new beauties, and with faces of high importance traversing the walks! God bless you, come and see them!—And if you do, I will show you a still more grotesque figure than either: A sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind benches; one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in its place: afraid of being seen, as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk (which he always does with precipitation), *unsmiling* their faces, as if they thought him in their way; and he, as sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the booksellers' shops, as if he had one of their glass-cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure! You never *will* see him, unless I show him to you: and who knows when an opportunity for that may happen again at Tunbridge?

And here have I turned over.—But how ready are you to catch at a pretence for making your letter short, when you say, that you are afraid that I should design mine for an example in that respect! But how little reason have you to call mine short, when I write more (in quantity) in one line, than you do in three; and more in half a page, than you do in four whole ones. What though my length is my dispraise, I cannot help it: I have no patent for brevity: nor is it every one who, like miss Highmore, can write a great deal in a little compass—who can paint the dew-dropt meadows, every spire of grass glittering like diamonds of the first water—the obscuring clouds—the sunny glories of the great luminary—the shady lanes, perfumed and enamelled with honeysuckles—the fragrant fields of new cut hay—the light lasses, and nimble lads, resting on their rakes and forks, lost in wonder and reverence when they be-

hold the *horse-folks*, as you humbly phrase it!—who can anticipate the yellow harvest, the busy hinds, and the reward of industry!—who can figure out, in still superior lights, the beauties of contemplation, which she enjoys in her Clarissa-closet (as she is pleased to call it), with pen, pencil, and books!—the agreeable conversation, a other times, of her enlivening friends; and the charms of dear variety, that soul of female pleasure: and fifty and fifty other no less delightful subjects; and bring them all into the compass of a letter of fifty or sixty short lines!—This is given to miss Highmore to do; but not to me.

Dr. Knatchbull desires his affectionate compliments to all at Hatch. He gives me his countenance in wishing to see you all here. My respectful ones to sir Wyndham and Mrs. Knatchbull. Mr. Cibber's duty attends you. And I am, my dear miss Highmore, your, &c.

P. S. You might have gone on with your subject of happiness: for who is it that tastes it, knows it, and deserves it, if miss Highmore does not?

## LETTER LXIII.

*Mr. Richardson to Miss Highmore.*

London, July 15, 1753.

My dear miss Highmore was very good to write so soon after her arrival at Weston House: and had I not been obliged to pass two days at Enfield, which set me behind-hand with all my business, she should have had her kind expectations answered before the last week had elapsed.

But why filled my amiable girl the first side of her sheet with so melancholy an account of her depression of spirits, on leaving a father, so well beloved by every body, to go to a delightful spot, and to a lady of whom she is so fond, and who was always so fond of her?

"I hope the vain girl (say you) has not represented herself of too much consequence." You have not, my dear. Do we not all know that you are of the utmost to that indulgent parent; and of very high to all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance? But looks it not as if one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain took a little hardly some of my past truly paternal freedoms, when she adds—"If she has, I am sure Mr. Richardson will cure her of that mistake." Well, but my dear Highmore, this shall not hinder me from telling you of your faults, if any appear to me; and I hope you will deal as freely with me;—I have multitudes—I wish I were but half as good as I think you.

Your papa writes so well, and is so fond of writing to his beloved daughter, that I will leave it to him to tell you how happy he thinks himself in knowing you to be so; and that you are right in supposing, "that his benevolent heart expands with delight at the account he receives of your health and felicity." When, therefore, you can turn the bright side of things outward, as you do, your mental Æsculapius (as you do a certain man the honour to call him) tells you, that you have prudence and reflection enough to be your own physician; and that, had not your spirits been weakened by indisposition, and a train of disagreeable perplexities, that have affected one of the evenest tempers in woman, you would not have had reason to paint your sensibilities in such dark colours, on your leaving, for such agreeable friends, even a father, whose paternal goodness you have from infancy so largely experienced.

How sweetly, as you describe, do you pass your time! I rejoice, with all my heart, in Mrs. God—ll's hap-

piness. One of the greatest pleasures that a beneficent mind can know, is to have it in her power to lay an obligation on a worthy, on a grateful, mind.

"A strong taste for literature; a mind well stocked and improved by the productions of authors, ancient and modern; an amiable disposition; good sense." Where could your fair friend have made a better choice? Where else so good a one, in such an age as this, of foplings and *petit maîtres?* I wonder not that such a young gentleman "behaves so properly (as you say) to his lady; and that your esteem for him rises every day, more and more, as you are a witness of that his proper and affectionate behaviour to her." I had both reverence and love for her excellent mother; methinks I could wish her to be permitted to look down from her heaven, to see how happy that beloved daughter is, for whose happiness she was so anxious. God continue it to them both—and them to each other, as an example of that conjugal piety, which is so very rare in the present age, among people of condition!

"What a strange character does that of Cicero always appear to you." It is a strange one; yet he was a glorious creature. Great geniuses, we are told, have not small faults. You have made such proper observations on this great man's failings, that it is needless to add to them. And charmingly do you say, "that the truly noble and exemplary character is that, which is uniformly good, great, and wise, in every trial."

What a wretched creature is the man of title you mention! But I have not so much pity for the lady as you have. She knew whom she married, and, I doubt not, proposed to herself at first counterbalances which would content her; and this is evident to me, by the way in which she lives. What signifies to her the low company "he keeps," so as he confines himself "to an obscure corner of his own magnificent house with them;" and leaves her (in the character of "an amiable woman," and, in every one's eye, the more amiable for her misfortunes) "to receive in the rest, and nobler parts of the house, the visits of every creditable family around her?"—so long as she finds herself "honoured and beloved by her visitors; and has the credit, as well as the power, of having ornamented the noble house she reigns in, with absolute sovereignty, according to her own directions?"—so long as she has "an equipage and retinue of her own, every prospect art or nature can afford to please surrounding her stately habitation?" With all these advantages, and such a lord, ask you, can she be tolerably happy? Yes, madam, exquisitely so, as a managing woman, and as one who knew (as I hinted) beforehand the wretched creature she chose to marry. And, indeed, you answer your own question:—"She appears so," say you "(well she may!); and having been long accustomed to the present method (an enviable one it may be called! for must not the man be a loathsome creature?) may really be (the deuce is in her if she be not!) as tranquil and cheerful as her easy and polite deportment seems to denote."

This advantage she moreover reaps from the low and servile company he keeps, that through them she can manage her lord as she pleases; since they and he are hers in absolute property. Come, come, madam, let us show our pity in the right place. The tranquil lady deserves it not—she is a managing woman, as I said: all women love power; she has it in its perfection. She has, perhaps, shown it, eccentrically, in more instances than one; and every body knows, that lady O—— can be lord as well as lady O——, whenever she pleases

—and fit she should, when the poor creature, her lord, so behaves as to be the jest as well as companion of his own menials.

Next Thursday my good-naturedly perverse wife thinks of going to North End!!! O, miss Highmore! women ought to be controlled, if they are like my wife—in pity to themselves they ought. For, when left to their own will, how do they choose! how are they puzzled!

Mrs. G—— has done me favour in her remembrance of me. My best respects attend her, and, if acceptable, hers. I am involved in sentimentizing:—very hard, among so many charming girls, that I could not get myself excused from this task. No helps from any of you. Go, naughty, idle chits—to pretend to approve what I am about, as if it would be promotive of the public good; and yet, when I hoped a finger from every one of you, to find no aid—not so much as extracts from a work ready written to your hands! yet call me papa, boast of filial regards, and so forth: yet, dotard as I am, I cannot forbear priding myself in my girls—and on every occasion styling myself, as now to you, your, &c.

## LETTER LXIV.

*Mr. Richardson to Miss Highmore.*

London, Jan. 31, 1751.

I AM, when I recollect some of the free things I have formerly written to my dear miss Highmore, extremely angry with myself. I believe I loved to blame rather than commend, some years ago. Fie upon me, for my ill-nature, if so—and vainly too—setting up for a Mentor, when I was but a Momus. But do I grow better-natured, and see clearer, as I grow older? I congratulate myself upon that, if I do. What admirable observations you make on the consequence it is for young persons to be thrown early into good and improving company! I had a good mind to transcribe every word you wrote on this subject, and to beg of you to let it pass for my own. What a poor creature was I at your age! And you were always so good—were you not?

But, though I love you for your charity, when you infer from premises very laudable, that we should make great allowances in errors, not grossly immoral, for those who have not had the benefit of being accustomed in their youth to good and improving company, I cannot allow of the abatement you mention to be made, of the merit of those who have had better opportunities, and improved by them. I will not, my dear miss Highmore, allow of your level; in order to bring down to a state of nature, those who owe their merit to actions that are the consequences of habitual virtue. Let us judge of merit and demerit as they appear to us, from whatever source they spring; and not, my dear child, think it assurance to condemn the contemptible. We shall then encourage merit (too apt to be despised by such, in order to bring it down to their own level), and, through shame, have a chance to amend the faulty, and make them strive to be measured by the standard of the others. It is not to be imagined what it is in the power of women to do in this particular: especially of those who are amiable in person, and have a reputation for good sense. Often have I seen a coxcomb, who set out with all the confidence of a laughing Sir Hargrave, shrink into himself, merely at the reproving eye, and restrained smile, of a young lady of judgment; and particularly, if she has had the address to turn round on the spot, and distinguish, by her smiling familiarity, another man in

company, with whom she had reason to be better pleased.

No vain woman can be more fond of admiration than men of this cast: let them be conscious of a judiciously given disappointment, and no men are such nothings. The sensible woman, who laughs with the creature she should laugh at, debases herself; puts herself on a level with him. But this is the judgment, to avoid superciliousness, and being really prudish (no matter for the aspersion) in the correction she looks; for a look will give it. I am speaking of a sensible woman, you know!—such women, scores of which, I was going to say, I have the happiness to know.

"The admonitions of parents can never have the effect on young minds, that the examples of persons near their own age will produce; and reasons why it must be so are obvious and natural enough." Never, miss H——! where the parents are companionable to their children; and can allow for the foibles of youth—such as yours, suppose! Where the children are reasonable, and have no points in view, which they are ashamed to own!—What! never, miss H——? And are there no such cases? Cannot there be such open-hearted, frank girls as Harriet, where there is a Mrs. Harley or Mrs. Selby?—Unhappy that there are not more such indulgent parents, and such undisguisedly-minded children! How obvious soever the reason for what you say is, there cannot be a more dangerous doctrine propagated among young people, than that which springs from an allowance of this nature. And I have, therefore, taken notice in print that young people, in certain cases, should never be determined by the advice of young people; and the less by that of those who are in the same circumstances with themselves. It is not, I have said, what you would do, Polly, Sukey, &c. were you in my case; but what ought to be done. I know that your observation is rather owing to facts than justice. But we will not, if you please, too readily give up justice to facts, lest we should make custom a law; where it would be of general use to applaud the exception, and to endeavour to weaken the force of the faulty rule.

Give me leave to say, that I intended more by setting in strong lights the frankness of Harriet's character, in one of the most delicate circumstances of female life, than what, at first sight, may be thought of, on a cursory reading. What do you think I have had the confidence to answer to the pressing instances of two persons, for whom I have great honour, that I would begin a new piece?—that I would think of doing so, when I had reason to believe, that the many delicate situations that this last piece, as well as Clarissa, abounded with, were generally understood and attended to! What a deuce! must a man be always writing?

Fie upon me, for taking the first sheet of paper that came to hand: I am come to the end of it already; and how much unsaid!—I have no room to add more, than that I am your, &c.

## LETTER LXV.

*Mr. Richardson to Miss Highmore.*

London, Sept. 19, 1757.

I WRITE, my dear miss Highmore, in gratitude, in fear, in love, in hope, in pain. In gratitude—for your favour to me of Sept. 6th, and to thank good Mrs. God—ll, through your hands, for her kind remembrance of me.

In fear—of hurting your good papa, who grudges me the favour of so kindly-long a letter from you (the thanks I got for communicating it to him), by doing offence to your eyes:

—but a little bit of jealousy in his fear, for all that, lest any should, by accident, receive from you a letter one line longer than any one of those you wrote to himself. What will he do, if you should take heart at last, and marry, and your husband be sometimes distant from you!

In love—because I cannot help it, if I would; and take delight in the account you give of that health, and serenity of mind, which I pray may ever attend you.

In pain—because I cannot pour out my heart as glibly as usual, or rather as formerly to my beloved friends, when I paid my duty to them on paper, by reason of paralytic and failing fingers, when that heart is as sincerely theirs as ever.

In hope—(I had like to have forgot that, having so little left for myself) that you and all you love, if that be possible, continue always as happy, with some necessary variations, however, to keep the pool of life from stagnating, as you describe yourself to be at the penning of the letter before me.

Hush! hush! hush! dear Mr. Highmore! No such thing, as the above particularization, being an infallible sign of a long answer. I will be brief in the rest, for your sake; and also for my own; though once I loved to prattle to this dear girl.

I am delighted with your account of your studies, your pursuits, your diversions, and with those of the more athletic of your own sex with you, mentioned by you with so much advantage to them all.

"Your well-furnished library," amusement equally entertaining and instructive!

"Henry and Francis;" of all books of the kind?—That it has been read by Mrs. ——— is recommendation with numbers! Mrs. Montague, lady Bradshaigh, miss Highmore. Well, I'll take it up again, and try to like it better than I did, when I dipped into it last. No one has a higher opinion of these names, and of Mrs. D——'s judgment, than I.

"My opinion of Mr. Gray's Odes?" You know I admire the author. I have heard that you and Mr. G—— have both studied them together, and have found out all their beauties. I have no doubt but they are numberless—but indeed have not had head clear enough to read them more than once, as yet. But from you I expect the result of Mr. G——'s studies and discoveries on the subject, as also your marginal notes; which will not, I hope, be too severe, &c.—Why that caution to me, my miss Highmore? I am glad I did not say all I said to lady B—— about Henry and Francis.

"And then comes the kindly felicitating subject;" to which I directed Patty to answer.—She did, I hope.

And there, Mr. Highmore, is an end, I hope, of your tender solicitude for the eyes of our dear girl, on my account, for the present!

Excuse bad writing, interlining, &c.—"Was it not always bad?" Yes; but never so bad as now. Repeated respects to Mrs. God—ll. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXVI.

*Lady Echlin to Mr. Richardson.*

Sept. 27, 1754.

I THANK you, dear sir, for your tender concern, good wishes, and hearty prayer for my worthy friend, Mr. Tickell. I have the satisfaction to assure you, his late disorder has not so greatly impaired his strength, nor sunk his spirits to that miserably low state, which his over-anxious mother's fear made her apprehend. God be praised, she is comforted, by a hopeful appearance of her beloved son's perfect recovery. He is pretty well in health, at present, thank God.

I protest I am at a loss how to answer some parts of your last obliging favour. Give me leave to say, you have more good nature, humility, and patience, than any other man upon earth, or you certainly are the greatest hypocrite under the sun. If I could suspect Mr. Richardson's veracity, I should look upon your submission to my inferior judgment as a polite piece of complaisance. I begin to fear you think me too peremptory, and self-sufficient; if so, you resolve, perhaps, to acquiesce, rather than contend, with a positive woman. You are extremely indulgent, and I ought to thank you for every favourable allowance you afford me, who have not any of that delightful, spirited wit, and charming vein of humour, which plead excuse for not quite right things in lady B——.

Mrs. Belfour has given you a right notion of this mad-cap, and I could tales unfold; but—I never could manage her; nor will I have any more boxing bouts with madam ——. If our favourite charming Harriet cannot make this sprightly lady blush a little, at her unreasonable aversion, or, at least, silence her exclamation against old maids, I pronounce her incurable.

The worthy maiden you mention is an honourable woman. I really believe I was fond of this good-natured aunt Catherine before I could speak. Lady B—— is as well acquainted with her real worth; but I will not tell all I know, because you are sufficiently informed already. I most sincerely love this ungovernable lady B——; we always were affectionate sisters, although her over-hasty disposition did not altogether please my graver turn. She has been blest with constant good health, and, thank God, she still enjoys that great blessing. I ever was, and am, less happy in this respect; and yet this lady B——, with her high health, and a continual flow of fine spirits, never was active in using necessary exercise: that neglect is attended with a consequence which gives me concern; because it renders her incapable of using that exercise which I think needful for preserving health. I cannot help pitying a human creature, loaded with fat; it ever was my endeavour to guard against that heavy condition; and I am very thankful that I can reap benefit and pleasure from my nimble feet, and a trotting horse.

After much ado about nothing, let me assure you, sir, I have more than the shadow of an inclination to oblige you. I willingly comply with your request. Pray, dear sir, call not the fragment, you desire to peruse, the amended History of Clarissa. I have only attempted to alter particular parts abruptly. It is, in short, a medley. I told you I had weakly endeavoured to imitate. No matter what I intended by some foolish things, thrown amongst the heap—if you can read it, you shall.

After scribbling this long epistle, I have not fully, I think, answered your last letter. Here is enough, however, to try your patience; allow me, at present, to subscribe myself, your obliged, &c.

## LETTER LXVII.

### *Mr. Richardson to Lady Echlin.*

October 10, 1754.

Allow me to congratulate your ladyship on Mr. Tickell's amendment, and the prospect of his perfect recovery. I join with you, madam, to bless God for it.

Lady Bradshaigh acquaints me, that she, as well as your ladyship, meets with persons who quarrel with Sir Charles Grandison. They are welcome. A good character is a gauntlet thrown out. As some apprehend it reflects upon themselves,

they perhaps think they have a right to be affronted. The character of a mere mortal cannot, ought not, to be quite perfect. It is sufficient, if its errors be not premeditated, wilful, and unrepented of: and I shall rejoice if there be numbers of those who find fault with the more perfect characters in the piece because of their errors, and who would be themselves above being guilty of the like in the same situation. Many things are thrown out in the several characters, on purpose to provoke friendly debate; and perhaps as trials of the reader's judgment, manners, taste, and capacity. I have often sat by in company, and been silently pleased with the opportunity given me, by different arguers, of looking into the hearts of some of them, through windows, that at other times have been close shut up. This is an advantage that will always be given by familiar writing, and by characters drawn from common life. A living author, who succeeds tolerably, will have more enemies than a dead one. A time will come, and perhaps it is not far off, when the writer of certain moral pieces will meet with better quarter from his very censurers. His obscurity—a man in business pretending to draw characters for warning to one set of people; for instruction to another: Presumptuous!—But enough of this subject. I ought to be, and am, abundantly satisfied with the kind reception given to what I have obtruded upon the world in a new light, and in the approbation of many truly pious and good.

Your ladyship is at a loss, you say, to answer some parts of my last letter. You are pleased to magnify my patience and humility: For what?—For having a great opinion of your judgment, and for inviting your correction. "Either (you say) I have more good-nature than any man on earth, or am certainly the greatest hypocrite under the sun." From the knowledge I hope I have of my own heart, with that whole heart I disclaim hypocrisy, the lowest of all vices, ingratitude excepted. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; and can it require any great degree of patience to hear characters blamed that were not intended to be perfect? What battles have your beloved sister and I fought? She has reason to blame me for my rusticity, rather than for my yielding.

Your ladyship "could tales unfold." I hope lady B—— will *not* be quiet, that you may be provoked to unfold them. I am particularly glad that your ladyship has not the dislike to a certain class of females, whom that lady is so fond of satirizing. O! how I have used her on this occasion! She can hardly forbear; but just touches them now, and away. I think I have made her half afraid. But this miss Do—Let us join forces, madam, against this miss Do. There is not a better lady on earth than your sister when miss Do is out of the way. Strange! that so excellent a lady as lady B—— (your ladyship's sister) should be so misled by such a flirt as miss Do.—Yet, not so very strange neither: for, I know not how it is, but I myself, though I could sometimes beat miss Do, see something to be pleased with in that lively girl. Favour me, dear madam, with the history of this young lady, and her airs, that I may either like her more or less. I am sure she must have some good qualities, or she could never have had such an interest in the heart of a sister of lady Echlin.

O that I could have the honour to see you two dear sisters under my happy roof! Lady B—— gives me hope, that she will be in London this winter. Then would your ladyship and I, if there were occasion, join; but there would be no occasion. She would be all goodness. Miss Do would not be with her. She never

once, in the visits she honoured me with, when last in town, brought that girl with her. She only is her companion in her closet or dressing-room; and now and then writes a paragraph for her there. And my lady is, in her absence, so mild, so meek! Bless us, madam, you cannot think how mild! how meek! And I am so awkward, for not seeing any thing reprovable in her, yet remembering many flightinesses in her writing, that I know not how to behave myself to her.

A thousand thanks to your ladyship for your kind compliance with my request to be entrusted with your papers on the History of Clarissa. When? By what way will they come? I was in hopes that the permission and notice of the transmission would have been given in the same letter. They shall be very safe when they arrive, and attend your ladyship's commands in the return.

I have written to Mr. Skelton. Let me entreat your acceptance of his Discourses from me. Your ladyship would greatly oblige me if you could inform me of any thing I or mine could do here to give you pleasure. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXVIII.

*Lady Echlin to Mr. Richardson.*

July 31, 1757.

Dear sir,

I KNOW you are inclined to judge favourably, and naturally disposed to pity the afflicted: I therefore doubt not your making a reasonable allowance, nor your having tender compassion for me, when I assure you my long silence hath been occasioned by a woeful misfortune, which sorely afflicts my heart. I cannot describe what my anxious mind suffered between slender hope and tormenting fear, before a melancholy event made me a sorrowful widow. Indeed, sir, I have lost a tender husband; a very worthy, valuable man. No wonder I am bitterly afflicted for such a lamentable loss: but I endeavour to moderate my grief by considering it is my duty to submit patiently to the will of God. Almighty Wisdom, seeing what was best, and good for us, has punished me deservedly; and under this trial let me be thankful, that I have not the least doubt of my dear husband being happily released from a miserable state of health. A blessed change it was for him, who endured a long and painful illness with exemplary patience and resignation; contented to live or die, as it pleased God Almighty. No mortal ever quitted this life with more apparent tranquillity. The last sad scene, so distressing to me, was not unhappy to him, I am sure; and that is my consolation. Excuse me, dear sir, troubling you with my groans. I shall add a few lines more concerning my present condition; for I cannot help telling you, my dear departed friend hath testified his respect and dependence on a faithful wife, by appointing me sole executrix; and I am also guardian to his only nephew, who inherits his good uncle's estate and title. I am as anxious for this young man's welfare as if he were my own child: and his uncle and I have been parents to him from the hour he was born. This boy's father died several months before the child came into the world; and his mournful mother, overwhelmed with grief, expired immediately after the birth of her son. An infant, thus deprived of both father and mother, is a most pitiable case; but he has not been an unhappy orphan; and I heartily wish my great loss may not prove a greater misfortune to him. At his early time of life, in such circumstances, and in such a libertine age, a boy under seventeen is in a dangerous situation. God give him

grace to make a right use of an uncommon good understanding. He is a fine hopeful youth at present; has had a private education, not to his disadvantage in any respect; and I hope to see him a sober and serious student at Oxford, please God we live. Some people would be apt to think me impertinent, and perhaps would say, What is all this to me?—but Mr. Richardson, I know, is not such a man.

I have seen Mr. Sheridan here lately; he appeared to be in pretty good spirits; but I think he cannot be tolerably happy, unless he quits the slavish management, which does not better either his health or fortune. The little wonder was quite a new scene to him; he admires the romantic situation greatly: but, alas! it does not afford me pleasure as usual; Villarusa is not what it was: all appears dull and gloomy in my tearful eye, though I do labour to recover my spirits.

I shall rejoice to hear you enjoy such a state of health as is sincerely wished and prayed for by, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER LXIX.

### *Mr. Richardson to Lady Echlin.*

August 12, 1757.

MOST heartily do I condole with your ladyship on your very great loss; and should have presumed to do it before, had I not been myself so ill in the nervous way, that for some time I was unable to write; and had I not at other times considered, that any thing I could offer by way of consolation for so heavy a deprivation, to so good a Christian and so pious a heart, would be needless; and that time, the pacifier of *every woe*, could only, by God's grace, alleviate *yours*. Nor did I doubt, that your good sister, and your favoured bishop, would be ready to pour the balm of Christian comfort into the wounds of your mind.

I congratulate you, madam, on the resignation and pious departure of the gentleman you so tenderly loved. What pleasure must this give, on reflection, to such a mind as yours! How much ought this reflection to alleviate the pangs that will accompany it on the loss you have so recently sustained!

Your Villarusa will be again your Villarusa to you; but time must have first mellowed your affliction. A journey to England will perhaps be of use to you: to Oxford, so much in the way of your new duty; to Lancashire, receiving from, and giving comfort to, beloved relations there; to London, perhaps in company of those dear relations, and to a beloved daughter and her young family, and other friends. [May I have the honour to be one in the list?] Then, after all these duties paid, and inclinations gratified, will your Villarusa appear to you with new charms; nor will a tender sigh and silent tear to the memory of the dear departed, in that little wonder, diminish, but rather exalt, the joys of your meditation.

God Almighty sanctify to your ladyship your present affliction, is a prayer put up by all mine, as well as by, madam, your, &c.

## LETTER LXX.

### *Lady Echlin to Mr. Richardson.*

Rook Hermitage, Nov. 10. 1757.

Dear sir,

ACCEPT my grateful thanks, for your last obliging favour. "Time," as you observe, "is the pacifier of every woe," with God's assistance, and time may mellow my affliction. But very sure I am, deep-wounding grief is incurable on this side the

grave. "Villarusa will again be Villarusa to me," you say. No, sir, that is impossible! This house, these admired improvements, this country, never more can be agreeable to me. If God Almighty permits me to see my native country, it is probable I shall not return again to Ireland. And yet, I am so attached to my hermitage, I feel unwilling to quit that bewitching little cell. When my sorrowful days came, the little wonder was, and is, a wonderful recreation to me; and thankful I am, that this innocent, retired amusement serves to unbend my mind. I wish Mr. Richardson could see me in that romantic situation, seated on the mid-rock, the briny flood flowing within a few yards of my feet. Don't be alarmed, good sir; you may venture to sit by me; it is not Shakspeare's dangerous mid-rock.

I am glad you call my freedom kind; but cannot allow that it is in the least condescending to acquaint Mr. Richardson with my affairs; nor should he, who so justly merits esteem, doubt his "being one" in the short "list" of my most valuable friends; one on whom I could rely, and repose a fearless confidence. Although we are not personally acquainted, surely there is friendship subsisting between us; and if I do ever reach Old England, I trust my honoured friend "may live to see the day."

I hope my young man will not disappoint my expectation of his settling at the university; but I dare not be oversure of any thing in this uncertain world.

I must tell you, sir, our good bishop gives me hopes of seeing him in Great Britain; and I hope you may see that agreeable day. This excellent prelate has been particularly kind to his unseen admirer, under affliction; not been sparing "to pour the balm of Christian comfort:" nothing is wanting but a wished-for visit from Patmos. But why should I expect such a compliment? His lordship, in every letter to me, mentions Mr. Richardson with great regard. I told him you had been so much indisposed in the nervous way, that for some time you were not able to write. He answered, "Not able to write! alas! that great genius! then I must not trouble the good man with a temptation to write to me."

I beg my respects to Mrs. Richardson and to your daughters, with grateful thanks to you and them for that kind concern and pious remembrance, which will always be duly acknowledged by, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER LXXI.

*Mr. Richardson to Lady Echlin.*

Dec. 3. 1757.

You charm me, madam, with your description of your rock hermitage. What a sweet retirement must it be, as you have improved it! "The little wonder (you tell me) in your more thoughtful hours was, and still is, a wonderful recreation to you; and that you are thankful (I am sure you are for every relief) that this innocent, retired amusement serves to unbend your mind." And does your ladyship wish, that I "could see you in that romantic situation, seated on the mid-rock, the briny flood flowing within a few yards of your feet? Don't be alarmed, sir (add you, most condescendingly); you may venture to sit by me; it is not Shakspeare's dangerous mid-rock."

What would I give for a sketch of this sweet hermitage, and of the wonders round it, and in prospect from it? With what delight should I place it near the picture of the house at Haigh, which I was allowed upon my own terms (as this must be) to take a copy of; your beloved sister's and sir Roger's figures in it, meditating the

beauties of the situation! May I not hope, dear madam, to be so indulged? Is there not in your knowledge some young artist, that, on my account, could be so employed? Let me have in constant view the sweet, the "bewitching little cell, which so attaches to it the heart of good lady Echlin, which she feels so unwilling to quit; which is, in her deeper meditation, a wonderful recreation to her, and serves to unbend her mind, and in which she condescends to wish I could see her."

Your ladyship bids me hope for the pleasure of seeing you in England. I should have the more joy on such a wished-for occasion, as I think the change of scene must be of consolation and diversion to you; and as you must give and receive so much delight to and from such near and dear relations as you have here; and the rather as you are of opinion that Villarusa, consolatory as it is at times to you, can never be all that it once was to you.

If the land and sea views I am a petitioner for, with your sweet hermitage, cannot be conveniently granted, a sketch in Indian ink, or black lead, on vellum, would delight me, hanging before me in view of your dear sister's and sir Roger's Haigh. Still, my dear lady, either way, on my own terms.

God bless your young gentleman, your ward! May he answer all your pious cares and wishes. Your, &c.

## LETTER LXXII.

*Lady Bradshaigh to Mr. Richardson.*

Dear sir,

You ask, "How can I find time for so much reading," &c.? Those who are not obliged to attend to any particular business, have nothing to do but to look for time, and they are sure to find it. But there are those, who sit with their eyes shut, and let it pass unobserved, through wilfulness or negligence. No wonder such do not find time.

O you—you—you worse than ill-natured! How could you rip up the old story of traversing the Park! How could you delight to tear the tender skin off an old wound that never will be quite healed! I was hurt more than you could be. My pain was in the mind; yours only bodily. Did not you forgive me? However (behold the wax I am made of!) the latter end of this paragraph melts and disarms my intended anger: for the present only; for I shall find farther matter for quarrel, I foresee.

The first time my friend saw your picture he asked, "What honest face have you got there?" And, without staying for an answer, "Do you know, I durst trust that man with my life, without farther knowledge of him." I answered, "I do know you might do so with safety; and I put you down for a judge of physiognomy."

As I sit at my writing-desk, I cannot look up without viewing your picture; and I had some hopes the looking upon it, as I writ, might a little have restrained, or at least kept me within bounds. I have tried the experiment, when I have been upon the edge of a ranting humour, and heard myself whisper, "What! with that smiling face?" and found I was encouraged rather than restrained; so gave you a familiar nod, and ranted on, as I do now, without fear or wit.

I only meant to joke a little upon Dr. Young, not to be severe. If it has that appearance, pray let him not have it; for he might think me very impertinent. He pretends to be serious upon this.

Dec. 27.—I have, since I wrote to you last, stumbled into Dr. Middleton on the *Miraculous Powers;* and,

in truth, I do not like him. Perhaps I do not understand him. But to me he appears a caviller at immaterial points. And I doubt he may do more harm by the controversy he has occasioned, than he can do good by endeavouring to prove many pretended miracles to be either fabulous or the effects of priestcraft. But, seriously, I must own he has lessened these ancients greatly in my opinion; for, what can be said in favour of their countenancing so many impositions as it plainly appears they did? It is but making a poor compliment to Christianity to say it wanted such gross abuses to strengthen and propagate it. And though, to the rational and well-judging, it shines the clearer for having struggled through and shaken off these clogs of absurdities; yet its appearing in its native excellence is not owing to those, through whose hands it was transmitted to us.

You see, sir, I write upon every subject to you, without considering whether proper or not: but I know, if I am wrong, you will inform me.

Dec. 28.—I should be greatly delighted to see the correspondence between you and the young lady you mention. Sometime or other I hope to be favoured with it.

I own I do not approve of great learning in women. I believe it rarely turns out to their advantage. No farther would I have them to advance than to what would enable them to write and converse with ease and propriety, and make themselves useful in every stage of life. I hate to hear Latin out of a woman's mouth. There is something in it, to me, masculine. I could fancy such an one weary of the petticoat, and talking over a bottle. You say, "the men are hastening apace into dictionary learning." The less occasion still for the ladies to proceed in theirs. I should be ashamed of having more learning than my husband. And could we, do you think, help showing a little contempt, finding ourselves superior in what the husband ought to excel in? Very few women have strength of brain equal to such a trial; and as few men would forego their lordly prerogative, and submit to a woman of better understanding, either natural or acquired, a very uncomfortable life do I see between an ignorant husband and a learned wife. Not that I would have it thought unnecessary for a woman to read, to spell, or speak English; which has been pretty much the case, hitherto. I often wonder we can converse at all; much more, that we can write to be understood. Thanks to nature for what we have! We have, there, an advantage over your sex. You are in the right to keep us in ignorance. You dare not let us try what we could do. In that you show your judgment, which I acknowledge to be much stronger than ours, by nature, and that is all you have to boast of, and a little courage, which is oftener shown upon a principle of false honour, than from an innate, true bravery.

My employments and amusements at this time of the year are so much the same round, though not disagreeable to me, that they are scarce worth committing to paper, except as you desire it. I rise about seven, sometimes sooner; after my private duties, I read or write till nine, then breakfast; work, and converse with my company till about twelve; then, if the weather permit, walk a mile in the garden; dress, and read till dinner; after which, sit and chat till four: from that to the hour of tea-drinking, each day, variety of employments. You know what the men say enters with the tea-table; though I will venture to declare, if mine is not an exception, it is as near one as you can imagine.

Here books take place, which I often read to the company; and some-

times we all have our particular studies (sir Roger always has his), which we seldom forsake till the bell warns to supper; after which we have always something to do. We eat fruit, crack nuts, perhaps jokes; now and then music takes place. This is our regular scheme, though it is often broken into, with company and variety of incidents, some pleasing, some otherwise; domestic affairs, too, call for a share of one's time. I know not what the fine ladies mean, when they complain of having too much time; for, I thank God, Barnaby Bright is not too long for me. How should I be despised in the parish of St. James's, if they were to know that, at this time, I glory in the humble title of a cow-doctor! But no matter; if I can do good, I can bear their contempt, and return it to them with interest.

I am afraid, sir, I have given you too much trouble about the poor Magdalen. She is only qualified to wait upon an unmarried lady, or one who has a house-keeper, for she understands nothing of house-keeping; but, where needle-work, dressing, and getting up fine linen, are required, I believe she would give satisfaction.

I wish to heaven, with you, sir, that you could, as I do, make time, or that I could give you some of mine. I want only power to send you a present, which I would allow you to call bountiful. It should be another box —a contrast to Pandora's. Time, health, and happiness, should it contain, and these only as leaders to a greater treasure: for in the bottom, you should find a plain though distant prospect of eternal bliss. But, though I am poor in power, accept it in sincerest wishes from, good Mr. Richardson, your, &c.

## LETTER LXXIII.

*Mr. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh.*

Dear madam,

You do not approve of great learning in women. Learning in women may be either rightly or wrongly placed, according to the uses made of it by them. And if the sex is to be brought up with a view to make the individuals of it inferior in knowledge to the husbands they may happen to have, not knowing who those husbands are, or what, or whether sensible or foolish, learned or illiterate, it would be best to keep them from writing and reading, and even from the knowledge of the common idioms of speech. Would it not be very pretty for parents on both sides to make it the first subject of their inquiries, whether the girl, as a recommendation, were a greater fool, or more ignorant, than the young fellow; and if not, that they should reject her, for the booby's sake?—and would not your objection stand as strongly against a preference in mother-wit in the girl as against what is called learning; since linguists (I will not call all linguists learned men) do very seldom make the figure in conversation that even girls, from sixteen to twenty, make.

If a woman has genius, let it take its course, as well as in men; provided she neglect not any thing that is more peculiarly her province. If she has good sense, she will not make the man she chooses, who wants her knowledge, uneasy, nor despise him for that want: her good sense will teach her what is her duty: nor will she want reminding of the tenor of her marriage-vow to him. If she has not, she will find a thousand ways to plague him, though she knew not one word beyond her mother-tongue, nor how to write, read, or speak properly in that. The English, madam, and particularly what we call the

plain English, is a very copious and a very expressive language.

But, dear madam, does what you say in the first part of the paragraph under my eye, limiting the genius of women, quite cohere with the advantages which, in the last part, you tell me they have over us?—"Men do well," you say, "to keep women in ignorance:" but this is not generally intended to be the case, I believe. Girls, I think you formerly said, were compounded of brittle materials.—They are not, they cannot be, trusted to be sent abroad to seminaries of learning, as men are. It is necessary that they should be brought up to a knowledge of the domestic duties. A young man's learning-time is from ten to twenty-five, more or less. At fifteen or sixteen, a girl starts into woman; and then she throws her purveyingeyes about her: and what is the learning she is desirous to obtain? Dear lady, discourage not the sweet souls from acquiring any learning that may keep them employed, and out of mischief, and that may divert them from attending to the whisperings within them, and to the flatteries without them, till they have taken in a due quantity of ballast, that may hinder them, all their sails unfurled and streamers flying, from being overset at their first entrance upon the voyage of life.

I am charmed with your ladyship's obliging account of your daily employments and amusements. Now do I know at what different parts of the day to obtrude myself. I was not very well this morning. My people neglected me. I was at Haigh in half a second, and did myself the honour of breakfasting there; but became the more miserable for it; for O, how I missed you, on my re-transportation!—yet I the sooner recovered myself when I looked up to you and to your dear sir Roger, in the picture.—Yet the piercing cold, and the surrounding snow, and my hovered-over fireside, reminded me, that the piece before me was but a picture. In summer, if it please God to spare me till then, it will be more than a picture. I will then throw myself into your morning walks; and sometimes, perhaps, you shall find me perched upon one of your pieces of ruins, symbolically to make the ruin still more complete. In hopes of which, I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXIV.

*Mr. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh.*

But what a sad thing, say you, my dear lady, that these sober men will not put on the appearance of rakes! Silly creatures! when they know what would do!—Can't they learn to curse and swear in jest? and be good, and true, and faithful, just when a lady wants them to be good, and true, and faithful!—But you would be content, if the good men would dress, only dress, like rakes.—But hold! On looking back to your ladyship's letter, I find the words dress and address: "The good man need only to assume the dress and address of the rake, and you will wager ten to four that he will be preferred to him." Will you be pleased, madam, to give me particulars of the taking dress of a rake? Will you be pleased to describe the address with which the ladies in general shall be taken!—The rake is, must be, generally, in dress a coxcomb; in address, a man of great assurance; thinking highly of himself, meanly of the sex; he must be past blushing, and laugh at those who are not. He must flatter, lie, laugh, sing, caper, be a monkey, and not a man. And can a good man put on these appearances? We have heard that the devil has transformed himself into an angel of light, to bring about his purposes; but never that an angel of light borrowed a coat and waistcoat of the devil, for

any purpose whatever. And must the good man thus debase himself, to stand well with the fair sex?

"To reform Lovelace for Clarissa's sake!"—Excellent ladies!—Unbounded charity!—Dear souls! How I love your six forgiving charmers!—But they acknowledge this, I hope, only among themselves!—If there are any Lovelaces of their acquaintance, I hope they give not to them such an indirect invitation to do their worst, in order to give themselves an opportunity to exercise one of the brightest graces of a Christian.

Well, but, for fear I should be called scurrilous again, let me see how your ladyship explains yourself.—"A man may DESERVE the name of a rake, without being QUITE an *abandoned profligate;* as a man may sometimes drink A LITTLE TOO MUCH, without being *a sot.*"

And, were I to attempt to draw a good man, are these, madam, the outlines of his character? Must he be a moderate rake?—Must he qualify himself for the ladies' favour by taking any liberties that are criminal? only taking care that he stop at a few; "that he be not QUITE an *abandoned profligate;* that though he may now and then drink a little too much, yet that he stop short of the SOT!"—O, my dear lady Bradshaigh—and am I scurrilous for saying, that there is no such thing, at least that it is very difficult, so to draw a good man, that he may be thought agreeable to the ladies in general?

Did I ever tell you, madam, of the contention I had with Mr. Cibber, about the character of a good man, which he undertook to draw, and to whom, at setting out, he gave a mistress, in order to show the virtue of his hero in parting with her, when he had fixed upon a particular lady, to whom he made honourable addresses? A male-virgin! said he—ha, ha, ha, hah! when I made my objections to the mistress, and she was another man's wife too, but ill used by her husband; and he laughed me quite out of countenance!—And it was but yesterday, in company, some of which he never was in before, that he was distinguishing upon a moderate rake (though not one word has he seen or heard of your ladyship's letter or notion), by urging, that men might be criminal without being censurable!—a doctrine that he had no doubt about, and to which he declared that none but divines and prudes would refuse to subscribe to!—Bless me, thought I!—and is this knowing the world?—What an amiable man was Mr. B——, in Pamela, in this light!

But I have this comfort, upon the whole, that I find the good man's character is not impracticable; and I think Mr. Cibber, if I can have weight with him, shall undertake the arduous task. He is as gay and as lively at seventy-nine as he was at twenty-nine; and he is a sober man, who has seen a great deal, and always dressed well, and was noted for his address, and for his success too, on two hundred and fifty occasions,—a little too many, I doubt, for a moderate rake: but then his long life must be considered. I wish we could fix upon the number of times a man might be allowed to be over come with wine, without being thought a sot. Once a week? Once a fort night? Once a month? How shall we put it? Youth will have its follies. Why—but I will not ask the question I was going to ask, lest I should provoke your ladyship beyond your strength.

Dear, dear madam, let me beg of you to make your own virtuous sentiments and behaviour in life, which render you equally loved and revered by all who have the honour to know you, the standard of virtue for all your sex. When you extend your charity too far, and allow for what

is, rather than insist upon what should be, in cases of duty and of delicacy, my love for the sex makes me apply to your ladyship's words—"you provoke me beyond my strength."

Just this moment came in my wife. —(Thursday morning, eleven.)— "O, Betsy," said I, "begone! Ask me not what I am writing; I have been cutting your dear lady all to pieces."—"Dear good lady!" said she; "never will I forgive you, then." Then looking at you over the chimney, with an eye of love, and my eye following hers, "You can be but in jest," said she! "Pray make my best compliments to her ladyship, and to her sir Roger." With which I conclude, &c.

## LETTER LXXV.

### *Mr. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh.*

North-End, Dec. 26, 1751.

EVER obliging lady Bradshaigh! And was it, could it be, five weeks, almost six, before I paid my duty to my dearest correspondent?—How proud do you make me by your reproaches! You tell me you are angry with me! the first time I have been able to make you so.—Yet, sweet bee of Hybla! how you sting, when you tell me, that you suppose I would make no excuses for my long silence, because I would not allow of white fibs in myself!—O, my lady! how could you, and in the same sentence in which you were gracious? but how can I cry out, though hurt, when I revolve the friendly, the condescending, the indulgent motive?

You have seen in the papers, I suppose, that our friend is married; may he be happy! most cordially I wish for it: not only because he is our friend, but because he is our fellow creature. "Much depends upon the lady; and common sense will not be sufficient to make him so.—She must have sense enough to make him see, that she thinks him her superior in sense," as you once told me. Proud mortal! and vain.—And cannot he be content with the greater pride, as a man of sense would think it, to call a richer jewel than he had before, his, while he is all his own!—But, such is the nature of woman, if she be not a vixen indeed, that if the man sets out right with her; if he lets her early know, that he is her lord, and that she is but his vassal; and that he has a stronger sense of his prerogative than of her merit and beauty; she will succumb: and, after a few struggles, a few tears, will make him a more humble, a more passive wife, for his insolent bravery, and high opinion of himself. I am sorry to say it; but I have too often observed, that fear, as well as love, is necessary on the lady's part, to make wedlock happy; and it will generally do it, if the man sets out with asserting his power and her dependence. And now will your ladyship rise upon me! I expect it. And yet you have yourself allowed the case to be thus, with regard to this husband and his wife.

The struggle would be only at first: and if a man would be obstinate, a woman would be convinced, or seem to be so, and very possibly think the man more a man for his tyranny, and value herself when he condescended to praise or smile upon her.

I have as good a wife as man need to wish for. I believe your ladyship thinks so.—Yet—shall I say, O madam! women love not King Logs!—The dear creature, without intending contradiction, is a mistress of it. She is so good as to think me, among men, a tolerably sensible one; but that is only in general; for, if we come to particulars, she will always put me right, by the superiority of her own understanding. But I am even with her very often. And how,

do you ask, madam? why, by giving up my will to hers; and then the honest soul is puzzled what (in a doubtful case) to resolve upon. And, in mere pity to her puzzlings, I have let her know my wishes; and then at once she resolves, by doing the very contrary to what she thinks them to be. And here again, I am now and then, but not often, too hard for her.—And how?—You guess, my lady.—Need I say, that it is by proposing the very contrary to what I wish;—but so much for King Log and his frog. How apt are we to bring in our own feelings, by head and shoulders, as the saying is, when we are led to it by cases either similar or opposite to our own!

But one word more of the gentleman, if you please. He may already, if not confoundedly tired of beauty (sameness is a confounded thing to a lover of variety), be growing prudent: since I am told that he begins to think of retiring somewhere, in order to save expense.

I was sure your ladyship would be pleased with the generosity of my hero, as shown in the two letters I sent you. You blame me for not thinking of publishing in my lifetime. You deny me assistance: you depend upon the poor old woman's blinking light; yet I wish I had had the flash of your torch to light me. If in boisterous weather a flambeau will not stand it, what can a rush-light do?

Your ladyship asks me if I would publish, if my writing ladies would give me each a letter. "Remember," say you, "that we have you in our power." Well, madam! then you will allow me to stop till you do.

Tell you sincerely, which do I think, upon the whole, men or women, have the greatest trials of patience, and which bears them the best? You mean, you say, from one sex to the other only?—What a question is here! Which? why women, to be sure. Man is an animal that must bustle in the world, go abroad, converse, fight battles, encounter other dangers of seas, winds, and I know not what, in order to protect, provide for, maintain in ease and plenty, women. Bravery, anger, fierceness, occasionally, are made familiar to them. They buffet, and are buffeted by the world; are impatient and uncontrollable. They talk of honour, and run their heads against stone walls, to make good their pretensions to it; and often quarrel with one another, and fight duels, upon any other silly thing that happens to raise their choler; with their shadows, if you please.

While women are meek, passive, good creatures, who, used to stay at home, set their maids at work, and formerly themselves—get their houses in order, to receive, comfort, oblige, give joy to, their fierce, fighting, bustling, active protectors, providers, maintainers—divert him with pretty pug's tricks, tell him soft tales of love, and of who and who's together, and what has been done in his absence—bring to him little master, so like his own dear papa; and little pretty miss, a soft, sweet, smiling soul, with her sampler in her hand, so like what her meek mamma was at her years! And with these differences in education, nature, employments, your ladyship asks, whether the man or the woman bears more from each other? has the more patience? Dearest lady! how can you be so severe upon your own sex, yet seem to persuade yourself that you are defending them!

What you say of a lover's pressing his mistress to a declaration of her love for him, is sweetly pretty, and very just; but let a man press as he will, if the lady answers him rather by her obliging manners than in words, she will leave herself something to declare, and she will find herself rather more than less respected for it: such is the nature of

man!—A man hardly ever presumes to press a lady to make this declaration, but when he thinks himself sure of her. He urges her, therefore, to add to his own consequence; and hopes to quit scores with her, when he returns love for love, and favour for favour; and thus "draws the tender-hearted soul to professions, which she is often upbraided for all her life after," says your ladyship. But these must be the most ungenerous of men. All I would suppose is, that pride and triumph is the meaning of the urgency for a declaration, which pride and triumph make a man think unnecessary; and perhaps to know how far he may go, and be within allowed compass. A woman, who is brought to own her love to the man, must act accordingly towards him; must be more indulgent to him; must, in a word, abate of her own significance, and add to his. And have you never seen a man strut upon the occasion, and how tame and bashful a woman looks after she has submitted to make the acknowledgment? The behaviour of each to the other, upon it and after it, justifies the caution to the sex, which I would never have a woman forget—always to leave to herself the power of granting something: yet her denials may be so managed as to be more attractive than her compliances. Women, Lovelace says (and he pretends to know them), are fond of ardours; but there is an end of them when a lover is secure. He can then look about him, and be occasionally, if not indifferent, unpunctual, and delight in being missed, expected, and called to tender account for his careless absences: and he will be less and less solicitous about giving good reasons for them, as she is more and more desirous of his company. Poor fool! he has brought her to own that she loves him: and will she not bear with the man she loves? She, herself, as I have observed, will think she must act consistently with her declaration; and he will plead that declaration in his favour, let his neglects or slights be what they will. Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXVI.

*Lady Bradshaigh to Mr. Richardson.*

January 3, 1752.

I HOPE I shall never be more angry with my valuable correspondent than I appeared to be in my last letter; though you love to make me angry, and you know how vindictive a heart I have: therefore do not provoke me too far. Remember, a woman is never behind-hand in revenge; and how do you think I mean to complete it? even by keeping my temper. If that does not vex you, I know nothing that will.

You ask, "how could I sting, and be so gracious in the same sentence?" Why, because I expected something in answer that would please me, and I was not disappointed. May I never want a sting to draw such honey from your pen.

Can I, do I, "engage your delight with your attention?" May I ever do so; and I will take upon me to say, I shall never owe you a grain on that score.

Do you really think, sir, that "prerogative from your sex to ours, early exerted in the married state, will sink most women into mere humble, passive wives?" How is this, "if he sets out right?"—Right! right! do you call it? Much depends upon the various tempers on both sides. Without being a vixen, indeed, a woman may behave with dignity and with duty, and, at the same time, despise the man who is mean enough to remind her of his prerogative, and that she is his vas—What is the ugly word?—I do not

understand it.—Why will you write Greek to the unlearned? And ignorant I may remain; for the man, whose happy wife I am, as he never has explained it, would not willingly do it, were I to ask him. Insolent bravery, however, is plain English, and very properly applied. You have "too often observed (too often indeed, if ever) that fear as well as love is necessary, on the lady's part, to make wedlock happy." I deny not that you may have observed, that a man, by setting out right or wrong, by insolent bravery, and a high opinion of himself, may make fear necessary: nevertheless, it is a necessity of his own creating, and not from the nature of woman.

What would have become of me, had I married a man, who would have endeavoured to lay me under that necessity? Endeavoured I say; for the bravest and the most insolent of your insolent sex could never have brought me to it. I am such a vixen, that if I loved my husband, I could not fear him. A governor, a parent, a master, I could love, fear, and honour, at the same time; but to my husband, myself, I must be all love, no mixture of fear; certain hatred would attend it.

How can it be said what would be the way with most women? Where there are variety of tempers, there ought to be, and you have the power to use, variety of methods. But prerogative is the word, and insolence the motive; whilst we have no choice; submission, submission for ever, or we are vixens, perverse opposers, rebels to our sovereigns, to our tyrants—too often synonymous terms. And yet, I will so far allow your observation, that some of us do seem to submit with pleasure to these sovereigns: but then, in my way of thinking, it must be a submission of love, to be called happy in the least degree; not a dispirited fear, like a ——What is the meaning of that Greek word? I have a notion it is something like servitude: O, ay: "Love, serve, honour, and obey." No fear, though, is mentioned; thank God for that; since, if there had, I should certainly have broke my marriage vow, one way or the other. There is something of "chaste conversation coupled with fear," but it is no command.

Surely, no woman of common sense could be convinced the sooner for a "man's obstinacy" in using her ill; or think him "more a man" for being a tyrant. A fool, a brute, may be a tyrant; and if a woman is not of the same silly stamp, she must despise him, however he may have brought her to a seeming easiness. We have nothing else for it, when a man is resolved. But then you cannot call it making wedlock happy: hell, indeed, sir; this world's hell, I call it. There are, who expect their wives to love, serve, honour, and obey, only because they have vowed so to do; but what men are they? And what woman could value such from her heart, or be happy with such a man?—When love is reciprocal, sweet is the bondage, and easy the yoke; where that is, nothing is wanting: for ever banished be fear, the bane of happiness in every shape; at least with one of my temper. We may be fond of power, and it is often our own fault that we have not enough of it: a woman, that can seem to despise it, may have it to satiety. And what does this argue? You perverse souls, what does it argue?

I do believe, sir, you have as good a wife as any man "need to wish for;" and yet—What would you say? Nay, you have said. I will tell, I am resolved. Mrs. R——n, he says you are a mistress of contradiction. In close argument, you give him to understand that you think your judgment superior; that when you have brought him to declare his wishes,

you at once resolve to act directly opposite. Are these things so? Positively they are not. I cannot believe it, indeed, sir. I am very sure you would not utter a falsehood, black or white; nevertheless, I cannot believe it. There is some misconstruction; some words, or tone of voice, wrong understood; mistakes on one side or the other: but, in short, she appears to me grossly abused. And yet that cannot be, by the man in whom is no abuse. I know not how to behave between you: if I take her part, she will quarrel with me, I am sure; and if I take yours, so will you too. The third person, in matrimonial disputes, always comes off the worst. So God bless you both! and I advise you to go on in the same way, lest you should change for the worse.

Have you but *now* found out the way to make me an advocate for my sex? You forget, sir, the same thing has happened before. I believe we have both owned that we love a little contradiction, as a spur to each other. So I am not only like "my wife," but like my wife's husband. In short, and seriously, we are all like one another, in some degree:—if faults we have, we had them from you. I know a gentleman, who, when he was speaking of any one who had the misfortune to be born of wicked parents, always said, "I have no opinion of him; he is made of bad stuff." And this puts me in mind of our original—the *rib*, the *rib!* And there's a *bone* for you to pick! Pardon the pun, and pertness.

No, sir, I cannot hope that what I have said will amount to a proof of women's superiority, in goodness, to men; any more than I hope for an acknowledgment of it without a proof. Nevertheless, as you have more power, and do very often abuse that power, we, without doubt, have more to bear from you, than you from us. Without doubt, I say; because you cannot make me believe otherwise.

And have I, do you think, "been severe upon my own sex, yet seem to persuade myself that I was defending them?"

What a blundering brain have I! for ever producing dirt to be thrown in my own face! Though, please to hold your hand a little, for I am not yet sensible of what you accuse me. If any being but man could speak, I would allow that being to talk of women's consciences.

I once had some small acquaintance with lord Orrery, at the time when he was in disgrace with his father, his doating father, as you gently term him—for he had not so just an excuse as dotage, for his behaviour to his son. Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXVII.

### *Mr. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh.*

North-End, Feb. 23, 1752.

I KNEW that I should provoke my dear correspondent, by what I wrote of men's setting out right in the marriage warfare; of governing by fear; of prerogative early exerted; and such like strange assertions. But, in the first place, you will be pleased to recollect to whom all this jargon is owing. Is it not to lady B—— herself? Look back, madam, for the occasion, which was our friend ——'s nuptials: and what a passive, tame soul you supposed his wife must be, if she wished to be happy. On this, my indignation arose against tyrants; and I gave it as my opinion, that such would be much more likely to be observed, than the kind, good-natured husband, who made it his study to oblige his wife: and angry, very angry, was I, against such of the sex as would, either way, give reason for the observation. Had I not been a lover of your wayward

sex, I should not have been so warm against them as you take it I was.

Your ladyship very happily expresses yourself, when you say, "a governor, a parent, a master, I could love, fear, and honour, at the same time: but to my husband, myself, I must be all love, no mixture of fear: certain hatred would attend it." A husband was formerly thought a governor; you have heard or read that he was called master: he is dearer than a parent, and nearer too. Be pleased to tell me, madam, why fear should mingle with your love to an indulgent parent, and produce hatred to a husband? Will you be pleased to show me in what the two sorts of fear, if two sorts there be, differ? As to the words myself, my husband, myself, they have a pretty sound with them; but they will be found very separable words; in short, that the solemn office, that has made them one flesh, has not been able, even in very material cases, to make them one spirit; and, when they differ, if there be not a fear of offending, God help them! God help *the myself!*

"While they behold their chaste conversation, coupled with fear."—That text had like to have overturned all your ladyship's reasoning; and how came you off? Prettily enough; because you were resolved to come off, and could easily convince yourself. It is no command, say you. But, madam, it is almost as bad for your argument, for it is a supposed unquestionable duty: yet I plead not for fear. My maxim is love, all love; and yet, when a woman is used to it, she expects it, and so considers it not either as a rarity or an obligation. The man is a quiet, good-natured creature, and loves his peace, and so is loving for his own sake. Strange humility that, which will make a woman think that she can repay the obligation by her acceptance of it! One thing, however, madam, let me tell you, that, in all our arguments of this nature, I will not allow you to look at home, and determine by yourself. You can know nothing of the world, nor of the argument, if you form your conclusions upon the conduct of a single pair.

And when I have mentioned my wife and *her myself*, it is not that I would reflect upon her, as either designing to be contradictory, or as being unusually so. No, madam, she falls into it naturally, as I may say, and as if she could not help it. And as *her myself* always prefaces his requests as if he would take her compliances as favours, he often finds it is but asking for a denial; and why? Because she would demonstrate that she has as great an aversion to the word fear as the best of her sex; and hesitates not to oppose, as an argument of her fortitude and independence of will. But what will you, who are so vehement against the word and thing fear, say, if I should assert that there cannot be love without fear? You say, you could fear a parent, yet honour and love that parent: I would rather, methinks, be the father than the husband of the woman, who could not fear me with the same sort of fear, that she could show to a fond and indulgent parent. And there, to return your ladyship's words, is a bone for you to pick!

I do not perfectly understand you, madam, in the following sentence: "We may be fond of power; and it is often our own fault that we have not enough of it. A woman that can seem to despise it, may have it to satiety. And what does this argue? You perverse souls, what does it argue?"

Again, your ladyship is a little unintelligible:—"If faults we have (as if you made a question of it, madam!), we have them from you.—And this puts me in mind of our original—the rib, the rib!" I thought it was Eve that gave the man the apple. I have not my Bible at hand:

but I think I remember some such words as these of an apostle: "Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression."—"You have more to bear from us," you say, "than we have from you."—To this I wrote largely in my last.

You have not, madam, a blundering brain: and I hope I have not thrown dirt in my correspondent's face.

Your ladyship dares me to stop in my new work! You give me leave to stop. Your challenge, perhaps, comes in a critical time; for I am at a part, that it is four chances to one I shall not be able to get over. You cannot imagine how many difficult situations I have involved myself in. Entanglement, and extrication, and re-entanglement, have succeeded each other, as the day the night; and now the few friends, who have seen what I have written, doubt not but I am stuck fast. And, indeed, I think so myself.

I have read through lord Orrery's History of Swift. I greatly like it. I had the pleasure of telling my lord himself so, in Mr. Millar's shop, and of thanking him for the pleasure he had given me. He returned the compliment, in relation to Clarissa; and, having heard of my new design, was inquisitive about it. Though my lord is really, in his person and behaviour, as well as in his writings, an amiable man, I join with your ladyship most cordially in all you say of the author, of the dean, and of the dean's savage behaviour to his unhappy wife, and Vanessa; as it is of a piece with all those of his writings, in which he endeavours to debase the human, and to raise above it the brutal nature. I cannot think so hardly as some do of lord Orrery's observation—that the fearful deprivation, which reduced him to a state beneath that of the merest animal, seemed to be a punishment that had terrible justice in it.

Why will you so ungratefully depreciate a pen and a judgment, that every one, to whom I have read detached parts of your favours to me, admires? Take care, madam, how you make light of talents, of which while you think meanly, you are not likely to be duly thankful for. Your judgment of the works you have remarked upon are, by all who have heard me read them, thought admirable; and show a heart, as well as a head, for which you cannot be too grateful.

I have not been able to read any more than the first volume of Amelia. Poor Fielding! I could not help telling his sister, that I was equally surprised at and concerned for his continued lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a spunging-house, we should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company; but it is beyond my conception, that a man of family, and who had some learning, and who really is a writer, should descend so excessively low in all his pieces. Who can care for any of his people? A person of honour asked me the other day, what he could mean by saying, in his Covent Garden Journal, that he had followed Homer and Virgil in his Amelia. I answered, that he was justified in saying so, because he must mean Cotton's Virgil Travestied; where the women are drabs, and the men scoundrels. Yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

*Mr. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh.*

April 22, 1752.

A SENTIMENT, my dear and good lady Bradshaigh, may not be absolutely unexceptionable, and yet be very happily expressed. My meaning and

my words agreed, when I wrote, that you very happily expressed yourself on the subject of love and fear, as applicable to a parent and a husband.

But you are at a loss how to make me understand you as to the two sorts of fear which you want to distinguish, the one to a parent, the other to a husband. Awe, the word awe, is happily thought of by your ladyship. "Are we not bred up with awe to a parent? (you ask.) Certainly (say you); and it is often created by our being sensible we are liable to be corrected." So, madam, a wife, (and who is perfect? who wants not some correction?) having no apprehension of being corrected, of being chidden, therefore, cannot fear her husband, as when a child she could a parent! You have most charmingly strengthened my argument: I thank you, madam. Did I not say that a mixture of fear with the love was necessary to make an obliging wife? And do you not hint, that if the wife had the same motive for it as the child had, fear of rebuke, of chastisement, of correction (by which I mean not stripes, you may be sure—indulgent parents maintain not their authority by stripes), the husband might be entitled to the same kind of awe that the parent was; and it would be no discredit to the grown-up woman, the wife, to be as much afraid of offending a kind, a good husband, as, when a child, she was of offending a kind, an indulgent parent? I was not wrong, therefore, I think, when I asked your ladyship why fear should mingle with your love of an indulgent parent (for that was the parent I meant, and not the severe one), and produce hatred to a husband? You will answer me as above. Your ladyship knows your answer. The wife has no apprehension of being corrected; if chidden, she can chide again. Nor, as your ladyship seems to have proved, was I much out of the way when I observed, from what your ladyship said of the temper of your then lately-married friend,—though I said it with indignation against such tyrant husbands,—that such would be much more likely to be observed, than the kind, good-natured man, who made it his study to oblige his wife. Upon the whole, if your ladyship will give me leave, I will assert that there hardly can be love without fear—fear of offending. And I repeat, "that I would rather be the father than the husband of the woman, who could not fear me with the same sort of fear, that she could show to a fond and indulgent parent." Why, madam, I can, on the same motives, fear my wife; but I am not sure, good creature, good wife, as she really is, that I have shown my prudence in letting her see my fear.

But you say that the woman is under no obligation to her husband for his love, provided she loves. With all my heart, madam. I will not make distinctions; I will not say that there is a merit in the man's love to a single object, on a supposition that the law of nature discourages not polygamy, and that the law of God nowhere in his word condemns it. No, I will not; because the law of his country ought to determine him.—Why, why would your ladyship throw out bones for so spiteful, so vengeful, a man to pick? But may I not ask, that, if the man who loves, loves for his own sake, whether the woman who loves, loves not also the man chiefly for hers? Yes, says your ladyship, methinks: and so the obligation is equal; so be it.

Want of perspicuity is not by any means the fault of your ladyship's writing: yet I really did not take your meaning in the passage relating to the power that women might have if they sought it. I meant not in that place to provoke you, dearly as I sometimes love to try to make you angry with me, which yet I never

could do, though I have, very, very often, deserved your anger. Thus you explain yourself:

"You said, we were dear lovers of power. I did not deny it; and I thought it our own fault that we had not enough of it." And have not your sex here in England enough of it? That fault is letting you see we are fond of it. Bless me, madam, should we not feel it, if we did not see it? "For which reason, such is your pride, you will not allow us any, if you can help it," adds your ladyship. If we can help it! that is power with a vengeance which a wife exerts, and a husband cannot help himself.

"Again unintelligible (says your ladyship: Fie upon you!). Why we have faults: I made no question of it. How should we be faultless, considering our original? Was not woman made of man? From whence, then, our faults?" But, madam, be so good as to consider, that man, at the time woman was formed out of his rib, was in a state of innocence. He had not fallen. The devil had need of a helper: he soon found one in Eve. But, if I may be forgiven for a kind of pun, you seem to think, madam, that the faults of men lie in the flesh, the faults of women are deeper—they lie in the bone. I believe you have hit upon it. I love to provoke you, it is true; but I also love to agree with your ladyship, in material articles. The difference between us, in this point, is, that I confirm by experience what you advance only from conjecture; for, unless you look out of yourself, how should you know that women's faults lie so deep that they must be unformed, and new made up again, to amend them?

The fault of the great author, whose letters to his friend you have been reading, is, that Tully is wholly concerned for the fame of Cicero; and that for fame and for self-exaltation's sake. In some of his orations, what is called his vehemence (but really is too often insult and ill-manners) so transports him, that a modern pleader, and yet these are often intolerably abusive, would not be heard, if he were to take the like freedoms. This difference, however, ought to be mentioned, to the honour of the ancient; he generally, I believe, being governed by the justice of his cause. The moderns too seldom regard that at all; and care for nothing but their fees. But, after all, Cicero's constitutional faults seem to be vanity and cowardice. Great geniuses seldom have *small* faults.

You have seen, I presume, Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero. It is a fine piece; but the doctor, I humbly think, has played the panegyrist, in some places in it, rather than the historian. The present laureat's performance on the same subject, of which Dr. Middleton's is the foundation, is a spirited and pretty piece. He makes his observations on the character of Cicero, not by controverting any point with the doctor; but, taking for granted, as if he had no other lights, every thing that the doctor advances in his favour.

You greatly oblige me, madam, whenever you give me your observations upon what you read. Cicero was a prodigy. His works, his genius, will be admired to the end of time. But he was the greatest, the grossest lover, courter of adulation, and one of the greatest dastards, that ever lived. Yet, in the former quality, he only spoke out what many others mean. He was fond of glory; he could not but be conscious of his very great talents. I have often quarrels, arising in my mind, against the affectation of some ingenious moderns, who are always seeking to disclaim merits, which, were they in earnest, their modesty would not permit them to publish to the world as they do in the treatises which they give the public. There may be a

manly sensibility, surely, expressed, which yet may show, that though the author of a work, or the performer of a good action, is tolerably skilled in his subject, or can take delight in his beneficence; yet that he is not proud of understanding or doing what he ought to understand or do, if he pretends to write or to act. I am not a little embarrassed in my new piece (so I was in my two former) with the affectation that custom almost compels one to be guilty of—to make my characters disclaim the merits of the good they do, or the knowledge they pretend to; and to be afraid of reporting the praises due, and given to them by others, who are benefited either by the act or the example, although the praises given are as much to the honour of the giver's sensibility, as of the receiver's. Does any body believe these disclaimers? Does not every body think them affected, and often pharisaical? and even their pretences to modesty are what Lovelace calls, traps laid for praise! Yet custom exacts them; and who is great enough to be above custom? I think I would wish that my good man, and even my good girl, should be thought to be above regarding this custom. To receive praise with a grace, is a grace. But it must be so received, as that it should not be thought to puff up or exalt the person in his own opinion. The person praised must show, that he is sensible he has done no more than his duty; that he gave not himself either his talents, or his ability to do good; and should be the more humble, the more thankful, for those talents, and for that ability. Arrogance, self-conceit, must be banished his heart. Even Lovelace can say, "If I have any thing valuable as to intellectuals, those are not my own; and to be proud of what a man is answerable for the abuse of, and has no merit in the right use of, is to strut, like the jay, in a borrowed plumage."

I really think my lord Orrery, in his Life of Swift, has intended to be laudably impartial. I have no notion of that friendship, which makes a man think himself obliged to gloss over the faults of a man, whom he wishes not to have great ones. Is it not a strong proof of the sacred authority of the Scriptures, that the histories of David, Solomon, and its other heroes, are handed down to us with their mixture of vices and virtues? Lord Orrery says very high and very great things of Swift. The bad ones we knew, in part, before. Had he attempted to whiten them over, would it not have weakened the credibility of what he says in his favour? I am told, that my lord is mistaken in some of his facts; for instance, in that wherein he asserts, that Swift's learning was a late acquirement. I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate, who was for three years what is called his *chum*, in the following account of that fact:—Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning, at the University of Dublin, in his youth, as any of his cotemporaries; but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made *Terræ Filius* (sir Roger will explain what that means, if your ladyship is unacquainted with the University term), on purpose to have a pretence to expel him. He raked up all the scandal against the heads of that University that a severe inquirer, and a still severer temper, could get together into his harangue. He was expelled in consequence of his abuse, and, having his *decessit*, afterwards got admitted, at Oxford, to his degrees.

I cannot find that my lord was very intimate with him. As from a man of quality, and the son of a nobleman who had been obnoxious to ministers, no doubt but the dean might countenance those professions of friendship, which the young lord

might be forward to make to a man, who was looked upon as the genius of Ireland, and the fashion. But he could be only acquainted with him in the decline of the dean's genius.

My lord, I think, has partly drawn censure upon himself, by a little piece of affectation. *My friends* will, he says, by way of preface to some of the things that the friends of Swift think the severest. I was a little disgusted, as I read it, at these ill-placed assumptions of friendship in words. I thought these affectations below lord Orrery, as it seemed, by them, as if he was proud of being thought of as a friend, by the man, who, whatever his head was, had not, I am afraid, near so good a heart as his own.

Mr. Temple, nephew to sir William Temple, and brother to lord Palmerston, who lately died at Bath, declared to a friend of mine, that sir William hired Swift at his first entrance into the world, to read to him, and sometimes to be his amanuensis, at the rate of 20*l.* a year and his board, which was then high preferment to him; but that sir William never favoured him with his conversation, because of his ill qualities, nor allowed him to sit down at table with him. Swift, your ladyship will easily see by his writings, had bitterness, satire, moroseness, that must make him insufferable, both to equals and inferiors, and unsafe for his superiors to countenance. Sir William Temple was a wise and discerning man. He could easily see through a young fellow taken into a low office, and inclined to forget himself. Probably, too, the dean was always unpolite, and never could be a man of breeding. Sir William Temple was one of the politest men of his time.

Whoever the lady be, who is so severe upon lord Orrery, I cannot but think that she is too severe. The story of Swift's marriage, and behaviour to a worthy, very worthy wife, I have been told long before lord Orrery's history of him came out. It was not, as the angry lady charges, a chimæra, but a certain truth. And this I was informed of by a lady of goodness, and no enemy but to what was bad in Swift. Surely this lady, who calls my lord to account for his unchristian-like usage of a dead friend, should have shown a little more of the Christian in her invectives. Near twenty years ago, I heard from a gentleman, now living, with whom Vanessa lived, or lodged, in England, an account of the dean's behaviour to the unhappy woman, much less to his reputation than the account my lord gives of that affair. According to this gentleman's account, she was not the creature that she became when she was in Ireland, whither she followed him, and, in hopes to make herself an interest with his vanity, threw herself into glare and expense; and, at last, by disappointment, into a habit of drinking, till grief and the effects of that vice destroyed her. You may gather from that really pretty piece of his, Cadenus and Vanessa, how much he flattered her, and that he took great pains to gloss over that affair. I remember once to have seen a little collection of letters and poetical scraps of Swift's, which passed between him and Mrs. Van Homrigh, this same Vanessa, which the bookseller then told me were sent him to be published, from the originals, by this lady, in resentment of his perfidy.

I have not had an opportunity to know what the two doctors you mention say of lord Orrery's Life of Swift. Adieu, dear madam, yours, &c.

## LETTER LXXIX.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to his Father.*

Dear sir, 1760.

An address in writing, from a person who has the pleasure of being

with you every day, may appear singular. However, I have preferred this method, as upon paper I can speak without a blush, and be heard without interruption. If my letter displeases you, impute it, dear sir, only to yourself. You have treated me, not like a son, but like a friend. Can you be surprised that I should communicate to a friend all my thoughts, and all my desires? Unless the friend approve them, let the father never know them; or, at least, let him know, at the same time, that, however reasonable, however eligible, my scheme may appear to me, I would rather forget it for ever, than cause him the slightest uneasiness.

When I first returned to England, attentive to my future interest, you were so good as to give me hopes of a seat in parliament. This seat, it was supposed, would be an expense of fifteen hundred pounds. This design flattered my vanity, as it might enable me to shine in so august an assembly. It flattered a nobler passion; I promised myself that, by the means of this seat, I might be one day the instrument of some good to my country. But I soon perceived how little a mere virtuous inclination, unassisted by talents, could contribute towards that great end; and a very short examination discovered to me, that those talents had not fallen to my lot. Do not, dear sir, impute this declaration to a false modesty, the meanest species of pride. Whatever else I may be ignorant of, I think I know myself, and shall always endeavour to mention my good qualities without vanity, and my defects without repugnance. I shall say nothing of the most intimate acquaintance with his country and language, so absolutely necessary to every senator. Since they may be acquired, to allege my deficiency in them, would seem only the plea of laziness. But I shall say with great truth, that I never possessed that gift of speech, the first requisite of an orator, which use and labour may improve, but which nature alone can bestow. That my temper, quiet, retired, somewhat reserved, could neither acquire popularity, bear up against opposition, nor mix with ease in the crowds of public life. That even my genius (if you will allow me any) is better qualified for the deliberate compositions of the closet, than for the extemporary discourses of the parliament. An unexpected objection would disconcert me; and as I am incapable of explaining to others, what I do not thoroughly understand myself, I should be meditating while I ought to be answering. I even want necessary prejudices of party and of nation. In popular assemblies, it is often necessary to inspire them; and never orator inspired well a passion, which he did not feel himself. Suppose me even mistaken in my own character; to set out with the repugnance such an opinion must produce, offers but an indifferent prospect. But I hear you say, it is not necessary that every man should enter into parliament with such exalted hopes. It is to acquire a title the most glorious of any in a free country, and to employ the weight and consideration it gives in the service of one's friends. Such motives, though not glorious, yet are not dishonourable; and if we had a borough in our command, if you could bring me in without any great expense, or if our fortune enabled us to despise that expense, then, indeed, I should think them of the greatest strength. But with our private fortune, is it worth while to purchase, at so high a rate, a title, honourable in itself, but which I must share with every fellow that can lay out fifteen hundred pounds? Besides, dear sir, a merchandise is of little value to the owner when he is resolved not to sell it

I should affront your penetration did I not suppose you now see the

drift of this letter. It is to appropriate, to another use, the sum with which you destined to bring me into parliament; to employ it, not in making me great, but in rendering me happy. I have often heard you say yourself, that the allowance you had been so indulgent as to grant me, though very liberal in regard to your estate, was yet but small, when compared with the almost necessary extravagances of the age. I have, indeed, found it so, notwithstanding a good deal of economy, and an exemption from many of the common expenses of youth. This, dear sir, would be a way of supplying these deficiencies, without any additional expense to you.—But I forbear.—If you think my proposals reasonable, you want no entreaties to engage you to comply with them; if otherwise, all will be without effect.

All that I am afraid of, dear sir, is, that I should seem not so much asking a favour, as this really is, as exacting a debt. After all I can say, you will still remain the best judge of my good, and your own circumstances. Perhaps, like most landed gentlemen, an addition to my annuity would suit you better than a sum of money given at once; perhaps the sum itself may be too considerable. Whatever you shall think proper to bestow upon me, or in whatever manner, will be received with equal gratitude.

I intended to stop here; but, as I abhor the least appearance of art, I think it will be better to lay open my whole scheme at once. The unhappy war, which now desolates Europe, will oblige me to defer seeing France till a peace. But that reason can have no influence upon Italy, a country which every scholar must long to see. Should you grant my request, and not disapprove of my manner of employing your bounty, I would leave England this autumn, and pass the winter at Lausanne, with M. de Voltaire and my old friends. The armies no longer obstruct my passage, and it must be indifferent to you whether I am at Lausanne or at London during the winter, since I shall not be at Beriton. In the spring I would cross the Alps, and, after some stay in Italy, as the war must then be terminated, return home through France, to live happily with your and my dear mother. I am now two-and-twenty; a tour must take up a considerable time; and though I believe you have no thoughts of settling me soon (and I am sure I have not), yet so many things may intervene, that the man, who does not travel early, runs a great risk of not travelling at all. But this part of my scheme, as well as the whole, I submit entirely to you.

Permit me, dear sir, to add, that I do not know whether the complete compliance with my wishes could increase my love and gratitude; but that I am very sure no refusal could diminish those sentiments with which I shall always remain, dear sir, your, &c.

## LETTER LXXX.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq.*

Beriton, April 29, 1767.

Dear Holroyd,

I HAPPENED to-night to stumble upon a very odd piece of intelligence in the St. James's Chronicle; it related to the marriage of a certain Monsieur Olroy, formerly captain of hussars. I do not know how it came into my head that this captain of hussars was not unknown to me, and that he might possibly be an acquaintance of yours. If I am not mistaken in my conjecture, pray give my compliments to him, and tell him from me, that I am at least

as well pleased that he is married as if I were so myself. Assure him, however, that though as a philosopher I may prefer celibacy, yet, as a politician, I think it highly proper that the species should be propagated by the usual method; assure him even that I am convinced, that if celibacy is exposed to fewer miseries, marriage can alone promise real happiness, since domestic enjoyments are the source of every other good. May such happiness, which is bestowed on few, be given to him; the transient blessings of beauty, and the more durable ones of fortune, good sense, and an amiable disposition.

I can easily conceive, and as easily excuse you, if you have thought mighty little this winter of your poor rusticated friend. I have been confined ever since Christmas, and confined by a succession of very melancholy occupations. I had scarcely arrived at Beriton, where I proposed staying only about a fortnight, when a brother of Mrs. Gibbon's died unexpectedly, though after a very long and painful illness. We were scarcely recovered from the confusion, which such an event must produce in a family, when my father was taken dangerously ill, and with some intervals has continued so ever since. I can assure you, my dear Holroyd, that the same event appears in a very different light when the danger is serious and immediate; or when, in the gaiety of a tavern dinner, we affect an insensibility, that would do us no great honour were it real. My father is now much better; but I have since been assailed by a severe stroke—the loss of a friend. You remember, perhaps, an officer of our militia, whom I sometimes used to compare to yourself. Indeed, the comparison would have done honour to any one. His feelings were tender and noble, and he was always guided by them: his principles were just and generous, and he acted up to them. I shall say no more, and you will excuse my having said so much, of a man with whom you were unacquainted; but my mind is just now so very full of him, that I cannot easily talk, or even think, of any thing else. If I know you right, you will not be offended at my *weakness*.

What rather adds to my uneasiness, is the necessity I am under of joining our militia the day after tomorrow. Though the lively hurry of such a scene might contribute to divert my ideas, yet every circumstance of it, and the place itself (which was that of his residence), will give me many a painful moment. I know nothing would better raise my spirits than a visit from you: the request may appear unseasonable, but I think I have heard you speak of *an uncle* you had near Southampton. At all events, I hope you will snatch a moment to write to me, and give me some account of your present situation and future designs. As you are now fettered, I should expect you will not be such a *hic et ubique*, as you have been since your arrival in England. I stay at Southampton from the first to the twenty-eighth of May, and then propose making a short visit to town: if you are any where in the neighbourhood of it you may depend upon seeing me. I shall then concert measures for seeing a little more of you next winter than I have lately done, as I hope to take a pretty long spell in town. I suppose Guise has often fallen in your way: he has never once written to me, nor I to him: in the country we want materials, and in London we want time. I ought to recollect, that you even want time to read my unmeaning scrawl. Believe, however, my dear Holroyd, that it is the sincere expression of a heart entirely yours.

## LETTER LXXXI.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq.*

October 6, 1771.

Dear Holroyd,

I SIT down to answer your epistle, after taking a very pleasant ride.—A ride! and upon what?—Upon a horse.—*You lie!*—I don't.—I have got a droll little poney, and intend to renew the long forgotten practice of equitation, as it was known in the world before the second of June of the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three. As I used to reason against riding, so I can now argue for it; and indeed the principal use I know in human reason is, when called upon, to furnish arguments for what we have an inclination to do.

What do you mean by presuming to affirm that I am of no use here? Farmer Gibbon of no use? *Last week* I sold all my hops, and I believe well, at nine guineas a hundred, to a very responsible man. Some people think I might have got more at Weyhill fair, but that would have been an additional expense, and a great uncertainty. Our quantity has disappointed us very much: but I think, that, besides hops for the family, there will not be less than 500*l.*;—no contemptible sum off thirteen small acres, and two of them planted last year only. *This week* I let a little farm in Petersfield by auction, and propose raising it from 25*l.* to 35*l.* *per annum*:—and farmer Gibbon of no use!

To be serious, I have but one reason for resisting your invitation and my own wishes; that is, Mrs. Gibbon I left nearly alone all last winter, and shall do the same this. She submits very cheerfully to that state of solitude; but, on sounding her, I am convinced that she would think it unkind were I to leave her at present. I know you so well, that I am sure you will acquiesce in this reason; and let me make my next visit to Sheffield Place from town, which I think may be a little before Christmas. I should like to hear something of the precise time, duration, and extent of your intended tour to Bucks. Adieu.

## LETTER LXXXII.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq. at Edinburgh.*

Bentinck Street, Aug. 7, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,

I BEG ten thousand pardons for not being dead, as I certainly ought to be. But, such is my abject nature, that I had rather live in Bentinck Street, attainted and convicted of the sin of laziness, than enjoy your applause either at Old Nick's, or even in the Elysian Fields. After all, could you expect that I should honour with my correspondence a wild barbarian of the bogs of Erin? Had the natives intercepted my letter, the terrors occasioned by such unknown magic characters might have been fatal to you. But now you have escaped the fury of their hospitality, and are arrived among a cee-vi-leezed nation, I may venture to renew my intercourse.

You tell me of a long list of dukes, lords, and chieftains, of renown, to whom you are introduced; were I with you, I should prefer one *David* to them all. When you are at Edinburgh, I hope you will not fail to visit the stye of that fattest of Epicurus's hogs, and inform yourself whether there remains no hope of its recovering the use of its right paw. There is another animal of *great*, though not perhaps of *equal*, and certainly not of *similar* merit, one Robertson: has he almost created the new world? Many other men you

have undoubtedly seen, in the country where you are at present, who must have commanded your esteem: but when you return, if you are not very honest, you will possess great advantages over me in any dispute concerning Caledonian merit.

Boodle's and Atwood's are now no more. The last stragglers, and Godfrey Clarke in the rear of all, are moved away to their several castles; and I now enjoy, in the midst of London, a delicious solitude. My library, Kensington Gardens, and a few parties with new acquaintance who are chained to London (among whom I reckon Goldsmith and sir Joshua Reynolds), fill up my time, and the monster *Ennui* preserves a very respectful distance. By the bye, your friends Batt, sir John Russel, and Lascelles, dined with me one day before they set off; for I sometimes give the prettiest little dinner in the world. But all this composure draws near its conclusion.—About the sixteenth of this month Mr. Eliot carries me away, and after picking up Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, sets me down at Port Eliot; there I shall remain six weeks, or, in other words, to the end of September. My future motions, whether to London, Derbyshire, or a longer stay in Cornwall (pray, is not "motion to stay" rather in the Hibernian style?), will depend on the life of Port Eliot, the time of the meeting of parliament, and perhaps the impatience of Mr. ******, lord of Lenborough. One of my pleasures to town I forgot to mention, the unexpected visit of Deyverdun, who accompanies his young lord (very young indeed!) on a two months' tour to England.—He took the opportunity of the earl's going down to the duke of * * * * * * *, to spend a fortnight (nor do I recollect a more pleasant one) in Bentinck Street. They are now gone together into Yorkshire, and I think it doubtful whether I shall see him again before his return to Leipsic. It is a melancholy reflection, that while one is plagued with acquaintance at the corner of every street, real friends should be separated from each other by unsurmountable bars, and obliged to catch at a few transient moments of interview. I desire that you and my lady (whom I most respectfully greet) would take your share of that very new and acute observation, not so large a share indeed as my Swiss friend, since nature and fortune give *us* more frequent opportunities of being together. You cannot expect news from a desert, and such is London at present. The papers give you the full harvest of public intelligence; and I imagine that the eloquent nymphs of Twickenham communicate all the transactions of the polite, the amorous, and the marrying world. The great pantomime of Portsmouth was universally admired; and I am angry at my own laziness in neglecting an excellent opportunity of seeing it. Foote has given us the Bankrupt, a serious and sentimental piece, with very severe strictures on the license of scandal in attacking private characters. Adieu. Forgive and epistolize me. I shall not believe you sincere in the former, unless you make Bentinck Street your inn. I fear I shall be gone; but Mrs. Ford and the parrot will be proud to receive you and my lady after your long peregrination, from which I expect great improvements. Has she got the brogue upon the tip of her tongue?

## LETTER LXXXIII.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq.*

Paris, August 13, 1777.

WELL, and who is the culprit now?—Thus far had I written in

the pride of my heart, and fully determined to inflict an epistle upon you, even before I received any answer to my former; I was very near a bull. But this forward half-line lays ten days barren and inactive, till its generative powers were excited by the missive which I received yesterday. What a wretched piece of work do we seem to be making of it in America? The greatest force, which any European power ever ventured to transport into that continent, is not strong enough even to attack the enemy; the naval strength of Great Britain is not sufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almost lost the appellation of rebels) from receiving every assistance that they wanted; and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers. You possibly may expect from me some account of the designs and policy of the French court; but I choose to decline that task for two reasons: 1st, Because you may find them laid open in every newspaper; and 2dly, Because I live too much with their courtiers and ministers to know any thing about them. I shall only say, that I am not under any immediate apprehensions of a war with France. It is much more pleasant, as well as profitable, to view in safety the raging of the tempest, occasionally to pick up some pieces of the wreck, and to improve their trade, their agriculture, and their finances, while the two countries are *lento collisa duello.** Far from taking any step to put a speedy end to this astonishing dispute, I should not be surprised if next summer they were to lend their cordial assistance to England, as to the weaker party. As to my personal engagement with the D. of R., I recollect a few slight skirmishes, but nothing that deserves the name of a general engagement. The extravagance of some disputants, both French and English, who have espoused the cause of America, sometimes inspires me with an extraordinary vigour. Upon the whole, I find it much easier to defend the justice than the policy of our measures; but there are certain cases, where whatever is repugnant to sound policy ceases to be just.

The more I see of Paris, the more I like it. The regular course of the society in which I live is easy, polite, and entertaining; and almost every day is marked by the acquisition of some new acquaintance, who is worth cultivating, or who at least is worth remembering. To the great admiration of the French, I regularly dine and regularly sup, drink a dish of strong coffee after each meal, and find my stomach a citizen of the world. The spectacles (particularly the Italian, and above all the French Comedies), which are open the whole summer, afford me an agreeable relaxation from company; and to show you that I frequent them from taste, and not from idleness, I have not yet seen the Colisee, the Vauxhall, the Boulevards, or any of those places of entertainment which constitute Paris to most of our countrymen. Occasional trips to dine or sup in some of the thousand country houses, which are scattered round the environs of Paris, serve to vary the scene. In the mean while the summer insensibly glides away, and the fatal month of October approaches, when I must change the house of madame Necker for the House of Commons. I regret that I could not choose the winter, instead of the summer, for this excursion: I should have found many valuable persons, and should have preserved others whom I have lost as I began to know them. The duke de Choiseul, who deserves attention both for himself and for keeping the best house in Paris, passes

* Engaged in a lingering war.

seven months of the year in Touraine; and though I have been tempted, I consider with horror a journey of sixty leagues into the country. The princess of Beauveau, who is a most superior woman, had been absent about six weeks, and does not return till the 24th of this month. A large body of recruits will be assembled by the Fontainbleau journey; but, in order to have a thorough knowledge of this splendid country, I ought to stay till the month of January; and if I could be sure, that opposition would be as tranquil as they were last year — I think your life has been as animated, or, at least, as tumultuous; and I envy you lady Payne, &c., much more than either the primate or the chief justice. Let not the generous breast of my lady be torn by the black serpents of envy. She still possesses the first place in the sentiments of her slave: but the adventure of the fan was a mere accident, owing to lord Carmarthen. Adieu. I think you may be satisfied. I say nothing of my terrestrial affairs.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

### *From Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq.*

February 6th, 1779.

You are quiet and peaceable, and do not bark, as usual, at my silence. To reward you, I would send you some news, but we are asleep: no foreign intelligence, except the capture of a frigate; no certain accounts from the West Indies, and a dissolution of parliament, which seems to have taken place since Christmas. In the papers you will see negotiations, changes of departments, &c., and I have *some* reason to believe that those reports are not entirely without foundation. Portsmouth is no longer an object of speculation; the whole stream of all men, and all parties, run one way. Sir Hugh is disgraced, ruined, &c. &c.; and as an old wound has broken out again, they say he must have his leg cut off as soon as he has time. In a night or two we shall be in a blaze of illumination, from the zeal of naval heroes, land patriots, and tallow chandlers; the last are not the least sincere. I want to hear some details of your military and familiar proceedings. By your silence I suppose your admire Davis, and dislike my pamphlet; yet such is the public folly, that we have a second edition in the press: the fashionable style of the clergy is to say they have not read it. If Maria does not take care, I shall write a much sharper invective against her, for *not* answering my diabolical book. My lady carried it down, with a solemn promise that I should receive an *unassisted* French letter. Yet I embrace the little animal, as well as my lady, and the *spes altera Romæ*.* Adieu.

There is a buzz about a peace, and Spanish mediation.

## LETTER LXXXV.

### *Edward Gibbon, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield.*

Lausanne, September 30th, 1783.

I ARRIVED safe in harbour last Saturday, the 27th instant, about ten o'clock in the morning; but, as the post only goes out twice a week, it was not in my power to write before this day. Except one day, between Langres and Besançon, which was laborious enough, I finished my easy and gentle airing without any fatigue, either of mind or body. I found Deyverdun well and happy, but much more happy at the sight of a friend, and the accomplishment of a scheme, which he had so long and impatiently

* The other hope of Rome.

desired. His garden, terrace, and park, have even exceeded the most sanguine of my expectations and remembrances; and you yourself cannot have forgotten the charming prospect of the lake, the mountains, and the declivity of the Pays de Vaud. But as human life is perpetually chequered with good and evil, I have found some disappointments on my arrival. The easy nature of Deyverdun, his indolence, and his impatience, had prompted him to reckon too positively that his house would be vacant at Michaelmas; some unforeseen difficulties have arisen, or have been discovered when it was already too late, and the consummation of our hopes is (I am much afraid) postponed to next spring. At first I was knocked down by the unexpected thunderbolt; but I have gradually been reconciled to my fate, and have granted a free and gracious pardon to my friend. As his own apartment, which afforded me a temporary shelter, is much too narrow for a settled residence, we hired, for the winter, a convenient, ready-furnished apartment, in the nearest part of the Rue de Bourg, whose back door leads in three steps to the terrace and garden, as often as a tolerable day shall tempt us to enjoy their beauties: and this arrangement has even its advantage, of giving us time to deliberate and provide, before we enter on a larger and more regular establishment. But this is not the sum of my misfortunes: hear, and pity! The day after my arrival (Sunday) we had just finished a temperate dinner, and intended a round of visits on foot, *chapeau sous le bras*, when, most unfortunately, Deyverdun proposed to show me something in the court: we boldly and successfully ascended a flight of stone steps, but in the descent I missed my footing, and strained, or sprained, my ancle in a painful manner. My old latent enemy (I do not mean the devil), who is always on the watch, has made an ungenerous use of his advantage, and I much fear that my arrival at Lausanne will be marked with a fit of the gout, though it is quite unnecessary that the intelligence or suspicion should find its way to Bath. Yesterday afternoon I lay, or at least sat, in state, to receive visits, and at the same moment my room was filled with four different nations. The loudest of these nations was the single voice of the abbé Raynal, who, like yourfriend, has chosen this place for the asylum of freedom and history. His conversation, which might be very agreeable, is intolerably loud, peremptory, and insolent; and you would imagine, that he alone was the monarch and legislator of the world. Adieu. I embrace my lady, and the infants. With regard to the important transactions, for which you are constituted plenipotentiary, I expect, with some impatience, but with perfect confidence, the result of your labours. You may remember what I mentioned of my conversation with * * * * * about the place of minister at Bern: I have talked it over with Deyverdun, who does not dislike the idea, provided this place was allowed to be my villa during at least two-thirds of the year; but for my part I am sure, that * * * * * are worth more than ministerial friendship and gratitude; so I am inclined to think that they are preferable to an office, which would be procured with difficulty, enjoyed with constraint and expense, and lost, perhaps, next April, in the annual revolutions of our domestic government. Again adieu.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Sheffield.*

Lausanne, October 28, 1783.

THE progress of my gout is in general so regular, and there is so

much uniformity in the History of its Decline and Fall, that I have hitherto indulged my laziness, without much shame or remorse, without supposing that you would be very anxious for my safety, which has been sufficiently provided for by the triple care of my friend Deyverdun, my humbler friend Caplin, and a very conversable physician (not the famous Tissot), whose ordinary fee is ten batz, about fifteen pence English. After the usual increase and decrease of the member (for it has been confined to the injured part), the gout has retired in good order; and the remains of weakness, which obliged me to move on the rugged pavement of Lausanne with a stick, or rather small crutch, are to be ascribed to the sprain, which might have been a much more serious business. As I have now spent a month at Lausanne, you will inquire with much curiosity, more kindness, and some mixture of spite and malignity, how far the place has answered my expectations, and whether I do not repent of a resolution, which has appeared so rash and ridiculous to my ambitious friends? To this question, however natural and reasonable, I shall not return an immediate answer, for two reasons: 1. *I have not yet made a fair trial.* The disappointment and delay, with regard to Deyverdun's house, will confine us this winter to lodgings, rather convenient than spacious or pleasant. I am only beginning to recover my strength and liberty, and to look about on persons and things: the greatest part of those persons are in the country, taken up with their vintage; my books are not yet arrived; and, in short, I cannot look upon myself as settled in that comfortable way, which you and I understand and relish. Yet the weather has been heavenly, and till this time, the end of October, we enjoy the brightness of the sun, and somewhat gently complain of its immoderate heat. 2. If I should be too sanguine in explaining my satisfaction in what I have done, you would ascribe that satisfaction to the novelty of the scene, and the inconstancy of man; and I deem it far more safe and prudent to postpone any positive declaration, till I am placed by experience beyond the danger of repentance and recantation. Yet of one thing I am sure, that I possess in this country, as well as in England, the best cordial of life, a sincere, tender, and sensible friend, adorned with the most valuable and pleasant qualities both of the heart and head. The inferior enjoyments of leisure and society are likewise in my power; and in the short excursions, which I have hitherto made, I have commenced or renewed my acquaintance with a certain number of persons, more especially women (who, at least in France and this country, are undoubtedly superior to our prouder sex), of rational minds and elegant manners. I breakfast alone, and have declared that I receive no visits in a morning, which you will easily suppose is devoted to study. I find it impossible, without inconvenience, to defer my dinner beyond two o'clock. We have got a very good woman cook. Deyverdun, who is somewhat of an epicurean philosopher, understands the management of a table, and we frequently invite a guest or two, to share our luxurious, but not extravagant repasts. The afternoons are (and will be much more so hereafter) devoted to society, and I shall find it necessary to play at cards much oftener than in London: but I do not dislike that way of passing a couple of hours, and I shall not be ruined at shilling whist. As yet I have not supped, but in the course of the winter I must sometimes sacrifice an evening abroad, and in exchange I hope sometimes to steal a day at home, without going

into company. * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * I have all this time been talking to lord Sheffield; I hope that he has despatched my affairs, and it would give me pleasure to hear that I am no longer member for Lymington, nor lord of *Lenborough*. Adieu. I feel every day that the distance serves only to make me think with more tenderness of the persons whom I love.

## LETTER LXXXVII.

### *Edward Gibbon, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield.*

Lausanne, Nov. 14th, 1783.

LAST Tuesday, November eleventh, after plaguing and vexing yourself all the morning about some business of your fertile creation, you went to the House of Commons, and passed the afternoon, the evening, and perhaps the night, without sleep or food, stifled in a close room, heated by the respiration of six hundred politicians, inflamed by party passion, and tired of the repetition of dull nonsense, which, in that illustrious assembly, so far outweighs the proportion of reason and eloquence. On the same day, after a studious morning, a friendly dinner, and a cheerful assembly of both sexes, I retired to rest at eleven o'clock, satisfied with the past day, and certain that the next would afford me the return of the same quiet and rational enjoyments. *Which has the better bargain?* Seriously, I am every hour more grateful to my own judgment and resolution, and only regret that I so long delayed the execution of a favourite plan, which I am convinced is the best adapted to my character and inclinations. Your conjecture of the revolutions of my face, when I heard that the house was for this winter inaccessible, is probable, but false. I bore my disappointment with the temper of a sage, and only use it to render the prospect of next year still more pleasing to my imagination. You are likewise mistaken, in imputing my fall to the awkwardness of my limbs. The same accident might have happened to Slingsby himself, or to any *hero* of the age, the most distinguished for his *bodily activity*. I have now resumed my entire strength, and walk with caution, yet with speed and safety, through the streets of this mountainous city. After a month of the finest autumn I ever saw, the *bise* made me feel my old acquaintance; the weather is now milder, and this present day is dark and rainy, not much better than what you probably enjoy in England.—The town is comparatively empty, but the noblesse are returning every day from their chateaux, and I already perceive, that I shall have more reason to complain of dissipation than of dullness. As I told lady S., I am afraid of being too rash and hasty in expressing my satisfaction; but I must again repeat, that appearances are extremely favourable. I am sensible, that general praise conveys no distinct ideas, but it is very difficult to enter into particulars where the individuals are unknown, or indifferent to our correspondent. You have forgotten the *old* generation, and in twenty years a new one is grown up. Death has swept many from the world, and chance or choice has brought many to this place. If you inquire after your acquaintance, Catherine, you must be told, that she is solitary, ugly, blind, and universally forgotten. Your later flame, and our common goddess, the Eliza, passed a month at the inn. She came to consult Tissot, and was acquainted with Cerjat. And now to business. * * * * *
* * * * * * *

With regard to meaner cases, these are two, which you can and will undertake. 1. As I have not renounced my country, I should be glad to hear of your parliamentary squabbles, which may be done with small trouble and expense. After an interesting debate, my lady in due time may cut the speeches from Woodfall: you will write or dictate any curious anecdote; and the whole, enclosed in a letter, may be despatched to Lausanne. 2. A set of Wedgewood china, which we talked of in London, and which would be most acceptable here. As you have a *sort* of taste, I leave to your own choice the colour and the pattern; but as I have the inclination and means to live very handsomely *here*, I desire that the size and number of things may be adequate to a plentiful table. If you see lord North, assure him of my gratitude: had he been a more successful friend, I should now be drudging at the Board of Customs, or vexed with business in the amiable society of ——. To lord Loughborough present an affectionate sentiment: I am satisfied of his intention to serve me, if I had not been in such a fidget. I am sure you will not fail, while you are in town, to visit and comfort poor aunt Kitty. I wrote to her on my first arrival, and she may be assured that I will not neglect her. To my lady I say nothing; we have now our private correspondence, into which the eye of a husband should not be permitted to intrude. I am really satisfied with the success of the pamphlet; not only because I have a sneaking kindness for the author, but as it shows me, that plain sense, full information, and warm spirit, are still acceptable in the world. You talk of Lausanne as a place of retirement; yet, from the situation and freedom of the Pays de Vaud, all nations, and all extraordinary characters, are astonished to meet each other. The abbé Raynal, the grand Gibbon, and Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*, have been in the same room. The other day the prince and princess de Ligne, the duke and duchess d'Ursel, &c., came from Brussels on purpose (literally true) to act a comedy at * * * * in the country. He was dying, and could not appear; but we had comedy, ball, and supper. The event seems to have revived him; for that great man is fallen from his ancient glory, and his nearest relations refuse to see him. I told you of poor Catherine's deplorable state; but madame de Mesery, at the age of sixty-nine, is still handsome. Adieu.

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

### *Edward Gibbon, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield.*

Lausanne, December 20th, 1783.

I HAVE received both your epistles; and as any excuse will serve a man, who is at the same time very busy and very idle, I patiently expected the second before I entertained any thoughts of answering the first. * * * * * * * * * * * * I therefore conclude, that, on every principle of common sense, before this moment your active zeal has already expelled me from the house, to which, without regret, I bid an everlasting farewell. The agreeable hour of five o'clock in the morning, at which you commonly retire, does not tend to revive my attachment; but if you add the soft hours of your morning committee, in the discussion of taxes, customs, frauds, smugglers, &c., I think I should beg to be released, and quietly sent to the galleys as a place of leisure and freedom. Yet I do not depart from my general principles of toleration. Some animals are made to live in the water, others

on the earth, many in the air, and some, as it is now believed, even in fire. Your present hurry of parliament I perfectly understand; when opposition make the attack,

——*Horæ*
*Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.**

But when the minister brings forward any strong and decisive measure, he at length prevails; but his progress is retarded at every step, and in every stage of the bill, by a pertinacious, though unsuccessful minority. I am not sorry to hear of the splendour of Fox; I am proud in a foreign country, of his fame and abilities, and our little animosities are extinguished by my retreat from the English stage. With regard to the substance of the business, I scarcely know what to think: the vices of the company, both in their persons and constitution, were manifold and manifest: the danger was imminent, and such an empire, with thirty millions of subjects, was not to be lost for trifles. Yet, on the other hand, the faith of charters, the rights of property! I hesitate and tremble. Such an innovation would at least require, that the remedy should be as certain as the evil; and the proprietors may perhaps insinuate, that *they* were as competent guardians of their own affairs, as either * * * * or * * * *. Their acting without a salary seems childish, and their not being removable by the crown is a strange and dangerous precedent. But enough of politics, which I now begin to view through a thin, cold, distant cloud, yet not without a reasonable degree of curiosity and patriotism. From the papers (especially when you add an occasional slice of the Chronicle) I shall be amply informed of facts and debates. From you I expect the causes, rather than the events, the true springs of action, and those interesting anecdotes which seldom ascend the garret of a Fleet Street editor. You say that many friends (alias acquaintance) have expressed curiosity and concern—I should not wish to be immediately forgotten;—that others (you once mentioned Gerard Hamilton) condemn government for suffering the departure of a man, who might have done them some credit and some service, perhaps as much as * * * * * himself. To you, in the confidence of friendship, and without either pride or resentment, I will fairly own that I am somewhat of Gerard's opinion: and if I did not compare it with the rest of his character, I should be astonished that * * * * * suffered me to depart, without even a civil answer to my letter. Were I capable of hating a man, whom it is not easy to hate, I should find myself amply revenged by * * * *. But the happy souls in paradise are susceptible only of love and pity; and though Lausanne is not a paradise, more especially in winter, I do assure you, in sober prose, that it has hitherto fulfilled, and even surpassed, my warmest expectations. Yet I often cast a look toward Sheffield Place, where you now repose, if you can repose, during the Christmas recess. Embrace my lady, the young baroness, and the gentle Louisa, and insinuate to your silent consort, that separate letters require separate answers. Had I an air balloon, the great topic of modern conversation, I would call upon you till the meeting of parliament. *Vale.*

* Death or victory comes in an instant.

## LETTER LXXXIX.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to Mrs. Porten.*

Lausanne, December 27th, 1783.

Dear madam,

THE unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real

happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment; and if that happiness is of a quiet, uniform kind, we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend. By you, therefore, whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life on every occasion the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. * * * *. * * * * *.

From this base subject I ascend to one which more seriously and strongly engages your thoughts, the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the same design two, or five, or even ten years ago. By this time, I might have returned independent and rich to my native country; I should have escaped many disagreeable events, that have happened in the mean while, and I should have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my temper, nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy, you will agree with me, in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend: and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you will easily believe that Deyverdun is the man. Perhaps two persons so perfectly fitted to live together, were never formed by nature and education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects; the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended, and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage, some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours, we must expect some disagreeable moments; but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mistaken if the building be not solid and comfortable. One disappointment I have indeed experienced, and patiently supported. The family who were settled in Deyverdun's house started some unexpected difficulties, and will not leave it till the spring; so that you must not yet expect any poetical, or even historical, description of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter, we are satisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive some advantage from this delay: as it gives us time to arrange some plans of alteration and furniture, which will embellish our future and more elegant dwelling. In this season I rise (not at four in the morning) but, a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone, in the English style; and, with the aid of Caplin, I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck Street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation; as for instance we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our

company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist, at shillings or half crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life; it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts, the characters of the men and women, with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself, and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter hitherto mild, but in January we must expect some severe frost. Instead of rolling in a coach, I walk the streets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exercise is wholesome, and, except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavillard's house, where I was almost starved with cold and hunger, and you may be assured I now enjoy every benefit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wish me happy; acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness, than five nights in the week passed in the House of Commons, or five mornings spent at the custom-house. Send me, in return, a fair account of your own situation in mind and body. I am satisfied your own good sense would have reconciled you to inevitable separation; but there never was a more suitable diversion than your visit to Sheffield Place. Among the innumerable proofs of friendship which I have received from that family, there are none which affect me more sensibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am persuaded that they are at least as much on your account as on mine. At length madame de * * * * * * is delivered by her tyrant's death; her daughter, a valuable woman of this place, has made some inquiries, and though her own circumstances are narrow, she will not suffer her father's widow to be left totally destitute. I am glad you derived so much melancholy pleasure from the letters, yet had I known it, I should have withheld * * * *.

## LETTER XC.

### *Edward Gibbon, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield.*

Lausanne, August, 1789.

AFTER receiving and despatching the power of attorney, last Wednesday, I opened with some palpitation, the unexpected missive which arrived this morning. The perusal of the contents spoiled my breakfast. They are disagreeable in themselves, alarming in their consequences, and peculiarly unpleasant at the present moment, when I hoped to have formed and completed the arrangements of my future life. I do not perfectly understand what are these deeds which are so inflexibly required; the wills and marriage settlements I have sufficiently answered. But your ar-

guments do not convince ****, and I have very little hope from the Lenborough search. What will be the event? If his objections are only the result of legal scrupulosity, surely they might be removed, and every chink might be filled, by a general bond of indemnity, in which I boldly ask you to join, as it will be a substantial, important act of friendship, without any possible risk to yourself or your successors. Should he still remain obdurate, I must believe, what I already suspect, that **** repents of his purchase, and wishes to elude the conclusion. Our case would then be hopeless, *ibi omnis effusus labor*, and the estate would be returned on our hands with the taint of a bad title. The refusal of mortgage does not please me; but surely our offer shews some confidence in the goodness of my title. If he will not take eight thousand pounds at *four per cent.* we must look out elsewhere; new doubts and delays will arise, and I am persuaded that you will not place an implicit confidence in any attorney. I know not as yet your opinion about my Lausanne purchase. If you are against it, the present position of affairs gives you great advantage, &c. &c. The Severys are all well: an uncommon circumstance for the four persons of the family at once. They are now at Mex, a country-house six miles from hence, which I visit to-morrow for two or three days. They often come to town, and we shall contrive to pass a part of the autumn together at Rolle. I want to change the scene; and beautiful as the garden and prospect must appear to every eye, I feel that the state of my own mind casts a gloom over them; every spot, every walk, every bench, recals the memory of those hours, of those conversations, which will return no more. But I tear myself from the subject. I could not help writing to-day, though I do not find I have said any thing very material. As you must be conscious that you have agitated me, you will not postpone any agreeable, or even *decisive* intelligence. I almost hesitate, whether I shall run over to England, to consult with you on the spot, and to fly from poor Deyverdun's shade, which meets me at every turn. I did not expect to have felt his loss so sharply. But six hundred miles! Why are we so far off?

Once more, What is the difficulty of the title? Will men of sense, in a sensible country, never get rid of the tyranny of lawyers, more oppressive and ridiculous than even the old yoke of the clergy? Is not a term of seventy or eighty years, nearly twenty in my own person, sufficient to prove our legal possession? Will not the records of fines and recoveries attest that *I* am free from any bar of entails and settlements? Consult some sage of the law, whether their present demand be necessary and legal. If your ground be firm, force them to execute the agreement, or forfeit the deposit. But if, as I much fear, they have a right and a wish, to elude the consummation, would it not be better to release them at once, than to be hung up for five years, as in the case of Lovegrove, which cost me in the end four or five thousand pounds? You are bold, you are wise; consult, resolve, act. In my penultimate letter I dropped a strange hint, that a migration homeward was not impossible. I know not what to say: my mind is all afloat! yet you will not reproach me with caprice or inconstancy. How many years did you damn my scheme of retiring to Lausanne! I executed that plan; I found as much happiness as is compatible with human nature, and during four years (1783—1787) I never breathed a sigh of repentance. On my return from England, the scene was changed: I found only a faint semblance of Dey-

verdun, and that semblance was each day fading from my sight. I have passed an anxious year, but my anxiety is now at an end, and the prospect before me is a melancholy solitude. I am still deeply rooted in this country: the possession of this paradise; the friendship of the Severys, a mode of society suited to my taste, and the enormous trouble and *expense* of a migration. Yet in England (when the present clouds are dispelled) I could form a very comfortable establishment in London, or rather at Bath; and I have a very noble country-seat at about ten miles from East Grinstead in Sussex. That spot is dearer to me than the rest of the three kingdoms; and I have sometimes wondered how two men, so opposite in their tempers and pursuits, should have imbided so long and lively a propensity for each other. Sir Stainier Porten is just dead. He has left his widow with a moderate pension, and two children, my nearest relations: the eldest, Charlotte, is about Louisa's age, and also a most amiable and sensible young creature. I have conceived a romantic idea of educating and adopting her; as we descend into the vale of years, our infirmities require some domestic female society; Charlotte would be the comfort of my age, and I could reward her care and tenderness with a decent fortune. A thousand difficulties oppose the execution of the plan, which I have never opened but to you; yet it would be less impraticable in England than in Switzerland. Adieu. I am wounded; pour some oil into my wounds; yet I am less unhappy since I have thrown my mind upon paper.

Are you not amazed at the French revolution? They have the power, will they have the moderation, to establish a good constitution? Adieu, ever yours.

## LETTER XCI.

*Edward Gibbon, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield.*

Lausanne, Dec. 15th, 1789.

You have often reason to accuse my strange silence and neglect in the most important of *my own* affairs; for I will presume to assert, that in a business of yours of equal consequence, you should not find me cold or careless. But on the present occasion my silence is, perhaps, the highest compliment I ever paid you. You remember the answer of Philip of Macedon; "Philip may sleep, while he knows that Parmenio is awake." I expected, and, to say the truth, I wished, that my Parmenio would have decided and acted, without expecting my dilatory answer; and in his decision I should have acquiesced with implicit confidence. But since you will have my opinion, let us consider the present state of my affairs. In the course of my life I have often known, and sometimes felt, the difficulty of getting money; but I now find myself involved in a more singular distress, the difficulty of placing it, and, if it continues much longer, I shall almost wish for my land again.

I perfectly agree with you, that it is bad management to purchase in the funds when they do not yield four pounds *per cent.* * * * * * * * * * * * * * Some of this money I can place safely, by means of my banker here; and I shall possess, what I have always desired, a command of cash, which I cannot abuse to my prejudice, since I have it in my power to supply with my pen any extraordinary or fanciful indulgence of expense. And so much, much indeed, for pecuniary matters. What would you have me say of the affairs of France? We are too near, and too remote, to form an accurate

judgment of that wonderful scene. The abuses of the court and government called aloud for reformation; and it has happened, as it will always happen, that an innocent, well-disposed prince has paid the forfeit of the sins of his predecessors; of the ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth, of the profusion of Lewis the Fifteenth. The French nation had a glorious opportunity; but they have abused, and may lose their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy of a free country. How different is the prospect! Their king, brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been stained by the blood of his guards; the nobles in exile; the clergy plundered in a way which strikes at the root of all property; the capital an independent republic; the union of the provinces dissolved; the flames of discord kindled by the worst of men (in that light I consider Mirabeau); and the honestest of the assembly a set of wild visionaries (like our Dr. Price), who gravely debate and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five-and-twenty millions, of the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reasoning, to an equal partition of lands and money. How many years must elapse before France can recover any vigour, or resume her station among the powers of Europe! As yet, there is no symptom of a great man, a Richelieu or a Cromwell, arising, either to restore the monarchy, or to lead the commonwealth. The weight of Paris, more deeply engaged in the funds than *all* the rest of the kingdom, will long delay a bankruptcy; and if it should happen, it will be, both in the cause and the effect, a measure of weakness, rather than of strength. You send me to Chamberry, to see a prince and an archbishop. Alas! we have exiles enough here, with the marshal de Castries and the duke de Guignes at their head; and this inundation of strangers, which used to be confined to the summer, will now stagnate all the winter. The only ones whom I have seen with pleasure are Mr. Mounier, the late president of the national assembly, and the count de Lally; they have both dined with me. Mounier, who is a serious, dry politician, is returned to Dauphiné. Lally is an amiable man of the world, and a poet: he passes the winter here. You know how much I prefer a quiet select society to a crowd of names and titles, and that I always seek conversation with a view to amusement, rather than information. What happy countries are England and Switzerland, if they know and preserve their happiness!

I have a thousand things to say to my lady, Maria, and Louisa, but I can add only a short postscript about the Madeira. Good Madeira is now become essential to my health and reputation. May your hogshead prove as good as the last; may it not be intercepted by the rebels or the Austrians. What a scene again in that country! Happy England! Happy Switzerland! I again repeat. Adieu.

## LETTER XCII.

### *Anna Seward to George Hardinge, Esq.*

Litchfield, Nov 11, 1787

SEDUCER! thou hast made me what I thought to have left the world without having ever been—in love with a lord. His last letter, which you enclosed, concerning his opinion on

capital punishments, has fairly done the business; and I had rather be honoured with lord Camelford's amity, than with the marked attention and avowed esteem of most other of the titled sons of our land.

Lord C.'s wit, his ease, and those descriptive powers, which bring scenery to the eye with the precision of the pencil, had previously delighted me; but with the *heart*, sweetly shining out in his last epistle, I am so intemperately charmed, that his idea often fills my eyes with those delicious tears, which, beneath the contemplation of virtues that emulate what we conceive of Deity, instantaneous spring to the lids, without falling from them; tears, which are at once prompted and exhaled by pleasurable sensations. Suffer me to detain, yet a little longer, these scriptures of genius and of mercy.

And now for a little picking at our everlasting bone of contention. Hopeless love is apt to make folk cross; so you must expect me to snarl a little.

I am not to learn that there is a large mass of bad writing in Shakspeare; of stiff, odd, affected phrases, and words, which somewhat disgrace him, and would ten times more disgrace a modern writer, who has not his excuses to plead. All I contend for, and it is a point on which I have the suffrage of most ingenious men, is, that his best language, being more copious, easy, glowing, bold, and nervous, than that of perhaps any other writer, is the best model of poetic language to this hour, and will remain so "to the last syllable of recorded time;" that his bold licenses, when we feel that they are happy, ought to be adopted by other writers, and thus become established privileges; and that present and future English poets, if they know their own interest, will, by using his phraseology, prevent its ever becoming obsolete.

Amid the hurry in which I wrote last, my thankless pen made no comment upon the welcome information you had given, that Mr. Wyatt liked me a little. Assure yourself I like him a great deal more than a little. There's fine style for you! Next to benevolent Virtue, thou, Genius, art my earthly divinity. To thy votaries, in every line, I look up with an awe-mixed pleasure which it is delicious to feel.

When he was first introduced to me, the glories of our Pantheon rushing on my recollection, my heart beat like a love-sick girl's, on the sight of her inamorato:—

> "A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
> The same effect may give."

I am glad you like Hayley's countenance. How have I seen those fine eyes of his sparkle, and melt, and glow, as wit, compassion, or imagination, had the ascendence in his mind!

Mrs. Hardinge seems to have as much wit as yourself; the conversational ball must be admirably kept up between you. One of your characteristic expressions about her is as complete a panegyric as ever man made upon woman: "She is of all hours." If it is not in Shakspeare, and I do not recollect it there, it is like, it is worthy of his pen.

About the Herva of my friend Mathias, we are for once in unison; but you are not half so candid as I am. Ever have you found me ready to acknowledge the prosaism of many lines, which you have pointed out in my most favourite poets. I sent you some of my late friend's, and your idol, Davies, which you could not but feel were unclassical and inelegant in the extreme; yet no such concession have you made to those instances.

I have frequently mentioned Cowper's Task to you; but you are invincibly silent upon that subject.

Have I not reason to reproach? How should an enthusiast in the art she loves bear to see her friend thus coldly regardless of such a poet as Cowper, while he exalts Davies above a Beattie, an Hayley; above the author of Elfrida and Caractacus!—for said not that friend, that no modern poet was so truly a poet as Davies?

He who can think so, would, I do believe, peruse, with delectable stoicism, a bard who should now rise up with all the poetic glories that lived on the lyres of Shakspeare and Milton. "If ye believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither shall ye be persuaded by me, though one arose from the dead;"—and so much at present for prejudice and criticism.

As for the last sentence in your letter, my friend, I meddle not with politics;—yet confess myself delighted with our juvenile minister, of whom, I trust, we may say of his political as well as natural life, for many years to come—

"Our young Marcellus was not born to die."

Adieu!

## LETTER XCIII.

### *Anna Seward to Captain Seward.*

Dec. 7, 1787.

Is it possible that lord Heathfield should not see the impropriety of my presuming to intrude upon the duke of Richmond's attention with an interference, by request, in military promotion, since I can scarcely be said to have the shadow of a personal acquaintance with his grace!

My father's present state, the almost utter loss of all his intellectual faculties, is known. Did he possess them, impertinent surely would be an acknowledgment from him, that he supposed the duke meant any thing more than a polite compliment, by giving the name of obligation to the civility of ordering our servants to make up a bed for him during three nights, and to prepare a basin of gruel for him in the morning, before he went to the field. This was literally all he could be prevailed upon to accept beneath this roof, when, in his years of bloom, he united the occupation of Mars to the form of Adonis. I was then a green girl, "something between the woman and the child," nor have I ever since beheld the duke of Richmond. Though I so perfectly remember *him*, it is more than probable that he remembers not me; and it would be more than impertinent to presume that I could have interest with him.

As to incurring obligations, I should be very glad thus to incur them from the duke for your advantage;—but observation, and indeed the revolt I have always myself felt from officious recommendation, invariably proved to me that it injures instead of promoting the interests of the recommended. His grace would certainly be disgusted by my seeming to suppose, that any mention I could make of a relation, or friend, could operate in their favour. Disgust has a withering influence upon patronage. What is it I could say, that has a shadow of probability to enhance the duke's good opinion of a *military* man?—that man already recommended to him by lord Heathfield, the greatest general existing, whose praise ought to be the passport to martial honours and emolument. An attempt of this sort from me, would be just as likely to be of use, as if, had I been in Gibraltar during the siege, and when our artillery was pouring on the enemy, I had thrown a bonfire-squib into the mouth of a forty-pounder to assist the force of the explosion.

And, lest it should be apprehended that my poetic reputation might give some degree of consequence to my request, Mr. Hayley, who is the

duke's near neighbour, has told me, hat his grace had no fondness for works of imagination. The race of Mæcenas is extinct in this period.

When my dear father was in his better days, he lived on terms of intercourse and intimacy with the marquis of Stafford. Lord Sandwich and my father, in their mutual youth, had been on the continent together, with the affection of brothers. On my publishing the Monody on André, he desired me to present one to each of these lords, expressing an assured belief, that the work of an old friend's daughter would not be unacceptable.

I, who ever thought that men of rank have seldom any taste for intellectual exertion, which serves not some purpose of their own interest; and feeling an invincible repugnance to paying attentions, which are likely to be repulsed with rude neglect, strongly, warmly, and even with a few proud tears, expostulated against the intrusion. My father never knew that great world, with which, in his youth, he had much intercourse. Frank, unsuspecting, inattentive to those nice shades of manners, those effects, resulting from trivial circumstances, which develope the human heart, he judged of others by his own ingenuous disposition. Benevolent, infinitely good-natured, and incapable of treating his inferiors with neglect, he thought every kindness, every civility he received, sincere—every slight shown, either to himself or others, accidental.

Thus he would persist in the idea, that these lords would be gratified by such a mark of attention to them; and that I should receive their thanks. I, who had been so much less in their society, knew them better; that such little great men are as capable of impoliteness as they are incapable of taste for the arts:—but my obedience was insisted upon.

One condition, however, I made, that, if they should not have the good manners to write, "I thank you, madam, for your poem," he would never more request me to obtrude my compositions upon titled insolence. They had not the civility to make the least acknowledgment.

My heart (I own it is in some respects a proud one) swelled with indignation;—not at the neglect, for I felt it beneath my attention, and had expected it, but because I had been obliged to give them reason to believe that I desired their notice.

My life against sixpence, the duke of Richmond would receive a letter from me in the same manner. Ah! a soul like lord Heathfield's, attentive to intellectual exertions in the closet of the studious, as in the field of honour, and generous enough to encourage and throw around it the lustre of his notice, is even more rare than his valour and military skill. I wish his lordship to see this letter. It will explain to him the nature of those convictions, and of those feelings, which must be powerful indeed, ere I could hesitate a moment to follow his advice, though but insinuated, on any subject. My devoted respects and good wishes are his, as they are yours, not periodically, but constantly.

## LETTER XCIV.

### *Anna Seward to Miss Weston.*

Litchfield, April 15, 1788

Your letter, dear Sophia, is full of entertaining matter, adorned with the wonted grace and vivacity of your style. For the payment of such debts our little city is not responsible.

I ought, however, to speak to you of an extraordinary being, who ranged amongst us during the winter, since he bears your name, amongst us little folk, I mean, for he was by no means calculated to the meridian

of our pompous gentry; though, could he once have been received into their circle, they would perhaps have endured his figure and his profession, and half forgive the superiority of his talents, in consideration of his extreme fondness for every game at cards, and of his being an admirable whist player.

The profession of this personage is music, organist of Solihull in Warwickshire; in middle life; his height and proportion mighty slender, and well enough by nature, but fidgeted and noddled into an appearance not over prepossessing; nor are his sharp features and very sharp little eyes a whit behind them in quizzity. Then he is drest—ye gods, how he is drest!—in a salmon-coloured coat, satin waistcoat, and small-clothes of the same warm aurora tint; his violently protruded chitterlin, more luxuriant in its quantity, and more accurately plated, than B. B.'s itself, is twice open hemmed.

That his capital is not worth a single hair, he laments with a serio-comic countenance, that would make a cat laugh—and, in that ingenuousness with which he confesses all his miserable vanities, as he emphatically calls them, he tells us, that he had frizzed off the scanty crop three thousand years ago.

This loss is, however, supplied by a wig, for the perfection of which he sits an hour and a half every day under the hands of the frizzeur, that it may be plumed out like a pigeon upon steady and sailing flight—and it is always powdered with marechall,—

"Sweet to the sense, and yellow to the sight."

A hat furiously cocked and pinched, too small in the crown to admit his head, sticks upon the extremest summit of the full-winged caxon.

His voice has a scrannel tone, his articulation is hurried, his accent distinguished by Staffordshire provinciality; and it is difficult to stand his bow with any discipline of feature. He talks down the hours, but knows nothing of their flight; eccentric in that respect, and Parnassian in his contempt of the precision of eating times, as Johnson himself.

Now look on the other side the medal. His wit, intelligence, and poetic genius, are a mine; and his taste and real accuracy in criticism enable him to cut the rich ore they produce brilliant.

He knows every body, and has read every thing. With a wonderfully retentive memory, and familiar with the principles of all the sciences, his conversation is as instructive as it is amusing; for his ideas are always uncommon and striking, either from absolute originality, or from new and happy combination.

His powers of mimicry, both in singing and speaking, are admirable. Nobody tells a humorous story better; but, in narrating interesting facts, his comments, though always in themselves worth attention, often fatigue by their plenitude, and by the suspense in which we are held concerning the principal events.

The heart of this ingenious and oddly compounded being is open, ardent, and melting as even female tenderness; and we find in it a scrupulous veracity, and an engaging dread of being intrusive. He has no vices, and much active virtue. For these good dispositions he is greatly respected by the genteel families round Solihull, and (for his comic powers doubtless) his society is much sought after by them.

Hither, while he staid in Litchfield, did he often come. Indeed, I found myself perpetually seduced, by his powers of speeding time, to give up more of that fast-fleeting possession to him than I could conveniently spare.

Our first interview proved, by mistake, embarrassing and ridiculous.

Mr. Dewes being upon a visit to me, he and I were soberly weighing, in our respective balances, the quantity of genius that enriched the reign of Anne, and the liberal portions of it that our own times may boast.

It was evening, the grey hour, that "flings half an image on the straining sight." Comparing the dead and the living by *other* light than that of candles, we had not called for them.

In bolts our servant Edward, who had seen as indistinctly as I was about to see. "Madam, here's young Mr. Weston."—"Indeed!" exclaimed I, and, starting up, rushed towards the personage who followed him, crying out, "Dear Joe, I am vastly glad to see you."—"My name *is* Joseph Weston, madam." The devil it is, thought I; for the voice, and the accompanying wriggle, with which he bowed very low, were not our Joe's voice or bow.

"Lord bless me, sir," said I, drawing back, "I have a friend of your name, for whom, in this dusky hour, I took you." He then told me, that he had lately passed an evening with Mr. Saville, who had kindly assured him I should pardon an intrusion which had been the wish of years.

From that period, October last, Weston has been much in Litchfield, where genius and merit are, to the generality of its inhabitants, as dust in the balance against inferior station and exterior inelegance. Yet within these walls, and at our theatre, this finical, but glowing disciple of the Muses, passed many animated hours.

He has the theatric mania upon him, in all its ardour. The enclosed very ingenious prologue he taught Roxwell, who has a fine person and harmonious voice, to speak very delightfully.

I by no means think with you on the general abuse of the higher powers of mind, or respecting their proving injurious to the happiness of their possessor. I have generally, though not always, found, that where there is most genius there is most goodness; and the inexhaustible sources of delight that, closed to common understandings, are open to elevated ones, must inevitably tend to give them a superior degree of happiness.

Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides has been long too much my admiration, in point of elegance, for me to think, with you, that the letters from Scotland, in Mrs. Piozzi's publication, however charming, are to be named with it in the strength, or in graces of style.

So miss P—— can now say with Eloisa—

"Rise Alps between us, and whole oceans roll."

May the heroic spirit of this enterprise be as much for her happiness as it is to her honour!—Adieu.

## LETTER XCV.

### *Anna Seward to Thomas Swift, Esq.*

Litchfield, June 5, 1788.

It was more than compliment when I said I should be glad to see you. There is much interest for my imagination in such an interview. I admire your poetic genius, and I love your candour, as much as I despise and hate the insensibility of the age to poetic excellence. It has no patrons amongst the splendid and the powerful. The race of Mæcenas is extinct. We find senatorial oratory their sole and universal passion. Absorbed in that pursuit, they can spare no hour of attention for the Muses and their votaries. Never was there a period, in which the nymphs of the Castalian fountain had a more numerous train; never were they more bounteous with

heir glowing inspirations. If we have neither a Shakspeare nor a Milton, it is because the fastidiousness of criticism will not permit those wild and daring efforts, which, fearless of bombast and obscurity, often enveloped by them, and always hazarding every thing, enabled our great masters to reach their now unapproachable elevations in the dramatic and epic line. Lyric poetry has risen higher in this than in any age.

Suffer me to observe, that you ought not to be discouraged by the apathy of the public taste. It is fatal to the profits of authorship; but "fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise;" and every poetic writer ought to remember, that the laurel never flourishes till it is planted upon the grave of genius;—that Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso were not known to Pope till he was in middle life—so strangely had even they fallen into that temporary oblivion, whither it is perpetually the fate of poetry to fall; but, to whatever deserves that name, the hour of emerging will come:—

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean's bed,
But yet, anon, repairs his drooping head;
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

Mere verses, it is true, sink, like lead, in the mighty waters, never more to rise; but your Temple has no native alacrity in sinking.

Cary, literally but just fifteen, is a miracle. I never saw him, nor heard of him till after his Ode to General Elliot came out. My acquaintance with him is not of four months date. His school-fellow and friend, Lister, an inhabitant of this place, has poetic talents of nearly twin excellence. There is only a month's difference in their age. You suspect my having assisted Cary. Upon my honour, I never saw any thing of his that has been published before it was sent away to be printed. The strength and solidity of that boy's mind, his taste, his judgment, astonish me, if possible, even more than the vigour and grace of his fancy. He is a warm admirer of your Temple, and has written a sonnet to express his sense of its excellence. I hope, ere this time, he has sent it to you. I charged him to send it to the Gentleman's Magazine.

Except my translations of Horace, and some letters, signed Benvolio, in that publication, together with a few sonnets, epitaphs, ballads, &c. that crept into that and other public papers, I have printed nothing but the Elegy on Cook, which I gave to Dodsley, Monody on André, and the Louisa, printed by Jackson in this town, Monody on Lady Millar, printed by Robinson, and Ode to General Elliot. Some other poems of mine, which obtained the wreath at B. Easton, may be found in the last volume of that collection. I hate ever to think of printers and booksellers—so little integrity have I found amongst them. If I was on terms with Jackson, I would gladly order him to send you the collection you wish, but I have resolved never more to have any thing to say, or give any order, either to him or Robinson.

A set of spirited and witty essays are just come out, entitled Variety; their principal author is one of my friends. Numbers 25 and 26 are mine. Do not stare at my apparent vanity. Those numbers are not among the witty essays of this collection. Wit was never my talent.

Thank you for your ingenious prologue; but the passage on music is not, perhaps, all it should be. It confounds the distinctions between poetry and music. Of the latter the ancients knew nothing more than melody. The principles of harmonic combination, by which all the great independent effects of the science are produced, were utterly un-

known to them. We hear much, it is true, of the powers that music possessed over the passions in Greece: but, in reality, those powers were given by the poetry they conveyed, to which music was merely a pleasing vehicle. We all know that the Grecian bards, with Homer at the head of them, sung their own compositions to the harp. It must have been a simple, little varied, and probably spontaneous melody, to which so long a poem as the Iliad could be adapted. Doubtless the varieties chiefly resulted from the alternately softened tones, and heightened energies of the voice, and by the changes of the countenance. When the ancients spoke of music, they meant it generally as another term for poetry. So much yet of this equivocal expression remains, that we talk even of the modern poets striking the lyre. By that expression, you know, we do not mean that they are musicians.

Since the harmonic principles were discovered, music has been a great independent science, capable of a sublime union with fine poetry, and greatest when thus united; but capable also of giving fascinating grace and awful grandeur to the plainest and most unpoetic language, provided it is not so coarse or absurd as to force ludicrous images upon the mind, which must ever counteract all its elevating effects.

It is, therefore, improper, when we speak upon music as a science, which obtained in Handel the *ne plus ultra* of its excellence, when we seek to do honour to him, and its other great, though to him subordinate masters, at once the rivals and the friends of our poets; it is, I say, improper to confound the two arts by beginning with examples so far back as that period, in which it is impossible to separate them.

Handel is as absolute a monarch of the human passions as Shakspeare, and his every way various excellencies bear the same comparison to the pretty, sweet, lazy, unvaried compositions of the Italian school, breathing no other passions than love and jealousy, as the plays of Shakspeare bear to those of Racine, Otway, Dryden, Rowe, Voltaire, and our modern tragedies on the French model. Poetry itself, though so much the elder science,—for music has been a science only since the harmonic combinations were discovered,—possesses not a more inherent empire over the passions than music, of which Handel is the mighty master; than whom

> "Nothing went before so great,
> And nothing greater can succeed."

When I speak of that empire, it must be remembered, that a certain mal-conformation of the auricular membrane as inevitably frustrates this effect, upon even the most susceptible heart and clearest intellect, as mediocrity of talents, and dulness of perception, frustrate the effects of poetry. Where the ear does not readily distinguish and recognise melodies, no sensibility of heart, no strength of imagination, will disclose the magic of the harmonic world. Milton knew music scientifically, and felt all its powers. To Sam. Johnson, the sweetest airs and most superb harmonies were but unmeaning noise. I often regret that Milton and Handel were not contemporaries; that the former knew not the delight of hearing his own poetry heightened as Handel has heightened it. To produce the united effects resulting from the combination of perfect poetry with perfect music, it was necessary that Milton's strains should be set by Handel, and sung by Saville. Of all our public singers, while many are masterly, many elegant, many astonishing, *he* only is sublime: a superiority given by his enthusiastic perception of poetic,

as well as of harmonic beauty. I should observe, that the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Mence, once of St. Paul's and the King's Chapel, was equally great in his expression of solemn music; but from the harmonic world that sun has long withdrawn its beams. From Mr. Mence Mr. Saville first caught his energies, or rather, by his example, obtained courage to express them. Mr. Harrison has great correctness and delicacy, and some pathos; but he has no energy, and without energy, Handel can have no justice from his performer.

Colonel Barry lately appeared amongst us, but instantly fleeted away. I was delighted to perceive, that he had exchanged the languor of indisposition for the sprightliness of health. Adieu!

## LETTER XCVI.

### *Anna Seward to Thomas Christie, Esq.*

July 1, 1790.

YES, my kind friend, Heaven has at length deprived me of that dear parent, to whom I was ever most tenderly attached, and whose infirmities, exciting my hourly pity, increased the pangs of final separation. It was in vain that my reason reproached the selfishness of my sorrow.

I cannot receive, as my due, the praise you so lavish upon my filial attentions. Too passionate was my affection to have had any merit in devoting myself to its duties. All was irresistible impulse. I made no sacrifices, for pleasure lost its nature and its name, when I was absent from him. I studied his ease and comfort, because I delighted to see him cheerful; and, when every energy of spirit was sunk in languor, to see him tranquil. It was my assiduous endeavour to guard him from every pain and every danger, because his sufferings gave me misery, and the thoughts of losing him anguish.

And thus did strong affection leave nothing to be performed by the sense of duty. I hope it would have produced the same attentions on my part; but I am not entitled to say that it would, or to accept of commendation for tenderness so involuntary.

It gives me pleasure that your prospects are so bright. A liberal and extended commerce may be as favourable to the expansion of superior abilities, as any other profession; and it is certainly a much more cheerful employment than that of medicine. The humane physician must have his quiet perpetually invaded by the sorrows of those who look anxiously up to him for relief, which no human art can, perhaps, administer.

I have uniformly beheld, with reverence and delight, the efforts of France to throw off the iron yoke of her slavery; not the less oppressive for having been bound with ribands and lilies. Ill betide the degenerate English heart, that does not wish her prosperity.

You ask me after Mrs. Cowley. I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance, but am familiar with her ingenious writings. This age has produced few better comedies than hers.

You are very good to wish to see me in London: but I have no near view of going thither. You will be sorry to hear that I have lost my health, and am oppressed with symptoms of an hereditary and dangerous disease.

Litchfield has been my home since I was seven years old—this house since I was thirteen; for I am still in the palace, and do not think of moving at present. It is certainly much too large for my wants, and

for my income; yet is my attachment so strong to the scene, that I am tempted to try, if I recover, what strict economy, in other respects, will do towards enabling me to remain in a mansion, endeared to me as the tablet on which the pleasures of my youth are impressed, and the image of those that are everlastingly absent. Adieu. Yours.

## LETTER XCVII.

*Anna Seward to Mrs. Stokes.*

Litchfield, July 31, 1796.

I HAVE not seen Wakefield's observations on Pope. They may, as you tell me they are, be very ingenious; but as to plagiarism, Pope would lose little in my esteem from whatever of *that* may be proved against him; since it is allowed, that he always rises above his clumsy models, in their tinsel drapery.

Poetry, being the natural product of a highly-gifted mind, however uncultivated, must exist, in a rude form at least, from the instant that the social compact gives to man a superplus of time from that which is employed in providing for his natural wants, together with liberation from that anxiety about obtaining such provision, which is generally incompatible with those abstracted ideas from which poetry results. As this leisure, and freedom to thought, arises with the progress of subordination and inequality of rank, men become poets, and this long before their language attains its copiousness and elegance.

The writers of such periods, therefore, present poetic ideas in coarse and shapeless ingenuity. In the unskilled attempt to refine them, they become, in the next stage of the progress, an odd mixture of quaintness and simplicity: but it is reserved for genius, learning, and judgment in combination, supported by the ample resources of a various, mature, and complete language, to elevate, polish, and give the last perfection to the rudiments of poetry, first so coarse and abortive, afterwards so quaint, and so shredded out into wearisome redundance.

That work of ever-new poetic information and instruction, T. Warton's Critical Notes to Milton's Lesser Poems, will show you how very largely Milton took, not only from the classics, but from his verse-predecessors in our own language; from Burton's writings, interlarded with verse; from Drayton; from Spenser; from Shakspeare; from the two Fletchers, and from Drummond. The entire plan, and almost all the outlines of the sweet pictures in L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, are in Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy, or a Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain, in verse, with a passage of his in prose; and these were taken and combined in Milton's imagination, with the fine hints in a song in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, The Nice Valour, or Passionate Madman.

In Comus, Milton was much indebted to Fletcher's beautiful pastoral play, The Faithful Shepherdess; but Milton and Pope, though with excellence different both in nature and degree, were arch-chymists, and turned the lead and tinsel of others to the purest and finest gold.

Dr. Stokes is mistaken in supposing Milton my first poetic favourite —great as I deem him, the superior of Virgil, and the equal of Homer, my heart and imagination acknowledge yet greater the matchless bard of Avon.

I thank you for the discriminating observations in your letter of April the 24th, upon my late publication. Milton says, that from Adam's lip, not words alone pleased Eve; so may I say, that from your pen praise alone would not satisfy my avidity

of pleasing you. The *why* and *wherefore* you are pleased, which is always so ingenious when you write of verse, form the zest, which makes encomium nectar. Mr Haley's letter to me on the subject is very gratifying: it joins, to a generous ardency of praise, the elegance, spirit, and affection of his former epistles.

Ah! yes, it is very certain, that not only some, but all our finest poets, frequently invert the position of the verb, and prove that the British Critic, who says it is not the habit of good writers, is a stranger to their compositions. When Thomson says,

"Vanish the woods, the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll his misty train,"

it is picture; which it would not have been, if he had coldly written,

"The woods are vanished;"

since, in the former, by the precedence of the verb to the noun, we see the fog in the very act of shrouding the woods; but to these constituent excellencies of poetry, the eye of a reviewer is the mole's dim curtain. Again, in the same poem, Autumn, this inversion is beautifully used, while its author is paying, in a simile, the finest compliment imaginable to the talents and excursive spirit of his countrymen:—

"As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn."

And what spirit does Pope often give his lines, by using this inversion in the imperative mood:—

"Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!"

Then, as to the imputed affectation of the word Lyceum, Thomson calls the woods "Nature's vast Lyceum." For his purpose it was necessary to elevate the term by its epithet, for mine to lower it by that which I applied—*minute* Lyceum; and in neither place is its application affected. I am allowed to be patient of criticism, and trust no one is readier to feel its force, and, when just, to acknowledge and to profit by it; but to a censor, who does not know the meaning of the word *thrill*, I may, without vanity, exclaim,

"Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests!"

Have you seen Mrs. Inchbald's late work, Nature and Art. She is a favourite novelist with me. Her late work has improbable situations, and is inferior to her Simple Story, which ought to have been the title of this composition, to which it is better suited than to the history of Dorriforth: yet we find in Art and Nature the characteristic force of her pen, which, with an air of undesigning simplicity, places in a strong point of view the worthlessness of such characters as pass with the world for respectable. She seems to remove, as by accident, their specious veil, and without commenting upon its removal: and certain strokes of blended pathos and horror indelibly impress the recollection.

But, with yet greater powers than Mrs. Inchbald's, does the author of Caleb Williams grapple our attention. I conceive that he said to himself, "I will write a book, that shall have no prototype, yet the taste of the age for the marvellous shall be humoured. Female pens have given us ruined castles, tolling bells, lights that palely gleaming make darkness visible, whispering voices from viewless forms and beckoning shadows: that ground is preoccupied. Let me try if I cannot harrow readers, who have mind, with dread and breathless expectation, without exciting supernatural ideas, and even without the assistance of enamoured interests." If such was his design, the success is complete. Yet has his work many defects; and we perceive his pernicious principles to be those of an

absurd and visionary anarchist, who would open all the prison doors, and let thieves and murderers walk at large, in the hope of philosophizing them into virtue.

I learn with regret, that Mr. Mason is going to print a new work of his by a private press, for his friends only. This resolve, doubtless, resulted from disgust to the idea of seeing his compositions subject to the ignorance and effrontery of Review-impertinence, which assumes the right of supposing, that its fabricators understand verse-making better than the first poets of our age—even than he,

"Whom on old Humber's bank the Muses bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore."

## LETTER XCVIII.

### *Anna Seward to Walter Scott, Esq.*

Litchfield, April 29, 1802.

ACCEPT my warmest thanks for the so far overpaying bounty of your literary present.* In speaking of its contents I shall demonstrate, that my sincerity may be trusted, whatever cause I may give you to distrust my judgment. In saying that you dare not hope your works will entertain me, you evince the existence of a deep preconceived distrust of the latter faculty in my mind. That distrust is not, I flatter myself, entirely founded, at least if I may so gather from the delight with which I peruse all that is yours, whether prose or verse, in these volumes.

Your dissertations place us in Scotland, in the midst of the feudal period. They throw the strongest light on a part of history indistinctly sketched, and partially mentioned by the English historians, and which, till now, has not been sufficiently elucidated, and rescued by those of your country from the imputed guilt of unprovoked depredation on the part of the Scots.

The old border ballads of your first volume are so far interesting as they corroborate your historic essays; so far valuable as that they form the basis of them. Poetically considered, little surely is their worth; and I must think it more to the credit of Mrs. Brown's memory than of her taste, that she could take pains to commit to remembrance, and to retain there, such a quantity of uncouth rhymes, almost totally destitute of all which gives metre a right to the name of poetry.

Poetry is like personal beauty; the homeliest and roughest language cannot conceal the first, any more than coarse and mean apparel the second. But grovelling colloquial phrase, in numbers inharmonious; verse that gives no picture to the reader's eye, no light to his understanding, no magnet to his affections, is, as composition, no more deserving his praise, than coarse forms and features in a beggar's raiment are worth his attention. Yet are there critics who seem to mistake the squalid dress of language for poetic excellence, provided the verse and its mean garb be ancient.

Of that number seems Mr. Pinkerton, in some of his notes to those old Scottish ballads which he published in 1781; and the late Mr. Headly more than so seems in that collection of ancient English ballads, which he soon after gave to the press. We find there an idiot preference of the rude, and, in itself, valueless, foundation on which Prior raised one of the loveliest poetic edifices in our language, the Henry and Emma. With equal insolence and stupidity, Mr. Headly terms it "Matt's versification Piece," extolling the imputed superiority of the worthless model.

* Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, consisting of historical and romantic ballads, collected by Walter Scott, Esq.—*S.*

It is preferring a barber's block to the head of Antinous.

Mr. Pinkerton, in his note to the eldest Flowers of the Forest, calls it, very justly, an exquisite poetic dirge; but, unfortunately for his decisions in praise of ancient above modern Scottish verse, he adds, "The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of versifiers to mingle stanzas of their own composition; but it is the painful, though necessary duty of an editor, by the touchstone of truth, to discriminate such dross from the gold of antiquity;" and, in the note to that pathetic and truly beautiful elegy, Lady Bothwell's Lament, he says the four stanzas he has given appear to be all that are genuine. It has since, as you observe, been proved, that both the Flodden Dirges, even as he has given them, are modern. Their beauty was a touchstone, as he expresses it, which might have shown their younger birth to any critic, whose taste had not received the broad impression of that torpedo, antiquarianism.

You, with all your strength, originality, and richness of imagination, had a slight touch of that torpedo, when you observed, that the manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated in the first Flowers of the Forest, that it required the strongest positive evidence to convince you that the song was of modern date. The phraseology, indeed, is of their texture; but, comparing it with the border ballads, in your first volume, I should have pronounced it modern, from its so much more touching regrets, so much more lively pictures.

Permit me, too, to confess, that I can discover very little of all which constitutes poetry in the first old tale, which you call beautiful, excepting the second stanza, which gives the unicorns at the gate, and the portraits, "with holly aboon their brie." To give them, no great reach of fancy was requisite; but still they are picture, and, as such, poetry.

Lord Maxwell's Good Night is but a sort of inventory in rhyme of his property, interspersed with some portion of tenderness for his wife, and some expressions of regard for his friends; but the first has no picture, and the latter little pathos. That ballad induced me, by what appeared its deficiencies, to attempt a somewhat more poetic leave-taking of house, land, and live-stock. My ballad does not attempt the pathetic, and you will smile at my glossary Scotch.

Mr. Erskine's supplemental stanzas to the poem, asserted to have been written by Collins, on the Highland superstitions, have great merit, and no inferiority to those whose manner they assume.

In the border ballads, the first strong rays from the Delphic orb illuminate Jellom Grame, in the 4th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 20th stanzas. There is a good corpse-picture in Clerk Saunders, the rude original, as you observe, of a ballad in Percy, which I have thought furnished Burger with the hint for his Leonore. How little delicate touches have improved this verse in Percy's imitation!

> "O! if I come within thy bower
> I am no mortal man!
> And if I kiss thy rosy lip
> Thy days will not be long."*

And now, in these border ballads, the dawn of poesy, which broke over Jellom Grame, strengthens on its progress. Lord Thomas and fair Annie has more beauty than Percy's ballad of that title. It seems injudiciously altered from this in your collection; but the Binnorie, of endless repetition, has nothing truly pathetic; and the ludicrous use made of the drowned sister's body, by the

* This stanza has no rhymes, but we do not miss them, so harmonious is the metre.—*S.*

harper making a harp of it, to which he sung her dirge in her father's hall, is contemptible.

Your dissertation preceding Tam Lane, in the second volume, is a little mine of mythologic information and ingenious conjecture, however melancholy the proofs it gives of dark and cruel superstition. Always partial to the fairies, I am charmed to learn that Shakspeare civilized the elfins, and, so doing, endeared their memory on English ground. It is curious to find the Grecian Orpheus metamorphosed into a king of Winchelsea.

The Terrible Graces look through a couple of stanzas in the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, "O they rade on," &c.; also, "It was mirk, mirk, night;" and potent are the poetic charms of the second part of this oracular ballad, which you confess to have been modernized; yet more potent in the third. Both of them exhibit tender touches of sentiment, vivid pictures, landscapes from nature, not from books, and all of them worthy the author of Glenfinlas.

"O tell me how to woo thee," is a pretty ballad of those times, in which it was the fashion for lovers to worship their mistresses, and when ballads, as you beautifully observe, reflected the setting rays of chivalry. Mr. Leyden's Cout Keelder pleases me much. The first is a sublime stanza, and sweet are the landscape-touches in the 3d, 10th, and 11th, and striking the winter simile in the 9th. The picture of the fern is new in poetry, and to the *eye*, thus,

> "The next blast that young Keelder blew,
> The wind grew deadly still:
> Yet the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,
> Wav'd wildly o'er the hill."

The "wee demon" is admirably imagined.

And now the poetic day, which had gradually risen into beauty and strength through this second volume, sets nobly amidst the sombre yet often-illuminated grandeur of Glenfinlas.

Permit me to add one observation to this already long epistle. The battle of Flodden-field, so disastrous to Scotland, has been, by two poetic females, beautifully mourned; but your boasted James the Fourth deserved his fate, from the ungenerous advantage he sought to take of Henry the Eighth, by breaking the peace, without provocation, when that monarch was engaged in a war with France. So deserve all the rulers of nations, who, unstimulated by recent injuries, thus unclasp "the purple testament of bleeding war."

Perhaps this voluminous intrusion on your time will be thought merciless; but it seemed to me that barren thanks, and indiscriminate praise, was an unworthy acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon me by the gift of these highly curious and ingenious books.

A bright luminary in this neighbourhood recently shot from its sphere, with awful and deplored suddenness—Dr. Darwin, on whose philosophical talents and dissertations, so ingeniously conjectural, the adepts in that science looked with admiring, if not always acquiescent respect; in whose creative, gay, luxuriant, and polished imagination, and harmonious numbers, the votaries of poetry basked delighted; and on whose discernment into the cause of diseases, and skill in curing them, his own and the neighbouring counties reposed. He was born to confute, by his example, a frequent assertion, that the poetic fancy loses its fine efflorescence after middle life. The Botanic Garden, one of the most highly imaginative poems in our language, was begun after its author had passed his forty-sixth year. I have the honour to remain, sir, &c.

## LETTER XCIX.

### *Mr. Warburton* to Mr. Hurd.*

Bedford-row, October 28th, 1749.

Dear sir,

I DEFERRED making my acknowledgments for the favour of your last obliging letter till I came to town. I am now got hither to spend the month of November: the dreadful month of November—when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the C—— and the devil. I should be glad if any occasion would bring you hither, that I might have the pleasure of waiting on you—I don't mean to the C—— and the devil, but in Bedford-row. Not that I would fright you from that earthly Pandemonium, a C——, because I never go thither. On the contrary, I wish I could get you into the *circle*. For (with regard to you) I should be something of the humour of honest Cornelius Agrippa, who, when he left off conjuring, and wrote of the *vanity* of the art, could not forbear to give receipts, and teach young novices the way to raise the devil. One method serves for both, and his political representatives are rendered tractable by the very same method, namely, *fumigations*. But these high mysteries you are unworthy to partake of. You are no true son of Agrippa, who choose to waste your incense in raising the meagre spirit of friendship, when the wisdom of the prince of this world would have inspired you with more profitable sentiments.

Let me hear, at least, of your health; and believe that no absence can lessen what the expressions of your good will have made me, that is to say, very much your servant.

I have now put that volume, of which the epistle to Augustus is part, to the press; so should be obliged to you to send it by your letter-carrier, directed to Mr. Knapton, bookseller, in Ludgate-street. But you must be careful *not* to pay the carriage, because that will endanger a miscarriage, as I have often experienced.—I intend to soften the conclusion of the note about Grotius and the archbishop, according to your friendly hint.

## LETTER C.

### *Mr. Hurd to Dr. Warburton.*

Shifnal, September 13th, 1755.

YOUR truly friendly letter, of the 31st past, brought me all the relief I am capable of in my present situation. Yet that relief had been greater, if the fact had been, as you suppose, that the best of fathers was removing from me, in this maturity of age, by a gradual, insensible decay of nature; in which case, I could have drawn to myself much ease from the considerations you so kindly suggest to me. But it is not his being out of all hope of recovery (which I had known long since, and was prepared for), but his being in perpetual pain, that afflicts me so much. I left him, last night, in this disconsolate condition. So near a prospect of death, and so rough a passage to it—I own to you I cannot be a witness of this, in one whom nature and ten thousand obligations have made so dear to me, without the utmost uneasiness. Nay, I think the very temper and firmness of mind, with which he bears this calamity, sharpens my sense of it. I thank God, an attachment to this world has not as yet been among my greater vices. But were I as fond of it as prosperous and happy men sometimes are, what I have seen and felt for this last month were enough to mortify such foolish affections. And, in truth, it would amaze one, that a few such instances as this, which

* Afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.

hardly any man is out of the reach of, did not strike dead all the passions, were it not that Providence has determined, in spite of ourselves, by means of these instincts, to accomplish its own great purposes. But why do I trouble my best friend with this sad tale and rambling reflections? I designed only to tell him that I am quite unhappy here; and that, though it is more than time for me to return to Cambridge, I have no power of coming to a thought of leaving this place. However, a very few weeks, perhaps a few days, may put an end to this irresolution.

I thank you for your fine observation on the neglect to reform the ecclesiastical laws. It is a very material one, and deserves to be well considered. But of these matters when I return to my books, and my mind is more easy.

I wish you all the health and all the happiness your virtues deserve, and this wretched world will admit of. I know of nothing that reconciles me more to it than the sense of having such a friend as you in it. I have the greatest obligations to Mrs. Warburton and the rest of your family for their kind condolence. My best respects and sincerest good wishes attend them. I must ever be, &c.

R. HURD.

## LETTER CI.

### *Mr. Hurd to Dr. Warburton.*

Cambridge, Dec. 1, 1755.

I HAVE to tell you, that it has pleased God to release my poor father from his great misery. You will guess the rest, when I acquaint you that his case was cancerous. All his family have great reason to be thankful for his deliverance: and yet I find myself not so well prepared for the stroke as I had thought. I blame myself now for having left him; though, when I was with him, as I could not hide my own uneasiness, I saw it only added to his. I know not what to say. He was the best of men in all relations, and had a generosity of mind that was amazing in his rank of life. In his long and great affliction he showed a temper, which philosophers only talk of. If he had any foible, it was, perhaps, his too great fondness for the unworthiest of his sons.—My mother is better than could be expected from her melancholy attendance. Yet her health has suffered by it. I have many letters to write, but would not omit communicating what so tenderly concerns me, to my best friend.

I thank you for your book and your kind letters. Mr. Balguy and I think much more hardly of Jortin than you do. I could say much of this matter at another time.

## LETTER CII.

### *Dr. Warburton to Mr. Hurd.*

I OUGHT rather to rejoice with all who loved that good man, lately released, than to condole with them. Can there be a greater consolation to all his friends than that he was snatched from human miseries to the reward of his labours? You, I am sure, must rejoice, amidst all the tenderness of filial piety, and the softenings of natural affection. The gentle melancholy, that the incessant memory of so indulgent a parent and so excellent a man will make habitual, will be always brightened by the sense of his present happiness; where, perhaps, one of his pleasures is his ministering care over those which were dearest to him in life. I dare say this will be your case, because the same circumstances have made it mine. My great concern for you was while your father was

languishing on his death-bed. And my concern at present is for your mother's grief and ill state of health. True tenderness for your father, and the dread of adding to his distresses, absolutely required you to do what you did, and to retire from so melancholy a scene.

As I know your excellent nature, I conjure you by our friendship to divert your mind by the conversation of your friends, and the amusement of trifling reading, till you have fortified it sufficiently to bear the reflection on this common calamity of our nature, without any other emotion than that occasioned by a kind of soothing melancholy, which perhaps keeps it in a better frame than any other kind of disposition.

You see what man is, when never so little within the verge of matter and motion in a ferment. The affair of Lisbon has made men tremble, as well as the continent shake, from one end of Europe to another, from Gibraltar to the Highlands of Scotland. To suppose these desolations the scourge of Heaven for human impieties, is a dreadful reflection; and yet to suppose ourselves in a forlorn and fatherless world, is ten times a more frightful consideration. In the first case we may reasonably hope to avoid our destruction by the amendment of our manners; in the latter, we are kept incessantly alarmed by the blind rage of warring elements.

The relation of the captain of a vessel, to the Admiralty, as Mr. Yorke told me the story, has something very striking in it. He lay off Lisbon on this fatal 1st of November, preparing to hoist sail for England. He looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock that promised a poet's eternity, at least, to its grandeur. He looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder. A sight more awful mortal eyes could not behold on this side the day of doom. And yet does not human pride make us miscalculate? A drunken beggar shall work as horrid a desolation, with a kick of his foot against an ant-hill, as subterraneous air and fermented minerals to a populous city. And if we take in the universe of things rather with a philosophic than a religious eye, where is the difference in point of real importance between them? A difference there is, and a very sensible one, in the merit of the two societies. The little Troglodytes amass neither superfluous nor imaginary wealth; and consequently have neither drones nor rogues amongst them. In the confusion we see caused by such a desolation, we find, by their immediate care to repair and remedy the general mischief, that none abandons himself to despair, and so stands not in need of bedlams and coroners' inquests: but, as the poet says,

"In this, 'tis God directs; in that, 'tis man."

And you will say, remember the *sovereignty of reason*. To this I reply, that the common definition of man is false: he is not a *reasoning animal*. The best you can predicate of him is, that he is an *animal capable of reason*, and this too we take upon old tradition. For it has not been my fortune yet to meet, I won't say with any one man, but I may safely swear with any one order of men, who ever did reason.

## LETTER CIII.

### *Mr. Hurd to the Bishop of Gloucester.*

Thurcaston, March 4, 1760.

My lord,

I HAD your favour of the 19th past, and about the same time re-

ceived the confirmation of Mr. Allen's recovery, under his own hand. I hope this fit is now over. But it affects me very much to think that the declining years of this good man are likely to be rendered so uneasy to him, as they must be, by the frequent returns of this disorder.

Mrs. Warburton is always extremely kind. From a letter she did me the favour to write to me after her interview with Mrs. Johnson, I find she is intent on dignifying all your lordship's domestics, as well as your footmen. For whereas the chaplains of other bishops, and even Lambeth chaplains, are usually thrust, with the other lumber of the family, into any blind corner, she invites me to repose, in state, in *the Abbot's apartment* at Gloucester. You will judge, after this, if I can have the heart to say one word against the *shoulder-knots*.

Your early intelligence of the success of Dr. Richardson was very obliging. I am glad of it, because I know it will make him very happy; and because a piece of justice is done at last upon a man, who had no regard to the decency of his own character.

Your lordship is always so good to me, that you will be pleased to hear of the health and usual cheerfulness of my mother. She is in a disposition rather to beg your blessing than pay compliments. Though, to conceal nothing, I must tell you her infirmity, that she takes all bishops for such as she reads in her Bible they should be. So that 'tis only by accident she does not misapply the veneration she professes for your lordship.

I resolve to have your Sermon, though at the expense of *sixpence;* which your lordship will consider as one argument, amongst others, of the regard with which I am ever, &c.

## LETTER CIV.

### *The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

Grosvenor Square, March 31, 1760.

I HAVE two kind letters of yours to acknowledge.

I am extremely glad that good Mrs. Hurd enjoys reasonable health. Her mistake about bishops pleases me the more, as an excellent woman, like herself (my mother), lived and died in this capital error.

You ought not to have excepted my Sermon from the poverty of the press. And in the dusky road towards antiquity, if it drew you aside by its glimmering, you fared no better than many before you have done, who, in a bad light, have mistaken a glow-worm for a jewel.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Allen is not likely to come to London this spring. For my part, I shall leave this place on the recess at Easter; and, if he has laid aside the thoughts of his journey, I shall not return, but take to the Bath waters; the first trial I make for my old complaint of indigestion, after having tried every thing else to little purpose.

Poor Mr. Towne rather goes backward than advances in his health. He talks of coming this spring to town for his health; in which I think he judges right; as little opinion as I have of the physical tribe.

## LETTER CV.

### *The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

Prior Park, November 4, 1760.

I HAVE your kind letter of the 24th past, and would not leave this place without acknowledging it. I am going to look about me in this *new world*, but am in no more hurry than some older bishops are in their jour-

ney to one still *newer*. The settlement of the court and ministry is yet perhaps as little known to themselves as to us. All depends upon the disposition of a new king, who is always the darling of the people, and who suffer him to do all he pleases: as he grows stale, they suffer him to do nothing which they can hinder him from doing.

I received a kind letter from Mr. Yorke. He talks still of the chapter of accidents with regard to Lincoln's Inn. As we are turning over a new leaf, that chapter of accidents may be at the beginning. They talk of changes in the law: but they, who talk, know just as much as you or I.

You shall hear from me again when I get to town, and have seen a little of the *carte du pais*.

Mr. Allen and family follow me in a week or fortnight. He goes to renew his contract with the government. My wife, I fancy, will stay behind, the Bath waters being now very necessary for the perfect re-establishment of her health.

Dr. Balguy is much recovered, and will leave Bath in a week or fortnight: but to return at spring. He goes to Winchester; from thence to his mother's: and from her, in March, back to Bath. His route lies near you.

All here are tolerably well, and entirely yours. With what affection I am so, you know: with what effect, God knows. But his providence, which brought us together, will keep us together. For the rest, *caliginosâ nocte premit.**

## LETTER CVI.

### *The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

Grosvenor Square, Jan. 6, 1761.

I AM here alone, and have been so this fortnight. But I have the satisfaction to tell you, that all the family are well at Prior Park, which I have the pleasure to believe is more agreeable to you to know, than any thing I could tell you from the great world; that is, from this great *congeries* of vice and folly.

Sherlock was much more to blame for not letting his chaplain understand early that he was a blockhead by birth, than the chaplain for not giving his master the late intelligence that his parts were decayed by time; because the bishop, with all his infirmities of age, could see the one; but his chaplain, at his best, could never find out the other.

The *Poem on the Death of a Lady* I had communicated to me by lord Holderness. You may be sure I did not slip that opportunity of saying to the patron all that was fitting of the author and his poem. He considered what I said as flattering to himself, for he acquainted our friend that he had shown me the poem; as I understand by a letter I have received from Aston, pretty much to the same purpose with the account I had from you of that matter.

In asking after *addresses*,* you ask after those *ephemera*, or water-flies, whose existence, the naturalists tell us, is comprised within the compass of a summer's day. Indeed, these winter-flies have a still shorter date. Into what dark regions mine is retired, with the rest, I don't know. But if you would amuse yourself with my thoughts, for sixpence you may have my *Discourse on the Lord's Supper*; for, as small as the price is, it is too big to send you in my frank.

On this occasion, I will tell you what (though perhaps I may have told it you before) I said in the drawing-room to a knot of courtiers in the old king's time. One chanced to say, he heard the king was not

* It is hidden in darkness.

* The Address of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocess of Gloucester.—*H.*

well. Hush, said colonel Robinson; it is not polite or decent to talk in this manner; the king is always well and in health; you are never to suppose that the diseases of his subjects ever approach his royal person. I perceive then, colonel, replied I, there is some difference between your master and mine. Mine was subject to all human infirmities, sin excepted: yours is subject to none, sin excepted. But as concerning my Discourse, it is assuredly orthodox: so says the archbishop of Canterbury; and that I have demolished both Hoadly and Bossuet: for

"Tis the same rope at either end they twist."

The archbishop did not say this, but Mr. Pope. However, the archbishop says, what you are likely enough to say after him—that the people, for whom I intend this edition, are not likely to profit much by it.

Decay of parts all must have, if not feel, poets as well as priests: and it is true, what was told you, that Voltaire has lately given evidence to this truth. What you say of this poet's turn would make an excellent note to—*But, sage historians, 'tis your part, &c.* and perhaps shall do so.

God bless you; and, when you write next, let me know how your good mother does; that is, whether her health continues such as not to increase your cares and anxieties.

## LETTER CVII.

### *Mr. Hurd to the Bishop of Gloucester.*

Thurcaston, Dec. 25, 1761.

Though I troubled your lordship with a letter not long since, yet you will perhaps excuse my appearing before you, at this time, with my Christmas salutations: a good old custom, which shows our forefathers made a right use of the *best tidings* that ever came from Heaven; I mean, to increase *good-will towards men.*

Your lordship will take a guess, from the sermonic cast of this sentence, at my late employment.—Though I am not likely to be called upon in this way, I know not what led me to try my hand at a popular sermon or two: I say *popular*, because the subjects and manner of handling are such, but not of the sort that are proper for my Leicestershire *people.* To what purpose I have taken this trouble, your lordship may one day understand. For you, who are my example and guide in these exercises, must also be my judge. If you blame, I may learn to write better: if you approve, I shall require no other *theatre.* But when does your lordship think to instruct us on this head, in the Address to your Clergy? Certainly, the common way of sermonizing is most wretched: neither sense, nor eloquence; reason, nor pathos. Even our better models are very defective. I have lately turned over Dr. Clarke's large collection, for the use of my parish; and yet, with much altering, and many additions, I have been able to pick out no more than eight or ten that I could think passable for that purpose. He is clear and happy enough in the explication of Scripture; but miserably cold and lifeless; no invention, no dignity, no force; utterly incapable of enlarging on a plain thought, or of striking out new ones: in short, much less of a genius than I had supposed him.

'Tis well you have not my doings before you, while I am taking this liberty with my betters. But, as I said, your lordship shall one day have it in your power to revenge this flippancy upon me.

Your lordship has furnished me with a good part of my winter's entertainment, I mean by the books

you recommended to me. I have read the Political Memoirs of Abbé St. Pierre. I am much taken with the old man: honest and sensible; full of his projects, and very fond of them; an immortal enemy to the glory of Louis XIVth, I suppose, in part from the memory of his disgrace in the academy, which no Frenchman could ever forget; in short, like our Burnet, of some importance to himself, and a great talker. These, I think, are the outlines of his character. I love him for his generous sentiments, which in a churchman of his communion are the more commendable, and indeed make amends for the lay-bigotry of Mr. Crevier.

I have by accident got a sight of this mighty *Fingal*. I believe I mentioned my suspicions of the *Fragments:* they are ten-fold greater of this epic poem. To say nothing of the want of *external evidence*, or, which looks still worse, his shuffling over in such a manner the little evidence he pretends to give us, every page appears to me to afford *internal* evidence of forgery. His very citations of parallel passages *bear* against him. In poems of such rude antiquity, there might be some flashes of genius. But here they are continual, and clothed in very classical expression. Besides, no images, no sentiments, but what are matched in other writers, or may be accounted for from usages still subsisting, or well known from the story of other nations: in short, nothing but what the enlightened editor can well explain himself. Above all, what are we to think of a long epic poem, disposed, in form, into six books, with a *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, and enlivened, in the classic taste, with episodes? Still this is nothing. What are we to think of a work of this length, preserved and handed down to us entire, by *oral tradition*, for 1400 years, without a chasm, or so much as a various reading, I should rather say, *speaking?* Put all this together, and if Fingal be not a forgery convict, all I have to say is, that the sophists have a fine time of it. They may write, and lie on, with perfect security. And yet has this prodigy of North-Britain set the world agape. Mr. Gray believes in it: and without doubt this Scotsman may persuade us, by the same arts, that Fingal is an original poem, as another employed to prove that Milton was a plagiary. But let James Macpherson beware the consequence. *Truth will out*, they say, and then—

"*Qui Bavium non odit, amet* tua carmina, *Mævi.*"*

My dear lord, excuse this rhapsody, which I write *currente calamo;* and let me hear that your lordship, Mrs. Warburton, and the dear boy, are perfectly well. I think to write by this post to Mr. Allen.

## LETTER CVIII.

### *The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

Prior Park, Dec. 27, 1761.

LET me wish you (as we all do) all the happiness that goodness can derive from this season.

The honour this country derives from the duke of York's visit can hardly compensate the bad news of a Spanish war, which puts the city of London in a consternation. This event does honour to Mr. Pitt's sagacity, and the wisdom of his advice upon it. Whether this war, which was foreseen by nobody to be inevitable but by him, can be successfully managed by any body but by him, time must show; for I would not pretend to be wiser than our teachers, I mean, the news-writers, who refer all

* He who does not hate Bavius, will love your verses, Mævius.

doubtful cases, as the Treasury does all desperate payments, to time.—The best thing which time (since I wrote last) has brought to pass, is the advancement of Mr. Yorke to be attorney-general. I would have you, by all means, write him your compliments upon it; for, with a high value, he has a great friendship for you. What you say of Hume is true: and (what either I said in my last, or intended to say) you have taught him to write so much better, that he has thoroughly confirmed your system.

I have been both too ill and too lazy to finish my Discourse on the Holy Spirit. Not above half of it is yet printed.

I have been extremely entertained with the wars of Fingal. It can be no cheat, for I think the enthusiasm of this specifical sublime could hardly be counterfeit. A modern writer would have been less simple and uniform.—Thus far had I written when your letter of Christmas-day came to hand; as you will easily understand by my submitting to take shame upon me, and assuring you, that I am fully convinced of my false opinion delivered just above concerning Fingal. I did not consider the matter as I ought. Your reasons for the forgery are unanswerable. And of all these reasons, but one occurred to me, the *want of external evidence;* and this, I own, did shock me. But you have waked me from a very pleasing dream; and made me hate the impostor, which is the most uneasy sentiment of our waking thoughts.

I am much pleased with what you tell me of a set of sermons *ad populum*, I mean to people of condition. For nature formed you for, and providence will bring you to, another theatre. Your judgment of Clarke is, like your other judgments of men, perfectly exact and true.

I received a letter from Mason of the 14th, and he tells me news—that your Letters on Chivalry are in the press; and he desires, when they come out, I would send them to him in covers.

Sterne has published his fifth and sixth volumes of Tristram. They are wrote pretty much like the first and second; but whether they will restore his reputation as a writer with the public, is another question. The fellow himself is an irrecoverable scoundrel.

My Discourse on the Holy Spirit grows upon me, especially in the latter part, about the Methodists, which is the part I could have wished would have grown the least. But a wen grows faster than sound flesh. I have yet printed off but 72 pages.

I think the booksellers have an intention of employing Baskerville to print Pope in 4to.; so they sent me the last octavo to look over. I have added the enclosed to the long note in the beginning of the *Rape of the Lock*, in answer to an impertinence of Joseph Warton. When you have perused it, you will send it back.

I have sometimes thought of collecting my scattered anecdotes and critical observations together, for the foundation of a Life of Pope, which the booksellers tease me for. If I do that, all of that kind must be struck out of the notes of that edition. You could help me nobly to fill up the canvass.

## LETTER CIX.

### *The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

Grosvenor Square, March, 1765.

My dearest friend,

You say true, I have a tenderness in my temper which will make me miss poor Stukeley; for, not to say that he was one of my oldest acquaintance, there was in him such a mixture of simplicity, drollery, absurdity, ingenuity, superstition, and

antiquarianism, that he often afforded me that kind of well-seasoned repast, which the French call an *ambigu*, I suppose from a compound of things never meant to meet together. I have often heard him laughed at by fools, who had neither his sense, his knowledge, nor his honesty; though, it must be confessed, that in him they were all strangely travestied. Not a week before his death, he walked from Bloomsbury to Grosvenor Square, to pay me a visit: was cheerful as usual, and as full of literary projects. But his business was (as he heard Geekie was not likely to continue long) to desire I would give him the earliest notice of his death, for that he intended to solicit for his prebend of Canterbury, by lord Chancellor and lord Cardigan. "For," added he, "one never dies the sooner, you know, for seeking preferment."

You have had a curiosity, which I never shall have, of reading Leland's Second Thoughts. I believe what you say; they are as nonsensical as his first.

It is as you say of Percy's Ballads. Pray is this the man who wrote about the Chinese? Antiquarianism is, indeed, to true letters, what specious funguses are to the oak; which never shoot out and flourish till all the vigour and virtue of that monarch of the grove be effete, and near exhausted.

I envy the meeting of you three at Thurcaston; while I am confined here to the assemblies of pride and dulness.

I did mention to you, I think, the insult committed on the head of the supreme court of justice. The abuse was extreme, and much felt; generally resented, but I believe by nobody more than by me, as you will see by the enclosed. I have made what I had to say, on that head, the conclusion of my dedication.* It will please neither party. I was born to please no party. But what of that? In matters of moral conduct, it is every honest man's chief concern to please himself.

P. S. When you have done with it, send it back.

* To lord Mansfield.—*H.*

## LETTER CX.

### *The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

February, 1767.

My dear friend,

I KNEW you to be a wise man; but not so wise as I find you; and therefore two or three days ago I wrote you a letter, directed to your chambers in Lincoln's Inn, which I suppose they will send you. You have done perfectly right in delegating Lincoln's Inn, this term, to your assistant. Millar has just left me; and I have ordered him to write to Cadell, to send you a copy of the Sermons into Leicestershire.

I shall put off my journey to Gloucester, and visitation, to suit your leisure. I am now thinking more seriously of my last volume of the Divine Legation, and my mornings at present are amused with it. I have given a *key* to some material things in it, in one of these sermons; and some dissertations in others, that will be resumed when I publish (if I live to publish it) the last volume of that work. In the mean time, nothing can do me more honour than what you say of your sermonizing.

With regard to the many Harmonies—I have used none, nor read any; but I imagine that Le Clerc's and Toinard's must be the best; the last of which Mr. Locke speaks highly of.

As to our friend Balguy, I not long since received a letter from him from Cambridge, where he proposed

to spend the Christmas with his friend, the master of St. John's. From whence, when he heard that you was come to town, he intended to go up, and spend the rest of the winter there on a trial; so that, if it agreed with him, he would spend every winter there. He mentioned nothing of the state of his health, further than what he had told me at Bath, at the latter end of the year, that he was of late afflicted with an asthma, and that the air at Winchester was too sharp for him.

P. S. In applauding your wisdom, I forgot all my selfishness. But, where a whole letter is free from it, it may be allowed to appear in a postscript. Your absence will be a great mortification, as well as loss to us both.

## LETTER CXI.

### *The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

Prior Park, Feb. 24, 1768.

I AM glad to understand, by yours of the 19th, that Thurcaston promises to set you right in your health. I do intend to write to the two chiefs in a little time. Instead of 400*l.* I have destined 500*l.* for this business; thinking, on reflection, that 400*l.* would be too scanty for the purpose. The 500*l.* being in 4 per cent. annuities, will always bear that interest. The course four years, if three sermons a year; or three years, if four sermons. So much for that matter at present. I hope, that not only my Lecture, but yourself, will be benefited, in reputation at least, by its commencing with you. Nor will you be hurried; for, at soonest, it will not begin till after the next long vacation, or with the new year.

You talk (and well) *of your golden age of study*, long past. For myself, I can only say, I have the same appetite for knowledge and learned converse I ever had; though not the same appetite for writing and printing. It is time to begin to live for myself; I have lived for others longer than they have deserved of me. I have had, from Dr. Balguy, a curious letter of what passed in the house of commons, on sir George Saville's motion for bringing in his bill for limiting the rights of the crown, by *prescription*. He was supported admirably well by our friend, who, mentioning the case of the duke of Portland (indeed the occasion of the motion), was answered, as to that point, by Norton, with a challenge to debate it then, or elsewhere; and in a manner, according to his wont, a little brutally, though of the same side, as to the main question of subjecting the crown to the *prescriptive* laws of society. The truth was, that Norton, when attorney-general, had approved of, and advised the court measure against the duke of Portland. The opposition lost the motion, but by a very small majority, of 134 against 114.

Two or three posts ago I received a letter from Mr. Yorke, in which are these words:—"Mr. Hurd is retiring to his hermitage, till Easter term: Mrs. Yorke is become an attentive and admiring hearer of him. Her good works must supply my defects."—As yours now supply mine in that place.

## LETTER CXII.

### *Dr. Hurd to the Bishop of Gloucester.*

Thurcaston, July 18, 1768.

I WAS extremely happy, my dear lord, to find three of your kind letters, on my return to this place. I

shall take them in the order of their dates.

That of the 5th, which contains the transcript to Mr. Yorke, has so much of yourself in every word, that I cannot but be tenderly affected by it. Your lordship knows how to work up an ideal picture in such a way as is likely to make it very acceptable to the party to whom it was presented.

I am glad to find that the *Life of Petrarch* did not disappoint your expectations. I must, at my leisure, look over these three volumes.

Your short note of the 6th calls upon me to wish you joy of having put the last hand to your generous and pious donation. Mr. Yorke, I suppose, will soon notify to me my appointment to be your first preacher. 'Tis true, as you say, *my own ease will be sacrificed to the occasion;* but that sacrifice would be well made, if I could hope to answer your design in any tolerable degree, and to support the honour of your Lecture; which last will very much depend on this first essay. I can only assure you of my best endeavours to do both. I think I may promise not to disgrace your institution by any extravagancies at setting out: and this caution, on such a subject, and in such times, may not be without its merit.

I now come to your favour of the 10th. The compliment from the University to our friend was out of the common forms: but his services to the body have been uncommonly great, and the sweetness of his manners makes him very popular.

*Little Wat* was sent back without a degree. The professor advised him to try his fortune again at Oxford, rather than return to Cambridge, as he talked of doing next term. He even told him, that success at Cambridge would not wipe off the dishonour of this rejection by his own university. The advice was good; but *the keen atmosphere* of Oxford may not agree with his constitution. It is well, if he has no better reason for taking this degree, than one of the half dozen pleasant ones you invent for him. I think it certain the two Sisters will act in concert on this occasion.

Poor Dr. Atwell's death throws a good living into the hands of Mr. Mason (for his late curate, Upton, told me it was capable of great improvement), and will, I hope, restore peace to the chapter of Gloucester. He was a man of sense and learning; but had a turn of mind too busy, and a temper too acrimonious, for his own ease, or that of others, with whom he had any near connexion.—Whom does your lordship think of making rural dean in Stow deanery?

I thank you, my dear lord, for your congratulations on my advancement to the doctorate; though I doubt it will seem a little incongruous in me to combat the scarlet whore in her own vestments. This did not JOSEPH MEDE; who should have been my example in every thing But your lordship is too reasonable to expect either the talents or the *modesty* of that incomparable man, in your little adventurer against Babylon. After all, if I am defective in this quality, you must, in part, ascribe it to yourself, who have contributed so much to make me vainer than I ought to be: witness what you say of your portico-reading, in the close of this letter which I am now answering. But you suffer, I doubt, for your complaisance: for was not the rheumatic pain you complain of, the fruit of regaling over my *Anti-Leland* in fresco?

Accept my best wishes for yourself, and for those who are so dear to you at Prior Park and at Claverton; and believe me to have the *fidelity* you so kindly ascribe to your ever affectionate R. HURD.

## LETTER CXIII.

*The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Hurd.*

Prior Park, Dec. 26, 1768.

My dearest friend,

You make me very happy in your assurance to me of your perfect recovery. Had I lived in the time of Tully, and in his friendship, as I live in yours, I should have sacrificed to Æsculapius in behalf of your honest and skilful surgeon.

You give me equal satisfaction in the promise you make, of never declining me nor my friendship, when it is convenient or useful to you.

A bishop,* more or less, in this world, is nothing; and perhaps of as small account in the next. I used to despise him for his antiquarianism; but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder. Had he lived a little longer, I should have been capable of succeeding him in the high station of his presidentship. We laugh at the wrong heads we neither care for, nor have to do with; but it is otherwise when our friends are struck with this malady. It seems poor Towne thought my silence (which was so short that I did not advert to it) was mysterious; so he wrote me the enclosed; which, together with my answer on the blank, it is not worth while to send back. I took the liberty to mention your name; for his *theme* wanted an *example*.

Ralph is now at home, and taller, better, and wiser; if not by some inches, yet by some lines. As to his learning, I leave that to his master, with the same implicit faith that a good catholic does his salvation to the church.

You now only want our dear friend Dr. Balguy's company, which, if he be a man of his word, you will have, I suppose, in a few days, and then he will be assistant in our correspondence. I desire no larger a compass than you two will comprehend: the circle will not only be large, but perfect, while one leg is fixed, and the other always running. My dearest Mr. Hurd, ever yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

* Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Lyttelton.—*H.*

## LETTER CXIV.

*Mr. Warburton to the Rev. Dr. Doddridge.*

London, April 19, 1738.

Rev. and worthy sir,

I FOUND the very agreeable favour of your letter of the 13th instant in London, where I am lately come for a few days.

I can now easily forgive the *Country Clergyman*,* as owing to him, in some measure, the acquisition of such a friendship as I flatter myself, sir, to reap in you. And though you give so polite a turn to that occasion, I must never suffer myself to believe, that it was any merit in my book, but a generous indignation against an abandoned libeller, that has procured me the honour of so considerable a patroniser.

I will assure you, sir, that, next to the service of truth, my aim in writing was to procure myself the favour and friendship of good and learned men. So that you will not wonder that I accept the friendship you are pleased to offer me in so generous and polite a manner, with all the pleasure that gifts most esteemed amongst men are generally received

* In January, 1737-8, Mr. Warburton published the first volume of the Divine Legation of Moses, &c. and in March, a Vindication of the author of that work from the aspersions of the Country Clergyman's Letter in the Weekly Miscellany of Feb. 14, 1737. The professed editor of the Miscellany was William Webster, D. D.

with. Difference of religious persuasion, amongst sincere professors, never was, I thank God, any reason of restraining or abating my esteem for men of your character in life and learning.

I have read your proposals for the Family Expositor, and have entertained, from the specimen, so high an opinion of your notes and paraphrase, that, had I any thing material on the gospels, I should be very cautious, (without affectation,) of laying them before so accurate a critic, notwithstanding all the temptations I should have of appearing in so honourable a station. But the truth is, I have little of this kind on the evangelists worth your notice, and your work is already in the press: but you shall be sure to command what I have on the other parts of the New Testament on occasion, if of any service to you. In the mean time, I make it my request to be admitted in the list of your subscribers. I shall pay the subscription money to Mr. Hett, but shall take no receipt, because I would have one from yourself, in order to engage you to begin a correspondence, from which I expect to receive so much benefit and pleasure.

I am greatly indebted to you, sir, for your good prayers. I beg you would do me the justice to believe you do not want mine, being, with the utmost esteem and sincerity, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

## LETTER CXV.

*Mr. Warburton to the Rev. Dr. Doddridge.*

Cambridge, April 4, 1739.

Dear sir,

I WRITE to you amidst a strange mixture of entertainments and study between the college-halls and libraries. The necessity of consulting books only to be met with here, has brought me to Cambridge; but my long nights in company make my mornings by myself so very short, that I am likely to return as wise as I came; which will be in a few days.

Before I left the country, I had the pleasure of receiving your Family Expositor. My mother and I took it by turns. She, who is superior to me in every thing, aspired to the divine learning of the improvements, while I kept grovelling in the human learning in the notes below. The result of all was, that she says she is sure you are a very good man, and I am sure you are a very learned one. I sat down to your notes with a great deal of malice, and determined resolution not to spare you. And let me tell you, a man who comments on the Bible affords all the opportunity a caviller could wish for. But your judgment is always so true, and your decision so right, that I am as unprofitable a reader to you as the least of your flock.

A friend of mine, Dr. Taylor of Newark, (M. D.) who has seen your book, desires to be a subscriber. If you will be so good to order a book to be left for him at Mr. Gyles's, he has orders to pay for it.

I have taken the liberty to enclose two or three papers of proposals, just now offered to the public by my friend, Dr. Middleton, for his Life of Tully. I am, dear sir, your very affectionate friend and brother.

## LETTER CXVI.

*Mr. Warburton to Dr Doddridge.*

May 28, 1741.

Dear sir,

THIS day sevennight Mr. Gyles gave Mr. Fowler himself the remain-

ing sheets, which I suppose you have received by this time.

After an extremely fatiguing journey in the stage coach, with very indifferent company, increased by worse taken up on the road, I reached Mr. Gyles's between eight and nine last night.

I have abundance of thanks to return for the very friendly entertainment I met with at Northampton, from you and your excellent lady. I must tell you frankly, you have more happiness than usually comes to the share of one man, and, to make it the more exquisite, of several kinds. Providence has treated you with a feast of many courses; which none but a good Levite under the old law, when the dispensation was exact, could fairly pretend to. That you may long enjoy every part of it, especially "that last and best—which shares and doubles all the rest," is the earnest prayer of, dear sir, your most affectionate brother and friend.

## LETTER CXVII.

*Mr. Warburton to Dr. Doddridge.*

Feb. 14, 1742-3.

Dear sir,

I SHOULD not have been so long in making my best acknowledgments for your last kind letter, had not my absence from home, and a late unhappy domestic affair, prevented me, and engrossed all my thoughts—the misfortunes of an excellent sister and her children, by her husband's ill success in trade, yet attended to with the utmost honesty and sobriety; so that, to his own ruin, he has been a considerable benefactor to the public while in trade, and his creditors at last no losers, but himself undone. I do not know whether this be an alleviation or aggravation of the misfortune. But I can tell you with the utmost truth, that I share with this distressed sister and her children (who all live with me) the small revenue it has pleased God to bless me with, with much greater satisfaction than others spend their's on their pleasures. I do not know how it is, but though I am far from being an hero, yet I find Brutus expresses my exact sentiments, when he says to Cicero, *Aliter alii cum suis vivunt. Nihil ego possum in Sororis meæ Liberis facere, quo possit expleri voluntas mea, aut officium.** But you will reprove me, I know, for this false modesty in apologizing for this comparison; and say, where is the wonder, that a man, who pretends to be a Christian, should not come behind a pagan, how great soever, in the performance of moral duties. However this may be, I can assure you my only concern on this occasion was for an incomparable mother, whom I feared the misfortunes of a favourite daughter would have too much affected. But, I thank God, religion, that religion which you make such amiable drawings of in all your writings, was more than a support to her. But I ask pardon for talking so long of myself. This is a subject I never choose to talk of, yet I could not forbear mentioning it to a man I so much esteem, and whose heart I know to be so right.

It was with great concern I found Mrs. Doddridge so ill at Bath. I know the grief this must have occasioned you. But I know your sufficiency. I trust in God she has by this time received the expected benefit from the waters. It was by accident I saw her name in Leake's book (for then I had not received your last) a little before I left Mr. Allen's. I visited her twice. The first time she was going out to drink the waters, the second time a visiting: so I had not the pleasure of much of her com-

* All do not live alike with their relations As for me, I cannot satisfy my wishes nor my duty in kind offices to my sister's children.

pany. You may be assured, I would not hinder her the first time; and I made a conscience not to do it the second: for it was a new acquaintance she was going to make; a matter perhaps as useful to her amusement, while she staid at Bath, as the other for her health.

Thus you see, my good friend, we have all something to make us think less complacently of the world. Religion will do great things. It will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable. But we must not think it will usually turn water to wine, because it once did so. Nor is it fit it should, unless this were our place of rest, where we were to expect the bridegroom. I do the best I can, and should, I think, do the same, if I were a mere pagan, to make life passable. To be always lamenting the miseries of it, or always seeking after the pleasures of it, equally takes us off from the work of our salvation. And though I be extremely cautious what sect I follow in religion, yet any in philosophy will serve my turn, and honest Sancho Panza's is as good as any; who, on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master, whether they should mark the day with a *black* or a *white* stone, replied, 'Faith, sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with good *brown ochre*. What this philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general, *good brown ochre* is the complexion of it.

I got home a little before Christmas, after a charming philosophical retirement in a palace with Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen for two or three months. The gentleman I mentioned last is, I verily believe, the greatest private character that ever appeared in any age of the world. You see his munificence to the Bath-Hospital. This is but a small part of his charities, and charity but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find where his weakness lies; but have studied in vain. When I know it, the world shall know it too, for the consolation of the envious; especially as I suspect it will prove to be only a partiality he has entertained for me. In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from heaven, would they study to deserve them.

I received your agreeable present of your pupil's Sermons,* with your Life of him, which my nephew has read with great pleasure, and you have both our most hearty thanks for it. He is now of Jesus College in Cambridge. But I take what care I can myself of his education. He is very promising, and I hope will prove a comfort to an excellent though unfortunate mother.

Dr. Taylor has just now shown me the first part of your excellent Answer to Christianity not founded on Argument; which he highly esteems, and we wait impatiently for the second.

Will you forgive my concluding without overlooking this sad scribble, which I should be even afraid to do, had I time. But now I have not a moment more than to conclude, with my best respects to Mrs. Doddridge, dear sir, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother.

## LETTER CXVIII.

(The first part.)

*Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Sept. 4, 1716.

Madam,

You oblige your friends in the most agreeable manner in the world. You take a part in what is of con-

* By the Rev. Mr. Thomas Steffe.

cern to their interest, in such a manner, and with such a grace, as can never be forgotten. One doth not know which to value most, the head or the heart; but this is the satisfaction, that they are inseparable, and both together invaluable. I take this first minute I can, to thank you for the quickness, the beauty, the warmth, and partiality, of your last. If I am proud in the latter part of my life, yourself and another* must chiefly answer for it. Now I have mentioned warmth, you must give me leave to mention one uncommon, and hardly ever to be met with, mixture in the character of the lady I spake of in my first letter. And that is the *passion* which is often seen to accompany sincerity, inseparably joined with the prudence which is very seldom, in any tolerable degree, found with it. Without that warmth, which I have ventured to call passion, the best-meaning person in the world hath but little heart to press forward, even in what he knows to be right; and without this prudence, that warmth becomes passion in the common sense of the word; and pusheth him on to ruin his own designs. You must have seen many instances of this in life, in which a natural boldness and an imprudent warmth have been equally pernicious to the best designs. The happy peculiarity is, I sincerely think, in her I have mentioned, the warmth of an honest heart, uncapable of any but good and noble views, under the conduct of such a prudence and knowledge of the world as guards it safely from overturning them. I protest to you, I am not sensible in this, or any thing else I have said, of any partiality; unless that can be called partiality, which is a judgment founded upon observation and experience. I confess, I often promise to myself great things (I mean great things for the public) from the influences of such a combination of good qualities as never, I believe, met at court, till you carried them thither; if uncertain life, uncertain health, and uncertain favour, will give leave. But why should we doubt of favour, where there is so much reason and real profit in the continuance of it, and so much good sense to discern that reason and advantage? I wish we could be as sure of the other two. But I go to other subjects.

* The Princess of Wales, Caroline.

## LETTER CXIX.

### *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Jan. 3, 1727-8.

——It is a long time since I had the pleasure of a conversation, which I cannot part with without some struggles. I consider, indeed, that the hours, in which I used to enjoy it, are those which are now generally better and more usefully employed, on your part, in another manner: and, I think, you cannot be too often at court, because no harm can, but a great deal of good, I am confident, will come from it. I am willing therefore to suffer some mortification, but not a perpetual one. I am a little too selfish to give up all: and hope I may still have some part in a gratification which I pursued, you know, long before the present situation of affairs; and which, give me leave to say, I still pursue for the sake of your merit; the merit, I mean, of virtue and good sense. I like you not one thought the better for your power at court; though, I own, I like the court itself the better for it. Nor do I court your friendship at all the more for that. I cannot but flatter myself, I have still some little claim to it, from my own constant and uniform regard to you, ever since I knew you, which I would call merit in myself, could I have acted other-

wise. But I have a greater claim to it. I have your own promise, given me many years ago: and I can never give up this claim, unless I appear to have done any thing to forfeit it. I have letters written from Bath in 1716, which have just now given me a fresh pleasure in reading them: and I keep them as the writings of my estate in you, which very much confirm my title to your friendship.

## LETTER CXX.

*Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Salisbury, Aug. 3, 1730.

Madam,

IT would be a very great pleasure to me to hear you are well, in whatever part of the world you now are. I left you at Windsor, where I sent to inquire after your health, but could not possibly stay to wait on you myself. I had the pleasure just to see you going into the chapel. If you saw me there, you saw me tired to death with a ceremony more insignificantly troublesome, and more ridiculous, than even I expected. I fled from the last part of it in the hall, and went a good way towards Salisbury that evening, regretting nothing but that I could not first have a little of your conversation.

I believe, madam, when you with so much warmth pressed me to write an account of Dr. Clarke, you little thought that would be made the occasion of so much reproach and bitterness, as Mr. Whiston has vented against me; and much less that Mr. Jackson, so much obliged as he was to that great man, could, so soon after his death, make use of his name to hurt me; by sending to Mr. Whiston, in order to be published, an idle, imperfect, partial, and false account of what, he was told, passed between Dr. Clarke and me, upon the subject of a prebend of Salisbury, which, it seems, he expected from me. I never saw such an instance of pious tittle-tattle from one end to the other; nor so much of the spirit of censure, and religious pride, and immoral zeal. What I see in them both confirms me in what I have used to observe, that pious, devout, and (as they are called) godly, and (I will own) well-meaning men, often do the very same things which wicked men do, and which are in them allowed to be wicked and inexcusable. How they should be excusable or praise-worthy in others; or why Mr. Whiston should think it pardonable in himself to vent (nay, in truth, to *invent*,) what it would be unpardonable in a less pious man to say of me; I am at a loss to know. I leave him to one who knows better than we do what allowances to make for such fury of religion, and desire to be guarded myself from it for ever. As I began, so I end. I entreat you, let me hear from you, if it be but in two lines, where you are, and how your health is; and believe me, wherever I am, to be, with the truest honour and highest esteem, madam, your most faithful friend and servant.

## LETTER CXXI.

*Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Salisbury, Aug. 14, 1731.

Madam,

IT was a very sensible satisfaction to me to have it under your own hand, that your health was the better for the ease and quiet of Sundon; and that it would not be disagreeable to you to be interrupted, now and then, with a line or two from hence. I ought, indeed, to have made this acknowledgment much sooner; and have little to say for myself, but that, for some time, I have every day ex-

pected to see or hear from Dr. Clarke, (according to his promise when he set out for Sundon,) and to have an answer from him to twenty questions I had to ask about you, and your health, and the place, and I know not what. A poor excuse, I own: but such as it is, joining itself with the very hot weather, (which made my head unfit for a letter to you, and my hand itself unable to do as it used to do,) it prevailed until I saw him. He is but just gone, after a stay of only a day and a half: and he has left me full of pleasing thoughts about Sundon, and the Lady of Sundon; and full of wishes to see her in her country-retirement, which, I know, she adorns. And if wish and imagination can bring it about, I am now there with you. Let me indulge the imagination: it will please me, and not hurt you. Methinks, I very plainly see you receiving your friends, with a countenance as free from a cloud, as your heart is from a spot, (much the more to be valued by those whom you think worthy of it, because in you it is so very different from what I call the countenance of common civility, due to the undistinguished rabble of acquaintance:) I mean a countenance that shows the friendship of the heart; not indeed to be described, nor so much as perceived by any, but the few that feel within themselves something which tells them what it means in another. From this image, which I can hardly part with, I go on to others. The neatness of the house; the cleanness of the little circle of ground about it; the elegance of your entertainments—I see them with pleasure, because they are not alone, but are the garniture of much greater things; and in you show a mind capable of descending, with the utmost propriety, to the lower parts of life, without ever losing sight of the highest. The imagery now goes on, and represents to me the manner of conversation with your friends, made agreeable by a quickness (not to say, eagerness) of spirit, guarded by the goodness of the understanding. The remembrance of what I myself have been witness to, makes the idea of this very strong. Sundon can add even to this the circumstance of more quiet, and less interruption from those rappings at the gate, which I have often been angry at, at London; a circumstance, I own, to me, of a most disagreeable sort.

Salisbury, Aug. 17, 1731.

THUS far I had writ last post-day, and was going on to follow you to the cottages and wants of your poor neighbours, and to partake with you in the pleasure of beneficence, by seeing the satisfaction and joy of a good mind, in being able to take any thing from the pains and miseries of the distressed part of mankind: but I was interrupted by something, (not worth mentioning,) which made it absolutely impossible to add a line or two for a conclusion before the post went away; at least I was dispirited enough to think so. I know no higher joy than that of doing good; nor can I frame to myself any more agreeable image, when I am thinking of Sundon, than that of one, who knows the art of living herself, and has the goodness to help all around her to enjoy life, as far as her ability can reach. I can add nothing greater than this; and therefore with this I will end the scene I was unwilling to dress out for myself; to make Sundon as pleasant to me as I could, at this distance, and to entertain myself with what I might enjoy, if I were there. It is the only revenge we can take of absence to feign an imaginary presence. It is some amends, though a little uneasy, when we awake and find it was a dream. Be it so: I am sure there is a foundation for it all; from

what I myself have seen, and heard, and experienced; and that no part of the picture flatters the original.

But now I bid Sundon adieu; and wish I had any thing to add, that could be entertaining to you. I desire but two lines, (I mean, if you have not time for more,) to know where you are, and how you are; nor do I design to stay for them before I write again. The cool weather has restored a little life to me. In the very hot, which we lately had, I felt to myself like a man dragging life like a chain after him; not enjoying it, but toiling for it. The worse for me, because I am not here in a retirement, to dispose of myself as I please; but open to all business, and to all comers every day equally. It is my duty to be so; and I submit to it with some satisfaction, because it seems agreeable to all, and useful to some, about Salisbury. My wife is as much your humble servant and Mr. Clayton's, as it is possible to be: and so am I. Preserve your health, and believe me to be, with the most particular regard, madam, your most faithful friend and servant.

## LETTER CXXII.

*Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Madam,

I CANNOT forbear bidding you farewell, before I leave the town. You will pardon me. You can hardly imagine how foolish, or how sick, or how weak, I have been to-day, even with the thoughts of to-morrow. You used to ask, how much of my head I would part with for a stronger heart. If you had been to feel what my *head* has been to-day, you would have wished for my heart, weak as it is, instead of it. And yet, if you had known how it has been with my *heart* alone, you would have taken my painful head instead of it. My hand (with a pen in it) is as weak as either of them, as you may see. Why am I so different from what others are, and from what, perhaps, I ought to be myself? I know that I am going, but for a very little while, and upon no uncommon occasion. And yet, because I am parting from every thing that is particularly dear to me within my own family, and without it, though but for a while, I feel it to that excess of sinking, that I care not to attempt to express it, for fear you should think more meanly of me, than even my foolish conversation on Monday made you. Believe me sincere, and hearty in that sense; open; free, where freedom is safe, and where virtue makes it so—Believe me this—and think me in other respects as of a weak man, if you please. If I can think myself qualified for the best friendship, I shall have great ease even in a dejected condition. Dejected as it is, I cannot forbear telling you, that I had a thorough, spirituous, satirical, and resenting conversation with Mr. W. yesterday—all ending with great thanks for my freedom, and great professions.—I am interrupted in my poor scrawl. May the dearest friend I have in the world be preserved in health, and every thing that she is capable of wishing: and may I (selfish you see at last) see her once more in such a state! Forgive my hasty and uneasy scribbling, and do not forget, madam, your most faithful friend and servant.

## LETTER CXXIII.

*Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

April 17, 1732.

My dearest friend,

IF this finds you once more escaped well from the fatigue and disorder of a court waiting, it will be a

great joy to me; and I have some hope it will, because I had the pleasure to know from your servant (as I came from the chapel yesterday evening) that at least you were not ill.—The *chain of life* (of which we have sometimes spoke) has been very heavy ever since I saw you; and my heart is now a good deal wounded with the news of sir William Willys's death. He had very good sense, great modesty, uncommon humanity, and a beneficence which showed itself in a way, that but a few know any thing of. (Let me go on, and pour out a little of my sorrow, though my paper almost forbids me, and I did not design it when I sat down to write.) He had learning enough to make him acceptable to those who had had opportunities of gaining more. But it was covered by the ease and unaffected behaviour of the gentleman. Indeed, he had more excellences than most of his rank take pains to show, or to pretend to. But that which touched me most, his heart was good; and he loved me. He loved me, I have reason to say it, in so particular a manner, that he either could not, or would not, hide it. And he had that sort of tenderness in showing it, which, when I know it to be real, always captivates my heart. The last time I saw him, (which I little thought would have been the last,) after some of the most engaging discourse in his easy way, he promised himself, he said, to come much oftener to me than he used to do, since I had assured him how agreeable an interruption it would always be to me. He was ever contriving how to get his friends about him in the most agreeable manner: and when they were so, they were sure of being easy and happy. I say what I think literally true, when I say that no one could be uneasy with him. Nor do I believe that ever any one was. And though his numerous relations (some not in affluence) will get a great deal by his death, I believe there is hardly one of them who would not gladly purchase his presence again with all that they can get by losing him. As to myself, I do not say that he was to me in that rank of friendship in which one other person is. No one ever was; no one, I think, ever can be. But if I had been asked, whom of all my friends, next to that one, I would have chosen to have staid longest with me in this miserable planet, I believe, from the knowledge I had of him from his childhood, I should have said, sir William Willys. But he is suddenly gone, and in a most painful manner. Forgive this, from your faithful, &c.

## LETTER CXXIV.

### *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

——Noise, crowds, ringing of bells, great dinners, strange lodgings, company without conversation, and the like, have not made me either more in love with myself, or my situation in the world, than I was before. But they have still more recommended to me the private part of my life; the sweets of quietness, and the enjoyment of true friendship. I think often, and most agreeably, of the happiness, the great happiness, of having a friend, in whose good heart one may confide with the utmost security; and in whose good understanding one may be sure of the best advice, as well as entertainment. That there is such a person in the world, I am certain from my own knowledge. And I would now ask no greater favour of Providence, than to make me as certain of the friendship of this person. I should esteem it a peculiar happiness in the decline of life; a support under the evils that generally attend it; and all the compensation for living on, which a reasonable mind could well wish for, after the con-

cerns of our nearest relations are tolerably taken care of. You know best whether Providence has been so indulgent to me as to grant me this good; and you know what my notion of friendship is. Without the strictest virtue and honour, there is no foundation for it; nor can it, without them, be friendship; or any thing higher than company-keeping, for low or ignominious purposes. If a beneficent temper, and a readiness for good offices, be added, these also are qualifications without which it cannot subsist. But what I understand by it is still something more; a sort of peculiar sympathy, which it is hard to define so as to be understood, if it be not felt; and if it be, it needs no definition. This latter added to the former is what completes the notion of what I mean by the *word* friendship, and what I wish for in the *thing*, &c.

## LETTER CXXV.

*Charles James Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

South Street, Dec. 17, 1796.

Sir,

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, your obliging letter, together with the very beautiful book which accompanied it. The dedication of such an edition of such an author is highly gratifying to me; and to be mentioned in such a manner, by a person so thoroughly attached to the principles of liberty and humanity, as you, sir, are known to be, is peculiarly flattering to me. I am, with great regard, sir, your obedient, humble servant, C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXVI.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, Monday.

Sir,

I RECEIVED, on Saturday, the second volume of Lucretius, together with a pamphlet of yours upon Porson's Hecuba, for which I beg leave to return you my thanks. I had received, some time since, your letter, announcing to me the present of the Lucretius; but delayed answering it till I got the book, which my servant had not then an opportunity of sending me, lest there might be some mistake from your mentioning Park Street, instead of South Street, for my residence. * * *

I feel it to be unpardonable in me to take advantage of your civility, in sending me your books, to give you all this trouble; but I could not refuse myself so fair an opportunity of getting my doubts upon these passages cleared. * * *

I am, with great regard, sir, your most obedient servant, C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXVII.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, Friday.

Sir,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your very obliging letter, for which I return you many thanks, as well as for the Bion and Moschus, which I will tell my servant to take an early opportunity of sending down to me. * * *

I am very sorry more encouragement has not been given to your Lucretius; but I am willing to flatter myself, that it is owing to many people not choosing to buy part of a work till the whole is completed. Both the Latin and Greek elegiac verses, in the beginning of the second volume, have given me great satisfaction; but I should fear the inferior rank which you give to our own country will not generally please; and certainly, in point of classical studies, or poetry, to which the mention of Apollo naturally carries the mind, we have no reason to place the

French above us. I am with great regard, sir, your obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXVIII.

### *Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1798.

Sir,

I HAVE received the third volume of your magnificent and beautiful Lucretius, for which I take the earliest opportunity of returning you my thanks. I cannot help flattering myself, that, now the work is complete, it will be far more patronised than it has hitherto been: but, it must be allowed, that these times are not favourable to expensive purchases of any kind; and I fear, also, that we may add, that the political opinions we profess are far from being a recommendation to general favour, among those, at least, in whose power it is to patronise a work like yours.

I am at present rather engaged in reading Greek; as it is my wish to recover, at least, if not to improve, my former acquaintance (which was but slight) with that language: but it will not be long before I enter regularly upon your Lucretius; and, when I do, if I should find any difficulties which your notes do not smooth, I shall take the liberty of troubling you for further information; presuming upon the obliging manner in which you satisfied some doubts of mine, upon a former occasion. I am, with great regard, sir, your obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXIX.

### *Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, Feb. 2, 1798.

Sir,

IT is an instance of my forgetfulness, but I really thought I had acknowledged the receipt of the publications which you were so good as to send me. Excepting the Pope, which I have not yet looked into, I read the rest with great pleasure; and quite agree with you, that Bryant has made no case at all upon the subject of the Trojan war. I cannot refuse myself taking this opportunity of asking your opinion, relative to the 24th Iliad, whether or not it is Homer's? If it is, I think the passage about Paris and the Goddesses must be an interpolation: and if it is not, by denying Homer the glory of Priam's expedition from Troy, and interview with Achilles, we take from him the most shining passages, perhaps, in all his works. I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. J. Fox.

P. S. Though I have not begun to read Lucretius regularly, yet I have *dipped* in it sufficiently to have no apprehension of quoting the line of Phædrus. I think the elegiac verses to the poet are very classical and elegant indeed; and, you know, we Etonians hold ourselves (I do not know whether or not others agree with us) of some authority in matters of this sort.

## LETTER CXXX.

### *Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, Feb. 16, 1798.

Sir,

I SHOULD have been exceedingly sorry, if, in all the circumstances you mention, you had given yourself the trouble of writing me your thoughts upon Homer's poetry; indeed, in no circumstances should I have been indiscreet enough to make a request so exorbitant; in the present, I should be concerned if you were to think of attending even to my limited question, respecting the authenti-

city of the 24th Iliad, or to any thing but your own business.

I am sorry your work is to be prosecuted; because, though I have no doubt of a prosecution failing, yet I fear it may be very troublesome to you. If, either by advice or otherwise, I can be of any service to you, it will make me very happy; and I beg you to make no scruple about applying to me: but I do not foresee that I can, in any shape, be of any use, unless it should be in pressing others, whom you may think fit to consult, to give every degree of attention to your cause. I suppose there can be little or no difficulty in removing, as you wish it, the difficulty from the publisher to yourself; for to prosecute a printer, who is willing to give up his author, would be a very unusual, and certainly a very odious, measure.

I have looked at the three passages you mention, and am much pleased with them: I think "curalium," in particular, a very happy conjecture; for neither "cœruleum" nor "beryllum" can, I think, be right; and there certainly is a tinge of red in the necks of some of the dove species. After all, the Latin words for colours are very puzzling: for, not to mention "purpura," which is evidently applied to three different colours at least—scarlet, porphyry, and what we call purple, that is, amethyst, and possibly to many others—the chapter of Aulus Gellius, to which you refer, has always appeared to me to create many more difficulties than it removes; and most especially that passage which you quote, "virides equos." I can conceive that a poet might call a horse "viridis," though I should think the term rather forced; but Aulus Gellius says, that Virgil gives the appellation of "glauci," rather than "cœrulei," to the *virides equos*, and consequently uses *virides*, not as if it were a poetical or figurative way of describing a certain colour of horses, but as if it were the usual and most generally intelligible term. Now, what colour usual to horses could be called *viridis*, is difficult to conceive; and the more so, because there are no other Latin and English words for colours, which we have such good grounds for supposing corresponding one to the other as *viridis* and *green*, on account of grass, trees, &c. &c. However, these are points which may be discussed by us, as you say, at leisure, if the system of tyranny should proceed to its maturity. Whether it will or not, I know not; but, if it should, sure I am, that to have so cultivated literature as to have laid up a store of consolation and amusement, will be, in such an event, the greatest advantage (next to a good conscience) which one man can have over another. My judgment, as well as my wishes, leads me to think, that we shall not experience such dreadful times as you suppose possible; but, if we do not, what has passed in Ireland is a proof, that it is not to the moderation of our governors that we shall be indebted for whatever portion of ease or liberty may be left us. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXXI.

### *Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, Feb. 23, 1798.

Sir,

NOTHING, but your stating yourself to be in some degree at leisure now, could justify my troubling you with the long, and, perhaps, unintelligible scrawl which I send with this. I most probably have shown much ignorance, and certainly some presumption, in seeming to dispute with you upon points, of which you know

so much, and I so little: all I can say in my defence is, that disputing is sometimes a way of learning.

I have not said any thing yet upon the question which you seem to have thought most upon—whether the Iliad is the work of one or more authors? I have, for the sake of argument, admitted it; but yet, I own, I have great doubts, and even lean to an opinion different from yours. I am sure the inequality of excellence is not greater than in "Paradise Lost," and many other poems written confessedly by one author. I will own to you, also, that in one only of the instances of inequality which you state, I agree with you. Atè is detestable; but I cannot think as you do of the death of Hector.—There are parts of that book, and those closely connected with the death of Hector, which I cannot help thinking equal to any thing.

It is well for you that my paper is at an end, and that I have not the conscience to take a new sheet. Your humble servant,

C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXXII.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, March 16, 1798.

Sir,

* * * * * * *

I am very much concerned at your Lucretius meeting with so little encouragement as you say; and I feel the more, because I cannot help thinking, that part of the prejudice, which occasions so unaccountable a neglect, is imputable to the honour you have done me by the dedication of it—an honour, I assure you, that I shall always most highly value. I am, sir, yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXXIII.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, March 1, 1799.

Sir,

Although I am wholly without any resources, even of advice, and much more of power, to offer you my services upon the present occasion, yet I cannot help troubling you with a few lines, to tell you how very sincerely concerned I am at the event of your trial.

The liberty of the press I considered as virtually destroyed by the proceedings against Johnson and Jordan; and what has happened to you I cannot but lament therefore the more, as the sufferings of a man whom I esteem, in a cause that is no more.

I have been reading your Lucretius, and have nearly finished the second volume: it appears to me to be by far the best publication of any classical author: and if it is an objection with some persons, that the great richness and variety of quotation and criticism in the notes takes off, in some degree, the attention from the text, I am not one of those, who will ever complain of an editor for giving me too much instruction and amusement. I am, with great regard, and all possible good wishes, sir, your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXXIV.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, June 9, 1799.

Sir,

Nothing could exceed the concern I felt at the extreme severity (for such it appears to me) of the sentence pronounced against you.

I should be apprehensive, that the distance of Dorchester must add con-

siderably to the difficulties of your situation: but should be very glad to learn from you that it is otherwise.

If any of your friends can think of any plan for you, by which some of the consequences of your confinement may be in any degree lessened, I should be very happy to be in any way assisting in it. From some words that dropped from you, when I saw you, I rather understood that you did not feel much inclination to apply to your usual studies in your present situation; otherwise it had occurred to me, that some publication, on a less expensive plan than the Lucretius, and by subscription, might be eligible, for the purpose of diverting your mind, and for serving your family; but of this you are the best judge; and all I can say is, that I shall always be happy to show the esteem and regard with which I am, sir, your most obedient servant, C. J. Fox.

Rev. GILBERT WAKEFIELD,
King's Bench Prison.

## LETTER CXXXV.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, June 12, 1799.

Sir,

I RETURN you your friend's letter, which gave me great satisfaction. The sentence upon lord Thanet and Ferguson is, all things considered, most abominable; but the speech accompanying it is, if possible, worse.

I think a Lexicon in Greek and English is a work much wanted; and, if you can have patience to execute such a work, I shall consider it a great benefit to the cause of literature. I hope to hear from you, that your situation at Dorchester is not worse, at least, than you expected; and, when I know you to be in a state of perfect ease of mind (which at this moment could not be expected), I will, with your leave, state to you a few observations, which I just hinted to you when I saw you, upon Porson's note to his Orestes, regarding the final *v*. I am, with great regard, sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXXVI.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, June 27, 1799.

Sir,

IN consequence of a letter, which lord Holland showed me, I have written to lord Shaftesbury, and to lord Ilchester, who are both very humane men, and would, I should hope, be happy to do any thing that may make your situation less uneasy. I am, sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

## LETTER CXXXVII.

*Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.*

St. Anne's Hill, April 28, 1801.

Sir,

I AM much obliged to you for your caution about Heyne's Virgil; and, if I purchase it at all, I will wait for the new edition. When I was a book-buyer, in my younger days, it was not in existence; and lately I have bought but few classical books, except Greek ones; and some Latin authors, of whom I had before *no* valuable edition. I had once a good many editions of Virgil; but, having had frequent occasions to make presents, and Virgil being always a proper book for that purpose, I have now only the fine Roman one, in three volumes folio; a school Delphin; a Variorum; and Martyn's Georgics. I am glad to find that you are not the heretic about the fourth book that I suspected you to be. Your notion, in respect to poets borrowing from

each other, seems almost to come up to mine, who have often been laughed at by my friends as a systematic defender of plagiarism: indeed, I got lord Holland, when a school-boy, to write some verses in praise of it; and, in truth, it appears to me, that the greatest poets have been most guilty, if guilt there be, in these matters. Dido is surely far superior to Medea in general. Your observation on the utility of communications upon these subjects may possibly be the cause of my making many trifling ones upon them. The loss of the older Roman writers is certainly the greatest that could have happened to philology; and probably, too, on account of their own merit, is in every view a considerable one. Of the more modern writers whom you mention, I have never read any but A. Gellius. I bought Apuleius last year, with an intention to read him, but something or other has always prevented me. I never saw one quotation from Tertullian that did not appear to me full of eloquence of the best sort; and have often thought, on that account, of buying an edition of him: but have been rather discouraged, from supposing that it might be necessary to know more than I do of the controversies in which he was engaged, to relish him properly.

With respect to your lectures, I should think that Latin would succeed better than Greek authors; but this is very uncertain. From the audience, however, which you may have upon the first, it will not be difficult to collect what probability there is of getting as good, or a better one, to the second.

It would be very good in argument, to state the inefficacy of the petitions on the slave trade, in the way you mention; and I do believe, that, in fact, the supposed inefficacy of petitions has been one of the great causes of the supineness, or rather lethargy, of the country: but it is not true, that petitions, though they have been ultimately unsuccessful, have been therefore wholly inefficacious. The petitions in 1797 produced, as Mr. Pitt says (and I suspect he says truly), the negotiation at Lisle: no great good, you will say; but still they were not wholly inefficacious. And even with regard to the slave trade, I conceive the great numbers which have voted with us, sometimes amounting to a majority, have been principally owing to petitions. Even now, in this last stage of degradation, I am not sure that if the people were to petition generally (but it must be very generally), that it would be without effect.

Your attention to the unfortunate wretches you speak of* must do you the highest honour in the eyes of all men, even of tory justices; and that is saying (a bold word) Σαρδαλεον επος.

Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

* His fellow prisoners.

# BOOK THE SIXTH.

# RECENT LETTERS.

## SECTION IV.

### FROM THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, H. K. WHITE, AND LORD BYRON.

#### LETTER I.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole* to Richard West, Esq.*

Paris, April 21, N. S. 1739.

Dear West,

You figure us in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find: cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas indeed are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating maigre: their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which in some parts beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights, and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Moliere's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the Avare to-night: I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Last night I was in the Place de Louis le Grand (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden Square), to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the duke de Tresmes, governor of Paris and marshal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his parish church, and from thence in coaches to the opposite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of the Celestins, where is his family vault. About a week ago we happened to see the grave digging, as we went to see the church, which is old and small, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any except St. Denis, which we saw on the road, and excels Westminster; for the windows are all painted in mosaic, and the tombs as fresh and well preserved as if they were of yesterday. In the Celestins' church is a votive column to Francis II, which says, that it is one assurance of his being immortalized, to have had the martyr Mary Stuart for his

* Afterwards earl of Orford

wife.—After this long digression I return to the burial, which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but

Friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This goodly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this morning; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle, lined with ermine, and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see this procession, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with salads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None but Germans wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs; some live at the Y grec, some at Venus's toilette, and some at the sucking cat. You would not easily guess their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service, as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming houses; there are at least an hundred and fifty people, of the first quality in Paris, who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the duke de Gesvres' pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

The weather is still so bad, that we have not made any excursions to see Versailles and the environs, not even walked in the Thuilleries; but we have seen almost every thing else that is worth seeing in Paris, though that is very considerable. They beat us vastly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarine at the Sorbonne and the College de Quatre Nations are wonderfully fine, especially the former. We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play, and speak the language readily. If we did not remember there was such a place as England, we should know nothing of it: the French never mention it, unless it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu! Yours ever.

## LETTER II.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to Richard West, Esq.*

From Paris, 1739.

Dear West,

I SHOULD think myself to blame not to try to divert you, when you tell me I can. From the air of your letter you seem to want amusement, that is, you want spirits. I would recommend to you certain little employments that I know of, and that belong to you, but that I imagine bodily exercise is more suitable to your complaint. If you would pro-

mise me to read them in the Temple garden, I would send you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to despatch to Dick's the first opportunity.—Stand by, clear the way, make room for the pompous appearance of Versailles le grand!—But no; it fell so short of my idea of it, mine, that I have resigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it. They say I am to like it better next Sunday; when the sun is to shine, the king is to be fine, the water-works are to play, and the new knights of the Holy Ghost are to be installed! Ever since Wednesday, the day we were there, we have done nothing but dispute about it. They say, we did not see it to advantage, that we ran through the apartments, saw the garden *en passant*, and slabbered over Trianon. I say, we saw nothing. However, we had time to see that the great front is a lumber of littlenesses, composed of black brick, stuck full of bad old busts, and fringed with gold rails. The rooms are all small, except the great gallery, which is noble, but totally wainscoted with looking glass. The garden is littered with statues and fountains, each of which has its tutelary deity. In particular, the elementary god of fire solaces himself in one. In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed with many waters. There are avenues of water-pots, who disport themselves much in squirting up cascadelins. In short, 'tis a garden for a great child. Such was Louis Quatorze, who is here seen in his proper colours, where he commanded in person, unassisted by his armies and generals, and left to the pursuit of his own puerile ideas of glory.

We saw last week a place of another kind, and which has more the air of what it would be, than any thing I have yet met with: it was the convent of the Chartreux. All the conveniences, or rather (if there was such a word) all the *adaptments*, are assembled here, that melancholy, meditation, selfish devotion, and despair would require. But yet 'tis pleasing. Soften the terms, and mellow the uncouth horror that reigns here, but a little, and 'tis a charming solitude. It stands on a large space of ground, is old and irregular. The chapel is gloomy: behind it, through some dark passages, you pass into a large obscure hall, which looks like a combination-chamber for some hellish council. The large cloister surrounds their burying-ground. The cloisters are very narrow, and very long, and let in to the cells, which are built like little huts detached from each other. We were carried into one, where lived a middle-aged man, not long initiated into the order. He was extremely civil, and called himself Dom Victor. We have promised to visit him often. Their habit is all white; but besides this, he was infinitely clean in his person; and his apartment and garden, which he keeps and cultivates without any assistance, was neat to a degree. He has four little rooms, furnished in the prettiest manner, and hung with good prints. One of them is a library, and another a gallery. He has several Canary birds disposed in a pretty manner in breeding cages. In his garden was a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers and fruit trees, and all neatly kept. They are permitted at certain hours to talk to strangers, but never to one another, or to go out of their convent. But what we chiefly went to see was the small cloister, with the history of St. Bruno, their founder, painted by Le Sœur. It consists of twenty-two pictures, the figures a good deal less than life. But sure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome, but these pictures excel all I have seen in Paris and England. The figure of the dead

man, who spoke at his burial, contains all the strongest and horridest ideas of ghastliness, hypocrisy discovered, and the height of damnation, pain and cursing. A Benedictine monk, who was there at the same time, said to me of this picture; *C'est une fable, mais on la croyoit autrefois.** Another, who showed me relics in one of their churches, expressed as much ridicule for them. The pictures I have been speaking of are ill preserved, and some of the finest heads defaced, which was done at first by a rival of Le Sœur's. Adieu, dear West; take care of your health; and some time or other we will talk over all these things with more pleasure than I have had in seeing them. Yours ever.

## LETTER III.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to Richard West, Esq.*

From a Hamlet among the mountains of Savoy, Sept. 28, 1739, N. S.

PRECIPICES, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Rosa—the pomp of our park, and the meekness of our palace! Here we are, the lonely lords of glorious desolate prospects. I have kept a sort of resolution which I made of not writing to you as long as I staid in France: I am now a quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months since we heard from you. I begin this letter among the clouds; where I shall finish, my neighbour heaven probably knows; 'tis an odd wish in a mortal letter, to hope not to finish it on this side the atmosphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the stars when you least think of it: and that I should write it too! Lord, how potent that sounds! But I am to undergo many transmigrations before I come to "yours ever." Yesterday I was a shepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine savage; to-morrow a Carthusian monk; and Friday a Swiss Calvinist. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all æthers; I brought it with me from your world, and am admired for it in this; 'tis my esteem for you; this is a common thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here; as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember those you have lost.

* It is a fable, but they believed it once.

Aix in Savoy, Sept. 30th.

We are this minute come in here, and here's an awkward abbé this minute come in to us. I asked him if he would sit down. *Oui, oui, oui.* He has ordered us a radish soup for supper, and has brought a chessboard to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the act, and am set down to write to you. Did you ever see any thing like the prospect we saw yesterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to see the Grande Chartreuse; expected bad roads, and the finest convent in the kingdom. We were disappointed pro and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive simplicity: they entertained us in the neatest manner, with eggs, pickled salmon, dried fish, conserves, cheese, butter, grapes, and figs, and pressed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay brother, who, unluckily having the charge of the meal and bran, showed us little besides. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines or lost in clouds! Below,

a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices, and hasting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bombast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Almost on the summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you? Good night! Yours ever.

## LETTER IV.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to Richard West, Esq.*

Florence, February 27, 1740, N. S.

Well, West, I have found a little unmasked moment to write to you; but for this week past I have been so muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then? No; then I was masked too; I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morn one makes parties in mask to the shops and coffee-houses, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods, how I have danced!* The Italians are fond to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw* they only know by the tune; *Blowzy-bella* is almost Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizelli al buro.* There are but three days more; but the two last are to have balls all the morning at the fine unfinished palace of the Strozzi; and the Tuesday night a masquerade after supper; they sup first, to eat *gras*, and not encroach upon Ash-Wednesday. What makes masquerading more agreeable here than in England, is the great deference that is showed to the disguised. Here they do not catch at those little dirty opportunities of saying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuse you because they may, or talk indecently to a woman of quality. I found the other day, by a play of Etheridge's, that we have had a sort of Carnival even since the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if She could*, they talk of going a-mumming in Shrove-tide.—After talking so much of diversions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondness I own I contract for Florence; but it has so many other charms, that I shall not want excuses for my taste. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make several acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical instance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yesterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's, word was brought by his secretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatness of his birth, entered, and informed the British minister that one

Martin, an English painter, had left a challenge for him at his house for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his &c. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to inquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard; his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel. The instant he was gone, my very English curiosity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo; 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving about above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but cross, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a slouched hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, just ready to say, "Your servant, Mr. Martin," and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confused hopes of victory or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or his situation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us strange creatures; but 'twas a pleasant sight, as we knew the poor painter was safe. I have thought of it since, and am inclined to believe, that nothing but two English could have been capable of such a jaunt. I remember, 'twas reported in London that the plague was at a house in the city, and all the town went to see it. Adieu! Yours ever.

## LETTER V.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole and Mr. Gray to Richard West, Esq.*

Rome, April 16, 1740, N. S.

I'll tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad, every thing struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surprised, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to you to write of Westminster Abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c. with a book of travels in one's hand, and sees every thing particularized there, it would appear transcribing to write upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when any body served me so that was travelling. Well, I will tell you something, if you will love me: you have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall only hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there. 'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottos, which were the burial places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inscriptions remaining; and, in one, very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling with paintings in grotesque. Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquæ Martiæ, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, besides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance

through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen-garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists; before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, every thing is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp. At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth: the man that shewed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia.* The cardinal Corsini has so thoroughly pushed on the misery of Rome, by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a day, eighteen pence; there are some extend their expense to five pauls, or half a crown: cardinal Albani is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The princesses and duchesses, particularly, lead the dismalest of lives. Being the posterity of popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the countesses and marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but mope in a vast palace, with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do issue forth, in a vast unwieldy coach, to the Corso.

In short, child, after sunset one passes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many English I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! And then, French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations swarm here. You will have a great fat French cardinal, garnished with thirty abbés, roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn short, and talk of the chapel of Versailles. I heard one of them say, t'other day, he had been at the *Capitale.* One asked, of course, how he liked it—*Ah! il y a assez de belles choses.**

Tell Asheton I have received his letter, and will write next post; but I am in a violent hurry, and have no more time; so Gray finishes this delicately——

Not so delicate; nor indeed would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received *de vos nouvelles*, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use, by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it; which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and every body does it (and I suppose every body says the same thing); else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. *A propos du Colisée*, if you don't know what it is, the prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman, that asked what it was built for—"They say 'twas for Christians to fight with tigers in." We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true cross, St. Longinus's spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St.

* Ah! there is a plenty of fine things.

Peter's. In the same place, and on the same occasion, last night, Walpole saw a poor creature, naked to the waist, discipline himself with a scourge, filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw doublet, that he took for red satin torn, and showing the skin through. I should tell you, that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appears through the great altar, under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air. All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn procession, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white: and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breast, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing:—'tis an ill habit; but this, like every thing else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man, one Mr. Williams: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Asheton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the admiral. Adieu! Ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER VI.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to R. West, Esq.*

Naples, June 14, 1740, N. S.

Dear West,

ONE hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of the subterraneous town? a whole Roman town, with all its edifices, remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save it from the Goths: they were buried with it themselves; which is a caution we are not told they ever took. You remember, in Titus's time, there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the king has a villa. This under-ground city is, perhaps, one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance, about a year and a half ago. They began digging, they found statues; they dug further, they found more. Since that they have made a very considerable progress, and find continually. You may walk the compass of a mile; but, by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crushed together; on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situation. There is one inside of a temple quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick, plastered over and painted with architecture: almost all the insides

of the houses are in the same manner; and, what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre: the stairs, of white marble, and the seats, are very perfect; the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part cased with white marble. They have found, among other things, some fine statues, some human bones, some rice, medals, and a few paintings, extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the king's apartment, whither all these curiosities are transplanted; and 'tis difficult to see them; but we shall. I forgot to tell you, that, in several places, the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal; so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but, upon touching, crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearances of fire, but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs.* Besides scrutinizing this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns, that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building; or to any circumstances that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:—

*Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam*
*Littoribus, fractas ubi Vestius egerit iras,*
*Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.*
*Mira fides! credetne virûm ventura propago,*
*Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebunt,*
*Infra urbes populosque premi?**

SYLV. lib. iv. epist. 4.

Adieu, my dear West! and believe me yours ever.

* Pompeia was not then discovered.

* These things I sung to you, Marcellus, on the Chalcidian shores, where Vesuvius, in its wrath, emulates the fires of Ætna. Will the future race of men, when these forest fields shall again be green with corn, believe that cities and their inhabitants are buried beneath them?

## LETTER VII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to John Chute, Esq.*†

Stowe, Aug. 4, 1753.

My dear sir,

You would deserve to be scolded, if you had not lost almost as much pleasure as you have disappointed me of.‡ Whether George Montagu will be so content with your commuting punishments, I don't know: I should think not: he *cried and roared all night*§ when I delivered your excuse. He is extremely well housed, after having roamed like a Tartar about the country, with his whole personal estate at his heels. There is an extensive view, which is called pretty: but Northamptonshire is no county to please me. What entertained me was, that he, who in London was grown an absolute recluse, is over

† Of the Vine, in Hampshire.

‡ In not accompanying Mr. Walpole on a visit to Mr. George Montagu, at Greatworth.

§ A phrase of Mr. Montagu's.

head and ears in neighbours, and as popular as if he intended to stand for the county, instead of having given up the town. The very first morning after my arrival, as we were getting into the chaise to go to Wroxton, they notified a sir Harry Danvers, a young squire, booted and spurred, and buckskin-breeched.—"Will you drink any chocolate?"—"No; a little wine and water, if you please." I suspected nothing but that he had rode till he was dry. "Nicolò, get some wine and water." He desired the water might be warm—I began to stare—Montagu understood the dialect, and ordered a negus. I had great difficulty to keep my countenance, and still more when I saw the baronet finish a very large jug indeed. To be sure, he wondered as much at me, who did not finish a jug; and I could not help reflecting, that living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it. Knightley, the knight of the shire, has been entertaining all the parishes round with a turtle feast, which, so far from succeeding, has almost made him suspected for a *Jew*, as the country parsons have not yet learned to wade into green fat.

The roads are very bad to Greatworth, and such numbers of gates, that, if one loved punning, one should call it the *Gate-house*. The proprietor had a wonderful invention: the chimnies, which are of stone, have niches and benches in them, where the man used to sit and smoke. I had twenty disasters, according to custom; lost my way, and had my French boy almost killed by a fall with his horse: but I have been much pleased. When I was at Park Place I went to see sir H. Englefield's,* which Mr. C**** and lady M*** prefer, but I think very undeservedly, to Mr. Southcote's. It is not above a quarter as extensive, and wants the river. There is a pretty view of Reading seen under a rude arch, and the water is well disposed. The buildings are very insignificant, and the house far from good. The town of Henley has been extremely disturbed with an engagement between the ghosts of miss Blandy and her father, which continued so violent, that some bold persons, to prevent farther bloodshed, broke in, and found it was two jackasses, which had got into the kitchen.

I felt strangely tempted to stay at Oxford, and survey it at my leisure; but, as I was alone, I had not courage. I passed by sir James Dashwood's,* a vast new house, situated so high that it seems to stand for the county, as well as himself. I did look over lord Jersey's,† which was built for a hunting-box, and is still little better. But now I am going to tell you how delightful a day I passed at Wroxton. Lord Guildford has made George Montagu so absolutely viceroy over it, that we saw it more agreeable than you can conceive; roamed over the whole house, found every door open, saw not a creature, had an extreme good dinner, wine, fruit, coffee and tea, in the library, were served by fairies, tumbled over the books, said one or two talismanic words, and the cascade played, and went home loaded with pine-apples and flowers. You will take me for monsieur de Coulanges, I describe eatables so feelingly; but the manner in which we were served made the whole delicious. The house was built by a lord Downe, in the reign of James the First; and, though there is a fine hall and a vast dining-room below, and as large a drawing-room above, it is neither good nor agreeable: one end of the front was never finished, and might have a good apartment. The

* White Knights.

* At High Wycombe. † Middleton.

library is added by this lord, and is a pleasant chamber. Except loads of old portraits, there is no tolerable furniture. A whole length of the first earl of Downe is in the bath robes, and has a coif under the hat and feather. There is a charming picture of prince Henry, about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag, with a lord Harrington; a good portrait of sir Owen Hopton, 1590; your *pious* grandmother, my lady Dacre, which I think like you; some good Cornelius Johnsons; a lord North, by Riley, good; and an extreme fine portrait by him of the lord keeper: I have never seen but few of the hand, but most of them have been equal to Lely and the best of sir Godfrey. There is, too, a curious portrait of sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity college, Oxford, said to be by Holbein. The chapel is new, but in a pretty Gothic taste, with a very long window of painted glass, very tolerable. The frieze is pendent, just in the manner I propose for the eating-room at Strawberry Hill. Except one scene, which is indeed noble, I cannot much commend the without doors. This scene consists of a beautiful lake, entirely shut in with wood: the head falls into a fine cascade, and that into a serpentine river, over which is a little Gothic seat, like a round temple, lifted up by a shaggy mount. On an eminence in the park is an obelisk, erected to the honour and at the expense of "*optimus et munificentissimus*," the late prince of Wales, "*in loci amœnitatem et memoriam adventûs ejus.*"* There are several paltry Chinese buildings and bridges, which have the merit or demerit of being the progenitors of a very numerous race all over the kingdom; at least they were of the very first. In the church is a beautiful tomb of an earl and countess of Downe, and the tower is in a good plain Gothic style, and was once, they tell you, still more beautiful; but Mr. Miller, who designed it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than of the water tables, and so it fell down the first winter.

On Wednesday morning we went to see a sweet little chapel at Steane, built in 1620, by sir T. Crewe, speaker in the time of the first James and Charles. Here are the remains of the mansion house, but quite in ruins: the chapel is kept up by my lady Arran, the last of the race. There are seven or eight monuments. On one is this epitaph, which I thought pretty enough:—

*Conjux casta, parens felix, matrona pudica,*
*Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.**

On another is the most affected inscription I ever saw, written by two brothers on their sister; they say, *This agreeable mortal translated her into immortality such a day:* but I could not help laughing at one quaint expression, to which time has given a droll sense; *She was a constant lover of the best.*

I have been here these two days, extremely amused and charmed indeed. Wherever you stand, you see an Albano landscape. Half as many buildings I believe would be too many, but such a profusion gives inexpressible richness. You may imagine I have some private reflections entertaining enough, not very communicable to the company: the temple of friendship, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt: Mr. James Grenville is now in the house, whom his uncle disinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades, Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elysian fields, before the in-

* The best and most munificent to the beauty of the place and the memory of his arrival.

* A chaste wife, a happy parent, a modest matron—Sarah to her husband, Martha to the world, Mary to God.

scription for his head was finished. That of sir J. Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of a bust of my lord mayor, was, by a mistake of the sculptor, done for alderman Perry. The statue of the king, and that "*honori, laudi, virtuti divæ Carolinæ*,"* make one smile, when one sees the ceiling, where Britannia rejects and hides the reign of king ****. But I have no patience at building and planting a satire: Such is the temple of modern virtue in ruins! The Grecian temple is glorious: this I openly worship: in the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which, by some unusual inspiration, Gibbs has made pure, and beautiful, and venerable. The style has a propensity to the Venetian or mosque Gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in mind of the place of St. Mark. The windows are throughout consecrated with painted glass; most of it from the priory at Warwick, a present from that foolish ****, who quarrelled with me (because his father was a gardener) for asking him if lord Brook had planted much.—A-propos to painted glass. I forgot to tell you of a sweet house, which Mr. Montagu carried me to see, belonging to a Mr. Holman, a Catholic, and called Warkworth. The situation is pretty, the front charming, composed of two round and two square towers. The court within is incomplete on one side; but above stairs is a vast gallery, with four bow windows and twelve other large ones, all filled with the arms of the old peers of England, with all their quarterings entire. You don't deserve, after deserting me, that I should tempt you to such a sight; but this alone is worth while to carry you to Greatworth.

Adieu, my dear sir! I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and forgive you enough not to deprive myself of the satisfaction of seeing you there, whenever you have nothing else to do. Yours ever.

* To the honour, praise, and virtue of the divine Catherine.

## LETTER VIII.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to Richard Bentley, Esq.*

Strawberry Hill, September 18, 1755.

My dear sir,

After an expectation of six weeks, I have received a letter from you, dated August 23d. Indeed, I did not impute any neglect to you; I knew it arose from the war: but Mr. *** tells me the pacquets will now be more regular. Mr. *** tells me!—What, has he been in town, or at Strawberry?—No; but I have been at Southampton; I was at the Vine; and on the arrival of a few fine days, the first we have had this summer, after a deluge, Mr. Chute persuaded me to take a jaunt to Winchester and Netley Abbey, with the latter of which he is very justly enchanted.

I was disappointed in Winchester: it is a paltry town, and small. King Charles the Second's house is the worst thing I ever saw of sir Christopher Wren,—a mixture of a town hall and an hospital, not to mention the bad choice of the situation in such a country; it is all *ups*, that should be *downs*. I talk to you as supposing that you never have been at Winchester, though I suspect you have; for the entrance of the cathedral is the very idea of that of Mabland. I like the smugness of the cathedral, and the profusion of the most beautiful Gothic tombs. That of cardinal Beaufort is in a style more free, and of more taste, than any thing I have seen of the kind. His figure confirms me in my opinion, that I have struck out the true history of the picture that I bought of Robinson, and which I take for the marriage

of Henry VI. Besides the monuments of the Saxon kings, of Lucius, William Rufus, his brother, &c., there are those of six such great or considerable men as Beaufort, William of Wickham, him of Wainfleet, the bishops Fox and Gardiner, and my lord treasurer Portland. How much power and ambition under half a dozen stones! I own, I grow to look on tombs as lasting mansions, instead of observing them for curious pieces of architecture! Going into Southampton, I passed Bevis Mount, where my lord Peterborough

Hung his trophies o'er his garden gate;

but general Mordaunt was there, and we could not see it. We walked long by moonlight on the terrace along the beach. Guess, if we talked of and wished for you! The town is crowded: sea-baths are established there too. But how shall I describe Netley to you? I can only by telling you, that it is the spot in the world for which Mr. Chute and I wish. The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs, pendant in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows, wrapped round and round with ivy: many trees are sprouted up amongst the walls, and only want to be increased with cypresses! A hill rises above the abbey, encircled with wood: the fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains, with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill: on each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistering with silver and vessels; on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot castle; and the Isle of Wight rising above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. Oh! the purple abbots, what a spot had they chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have *retired into* the world.

I know nothing of the war, but that we catch little French ships like crawfish. They have taken one of ours, with governor *** going to ***. He is a very worthy young man, but so stiffened with sir ***'s old fustian, that I am persuaded he is at this minute in the citadel of Nantes, comparing himself to Regulus.

Gray has lately been here. He has begun an ode, which, if he finishes equally, will, I think, inspirit all your drawing again. It is founded on an old tradition of Edward I. putting to death the Welsh bards. Nothing but you, or Salvator Rosa, and Nicolo Poussin, can paint up to the expressive horror and dignity of it. Don't think I mean to flatter you; all I would say is, that now the two latter are dead, you must of necessity be Gray's painter. In order to keep your talent alive, I shall next week send you flake white, brushes, oil, and the enclosed directions from Mr. Müntz, who is still at the Vine, and whom, for want of you, we labour hard to form. I shall put up in the parcel two or three prints of my eagle, which, as you never would draw it, is very moderately performed; and yet the drawing was much better than the engraving. I shall send you too a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, which is done with copper-plates. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, where I cannot say any works go on in proportion to my impatience. I have left him an *inventionary* of all I want to have done there; but I believe it may be bound up with the century of projects of that foolish marquis of Worcester, who printed a catalogue of titles of things, which he gave no directions to execute, nor I believe could. Adieu! Yours ever.

## LETTER IX.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Arlington Street, November 13, 1760.

EVEN the honey-moon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; lord Gower yields the mastership of the horse to lord Huntingdon, and removes to the great wardrobe, from whence sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved. The city, however, have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, "No petticoat government, no Scotch minister, no lord George Sackville;" two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less; it is left at Leicester House; lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except lady Susan Stuart and sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well: it was the Cambridge address, carried by the duke of Newcastle in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *medecin malgrè lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Litchfield and several other jacobites have kissed hands: George Selwyn says, "They go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night. I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver, on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers, with drawn sabres and crape sashes, on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns; all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches, the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiara scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels, here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where

they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman,* was chaunted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected too one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle: but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order.

I have nothing more to tell you but a trifle, a very trifle. The king of Prussia has totally defeated marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bed-chamber? What is sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester Fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night. Yours ever.

## LETTER X.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Houghton, March 25, 1761.

HERE I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections! No; Gray, and forty church-yards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time: every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There, too, lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.

The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed. Accustomed for

many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them seems poor; but shall I tell you truly, the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring? Alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas; must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young: I cannot satiate myself with looking: an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding-dresses, and they rode post through the apartments. I could not hurry before them fast enough; they were not so long in seeing for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers;* they come, ask what such a room is called, in which sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed. How different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as these travellers!

When I had drank tea, I strolled into the garden; they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground.*— What a dissonant idea of pleasure! those groves, those *allées,* where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown: many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clew in my memory: I met two gamekeepers and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude; yet I loved this garden, as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton; Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for lord Bute! How I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to; I have long considered how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood. The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment —what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself, or us, with the thoughts of his economy. How wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over. If lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now. Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant! You will find all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy. Pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

"—How often must it weep, how often burn."

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning; moral reflections or common places are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune. He is going to Germany: I was glad

to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts, at least images, of very different complexion. I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket. I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.

No, I have not seen him; he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them, amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate, have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Rubens and Carlo Marat! Yet, to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and post-chaises, which, if they have abridged the king's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my paroquet, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously! The Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself your old friend, DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me; not from any affection, but curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, "Child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you; he always stood the whole time." "Madam," said I, "when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones." I am sure she proposes to tell her remarks to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

## LETTER XI.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Arlington Street, May 5, 1761.

WE have lost a young genius, sir William Williams; an express from Belleisle, arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery; in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness and to ours. For what are we taking Belleisle? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing; for the glory, I leave it to the common council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs and nightingales are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it were Apollo's birth-day: Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations from the Lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the Lord knows when. They

are to be enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot-pace, will finish the first page two years hence.

But the true frantic Œstus resides at present with Mr. Hogarth. I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent.—"Why now," said he, "you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?" This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda, which is exactly a maudlin, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's pluck in St. James's market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, "Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you." I sat down, and said, I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be very sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar; and, indeed, to say truth, I have generally found, that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it. But what I particularly wished to say to you was about sir James Thornhill (you know he married sir James's daughter): I would not have you say any thing against him: there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year one thousand seven hundred, and I really have not considered whether sir James Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is: very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? W. No; it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS. and, I believe, the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish any thing, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the English, that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you; you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had staid, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal; and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met with any thing so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask

me if he is not mad. Adieu! yours ever.

## LETTER XII.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Arlington Street, April 6, 1763.

You will pity my distress, when I tell you that lord Waldegrave has got the small pox, and a bad sort. This day se'nnight, in the evening, I met him at Arthur's: he complained to me of the head-ache, and a sickness in the stomach. I said, "My dear lord, why don't you go home, and take James's powder: you will be well in the morning." He thanked me, said he was glad I had put him in mind of it, and he would take my advice. I sent in the morning; my niece said he had taken the powder, and that James thought he had no fever, but that she found him very low. As he had no fever, I had no apprehension. At eight o'clock on Friday night, I was told abruptly at Arthur's, that Waldegrave had the small-pox. I was excessively shocked, not knowing if the powder was good or bad for it. I went instantly to the house; at the door I was met by a servant of lady Ailesbury, sent to tell me that Mr. Conway was arrived. These two opposite strokes of terror and joy overcame me so much, that, when I got to Mr. Conway's, I could not speak to him, but burst into a flood of tears. The next morning lord Waldegrave, hearing I was there, desired to speak to me alone. I should tell you, that the moment he knew it was the small-pox, he signed his will. This has been the unvaried tenor of his behaviour; doing just what is wise and necessary, and nothing more. He told me he knew how great the chance was against his living through that distemper at his age; that, to be sure, he should like to have lived a few years longer, but if he did not, he should submit patiently; that all he desired was, that if he should fail, we would do our utmost to comfort his wife, who, he feared, was breeding, and who, he added, was the best woman in the world. I told him he could not doubt our attention to her, but that at present all our attention was fixed on him; that the great difference between having the small-pox young, or more advanced in years, consisted in the fear of the latter; but that, as I had so often heard him say, and now saw, that he had none of those fears, the danger of age was considerably lessened. Dr. Wilmot says, that if any thing saves him, it will be his tranquillity. To my comfort, I am told, that James's powder has probably been a material ingredient towards his recovery. In the mean time the universal anxiety about him is incredible. Dr. Barnard, the master of Eton, who is in town for the holidays, says, that, from his situation, he is naturally invited to houses of all ranks and parties, and that the concern is general in all. I cannot say so much of my lord, and not do a little justice to my niece too. Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, "There never was a nurse of your age had such attention." She replied, "There never was a nurse of my age had such an object." It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person; but if Adonis was sick, she could not stir seldomer out of his bed-chamber. The physicians seem to have little hopes; but, as their arguments are not near so strong as their alarms, I own I do not give it up, and yet I look on it in a very dangerous light.

I know nothing of news and the

world; for I go to Albemarle Street early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night. Young Mr. Pitt has been dying of a fever in Bedfordshire. The bishop of Carlisle, whom I have appointed visitor of Strawberry, is gone down to him. You will be much disappointed if you expect to find the gallery near finished. They threaten me with three months before the gilding can be begun. Twenty points are at a stand by my present confinement, and I have a melancholy prospect of being forced to carry my niece thither the next time I go. The duc de Nivernois, in return for a set of the Strawberry editions, has sent me four seasons, which I conclude he thought good; but they shall pass their whole round in London, for they have not even the merit of being badly old enough for Strawberry. Mr. Bentley's epistle to lord Melcomb has been published in a magazine. It has less wit by far than I expected from him, and to the full as bad English. The thoughts are old Strawberry phrases; so are *not* the panegyrics. Here are six lines written extempore by lady Temple, on lady Mary Coke, easy and genteel, and almost true:—

She sometimes laughs, but never loud:
She's handsome too, but somewhat proud:
At court she bears away the belle;
She dresses fine, and figures well;
With decency she 's gay and airy;
Who can this be but lady Mary?

There have been tough doings in parliament about the tax on cider: and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot hero, or patriot incendiary, in earnest, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a rope of martyrdom before the summer is over. Adieu! I tell you my sorrows, because, if I escape them, I am sure nobody will rejoice more. Yours ever

## LETTER XIII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Arlington Street, Friday night, late.

AMIDST all my own grief, and all the distress which I have this moment left, I cannot forget you, who have so long been my steady and invariable friend. I cannot leave it to newspapers and correspondents to tell you my loss. Lord Waldegrave died to-day. Last night he had some glimmerings of hope. The most desponding of the faculty flattered us a little. He himself joked with the physicians, and expressed himself in this engaging manner, asking what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday. "Sure," said he, "it is Friday." "No, my lord, indeed it is Thursday." "Well," said he, "see what a rogue this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day." By the help of opiates, with which, for two or three days, they had numbed his sufferings, he rested well. This morning he had no worse symptoms. I told lady Waldegrave, that, as no material alteration was expected before Sunday, I would go to dine at Strawberry, and return in time to meet the physicians in the evening; in truth, I was worn out with anxiety and attendance, and wanted an hour or two of fresh air. I left her at twelve, and had ordered dinner at three, that I might be back early. I had not risen from table, when I received an express from lady Betty Waldegrave, to tell me that a sudden change had happened; that they had given him James's powder, but that they feared it was too late; and that he probably would be dead before I could come to my niece, for whose sake she begged I would return immediately. It was, indeed, too late! too late for every thing—late as it was given, the powder vomit-

ed him, even in the agonies. Had I had power to direct, he should never have quitted James. But these are vain regrets! vain to recollect how particularly kind he, who was kind to every body, was to me! I found lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. My brother bears this mortification with more courage than I could have expected from his warm passions: but nothing struck me more than to see my rough savage Swiss, Louis, in tears, as he opened my chaise. I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions, perhaps. Yet who could expect that they would have passed away, even before that fleeting thing, her beauty!

If I had time, or command enough of my thoughts, I could give you as long a detail of as unexpected a revolution in the political world. To-day has been as fatal to a whole nation, I mean to the Scotch, as to our family. Lord Bute resigned this morning. His intention was not even suspected till Wednesday, nor at all known a very few days before. In short, there is nothing, more or less, than a panic; a fortnight's opposition has demolished that scandalous, but vast majority, which a fortnight had purchased, and in five months a plan of absolute power has been demolished by a panic. He pleads to the world bad health; to his friends, more truly, that the nation was set at him. He pretends to intend retiring absolutely, and giving no umbrage. In the mean time he is packing up a sort of ministerial legacy, which cannot hold even till next session, and I should think would scarce take place at all. George Grenville is to be at the head of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, Charles Townshend to succeed him, and lord Shelburn Charles, Sir Francis Dashwood to have his barony of Despencer and the great wardrobe, in the room of lord Gower, who takes the privy seal, if the duke of Bedford takes the presidentship; but there are many *ifs* in this arrangement; the principal *if* is, if they dare stand a tempest, which has so terrified the pilot. You ask what becomes of Mr. Fox? Not at all pleased with this sudden determination, which has blown up so many of his projects, and left him time to heat no more furnaces, he goes to France by the way of the House of Lords, but keeps his place and his tools till something else happens. The confusion I suppose will be enormous, and the next act of the drama a quarrel among the opposition, who would be all-powerful, if they could do what they cannot, —hold together, and not quarrel for the plunder. As I shall be at a distance for some days, I shall be able to send you no more particulars of this interlude; but you will like a pun my brother made when he was told of this explosion: "Then," said he, "they must turn the *Jacks* out of the drawing-room again, and again take them into the kitchen." Adieu! What a world to set one's heart on! Yours ever.

## LETTER XIV.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Strawberry Hill, April 14, 1763.

I HAVE received your two letters together, and foresaw that your friendly good heart would feel for us just as you do. The loss is irrepa-

rable, and my poor niece is sensible it is. She has such a veneration for her lord's memory, that if her sister and I make her cheerful for a moment, she accuses herself of it the next day to the bishop of Exeter,* as if he was her confessor, and that she had committed a crime. She cried for two days to such a degree, that if she had been a fountain it must have stopped. Till yesterday she scarce eat enough to keep her alive, and looks accordingly; but at her age she must be comforted: her esteem will last, but her spirits will return in spite of herself. Her lord has made her sole executrix, and added what little *douceurs* he could to her jointure, which is but a thousand pounds a-year, the estate being but three-and-twenty hundred. The little girls will have about eight thousand pounds a-piece; for the teller's place was so great during the war, that, notwithstanding his temper was a sluice of generosity, he had saved thirty thousand pounds since his marriage.

Her sisters have been here with us the whole time. Lady Huntingtower is all mildness and tenderness; and by dint of attention I have not displeased the other. Lord Huntingtower has been here once; the bishop most of the time: he is very reasonable and good natured, and has been of great assistance and comfort to me in this melancholy office, which is to last here till Monday or Tuesday. We have got the eldest little girl too, lady Laura, who is just old enough to be amusing; and last night my nephew arrived here from Portugal. It was a terrible meeting at first, but, as he is very soldierly and lively, he got into spirits, and diverted us much with his relations of the war and the country. He confirms all we have heard of the villany, poltronery, and ignorance of the Portuguese, and of their aversion to the English; but I could perceive, even through his relation, that our flippancies and contempt of them must have given a good deal of play to their antipathy.

You are admirably kind, as you always are, in inviting me to Greatworth, and proposing Bath; but, besides its being impossible for me to take any journey just at present, I am really very well in health, and the tranquillity and air of Strawberry have done much good. The hurry of London, where I shall be glad to be just now, will dissipate the gloom that this unhappy loss has occasioned; though a deep loss I shall always think it. The time passes tolerably here; I have my painters and gilders, and constant packets of news from town, besides a thousand letters of condolence to answer; for both my niece and I have received innumerable testimonies of the regard that was felt for lord Waldegrave. I have heard of but one man, who ought to have known his worth, that has shown no concern; but I suppose his childish mind is too much occupied with the loss of his last governor! I have given up my own room to my niece, and have betaken myself to the Holbein chamber, where I am retired from the rest of the family, when I choose it, and nearer to overlook my workmen. The chapel is quite finished, except the carpet. The sable mass of the altar gives it a very sober air; for, notwithstanding the solemnity of the painted windows, it had a gaudiness that was a little profane.

I can know no news here but by rebound; and yet, though they are to rebound again to you, they will be as fresh as any you can have at Greatworth. A kind of administration is botched up for the present, and even gave itself an air of that fierceness, with which the winter set out. Lord Hardwicke was

* The bishop of Exeter was married to a sister of lady Waldegrave.

told, that his sons must vote with the court, or be turned out; he replied, as he meant to have them in place, he chose they should be removed now. It looks ill for the court when he is sturdy. They wished too to have had Pitt, if they could have had him without consequences; but they don't find any recruits repair to their standard. They brag that they should have had lord Waldegrave; a most notorious falsehood, as he had refused every offer they could invent the day before he was taken ill. The duke of Cumberland orders his servants to say, that, so far from joining them, he believes, if lord Waldegrave could have been foretold of his death, he would have preferred it to an union with Bute and Fox. The former's was a decisive panic; so sudden, that it is said lord Egremont was sent to break his resolution of retiring to the king. The other, whose journey to France does not indicate much less apprehension, affects to walk in the streets at the most public hours, to mark his not trembling. In the mean time the two chiefs have paid their bravos magnificently: no less than fifty-two thousand pounds a-year are granted in reversion! *Young* Martin, who is older than I am, is named my successor; but I intend he shall wait some years: if they had a mind to serve me, they could not have selected a fitter tool to set my character in a fair light by the comparison. Lord Bute's son has the reversion of an auditor of the imprest; this is all he has done ostensibly for his family, but the great things bestowed on the most insignificant objects, make me suspect some private compacts. Yet I may wrong him, but I do not mean it. Lord Granby has refused Ireland, and the Northumberlands are to transport their magnificence thither. I lament that you made so little of that voyage; but is this the season of unrewarded merit? One should blush to be preferred within the same year. Do but think that Calcraft is to be an Irish lord! Fox's millions, or Calcraft's tithes of millions, cannot purchase a grain of your virtue or character. Adieu! Yours most truly.

## LETTER XV.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Arlington Street, April 22, 1763.

I HAVE two letters from you, and shall take care to execute the commission in the second. The first diverted me much.

I brought my poor niece from Strawberry on Monday. As executrix, her presence was quite necessary, and she has never refused to do any thing reasonable that has been desired of her. But the house and the business have shocked her terribly; she still eats nothing, sleeps worse than she did, and looks dreadfully; I begin to think she will miscarry. She said to me t'other day, "They tell me, that if my lord had lived, he might have done great service to his country at this juncture, by the respect all parties had for him. This is very fine; but as he did not live to do those services, it will never be mentioned in history!" I thought this solicitude for his honour charming. But he will be known by history; he has left a small volume of memoirs, that are a *chef-d'œuvre*. He twice shewed them to me, but I kept his secret faithfully; *now* it is for his glory to divulge it.

I am glad you are going to Dr. Lewis. After an Irish voyage, I do not wonder you want careening. I have often preached to you—nay, and lived to you too; but my sermons were flung away and my example.

This ridiculous administration is patched up for the present; the de-

tail is delightful, but that I shall reserve for Strawberry-tide. Lord Bath has complained to Fanshaw of lord Pulteney's* extravagance, and added, "If he had lived, he would have spent my whole estate." This almost comes up to sir Robert Brown, who, when his eldest daughter was given over, but still alive, on that uncertainty sent for an undertaker, and bargained for her funeral, in hopes of having it cheaper, as it was possible she might recover. Lord Bath has purchased the Hatton vault in Westminster Abbey, squeezed his wife, son, and daughter into it, reserved room for himself, and has set the rest to sale. Come; all this is not far short of sir Robert Brown.

To my great satisfaction, the new lord Holland has not taken the least friendly, or even formal notice of me, on lord Waldegrave's death. It dispenses me from the least farther connexion with him, and saves explanations, which always entertain the world more than satisfy.

Dr. Cumberland is an Irish bishop. I hope before the summer is over, that some beam from your cousin's portion of the triumvirate may light on poor Bentley. If he wishes it till next winter, he will be forced to try still new sunshine. I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's house for lady Waldegrave: I offered her to live with me at Strawberry; but, with her usual good sense, she declined it, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

Charles Townshend's episode in this revolution passes belief, though he does not tell it himself. If I had a son born, and an old fairy were to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gifts, I should cry out, "Powerful Goody, give him any thing but parts!" Adieu! Yours ever.

* Son of the earl of Bath.

## LETTER XVI.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1763.

I FEEL happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I mean no offence to Park Place; but the bitterness of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milkmaids should be wrapped *in the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat.* In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north wind to-day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to lord Bute. I don't know whether I should not have written a North Briton against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, *tout de bon.* The new ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a *coup d'eclat.* As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine; but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by lord Halifax's warrant for treason: vide the North Briton of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers, telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his *habeas corpus*, which was refused. He then went to lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord chief justice Pratt, I

am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books of architecture, nor care to put you to expense, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour, young Mr. Thomas Pitt, my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a green-house. For the former, you should send me your idea, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty green-house I never saw; nor, without immoderate expense, can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind, which you liked, at sir Charles Cotterel's at Rousham? But a fine green-house must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammersmith yesterday about lady Ailesbury's tubs; one of them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good night to her ladyship and you, and the infanta, whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstrow's old man. Do you know, that, though apprized of what I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such impression on my mind, that, thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman steadfastly at work in a window in Pall Mall, it made me start to see her move. Adieu! Yours ever.

Arlington Street, Monday night.

The mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer and all concerned (unnamed) to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his *habeas corpus* of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the common pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, "I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille." They found among Wilkes's papers an unpublished North Briton, designed for last Saturday. It contained advice to the king not to go to St. Paul's on the thanksgiving, but to have a snug one in his own chapel; and to let lord George Sackville carry the sword. There was a dialogue in it, too, between Fox and Calcraft; the former says to the latter, "I did not think you would have served me so, Jemmy Twitcher."

## LETTER XVII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Arlington Street, May 6, very late, 1763.

The complexion of the times is a little altered since the beginning of this last winter. Prerogative, that gave itself such airs in November, and would speak to nothing but a Tory, has had a rap this morning, that will do it some good, unless it is weak enough to do itself more harm. The judges of the common pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment, as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports; and it will require all the vanity and confidence of those able ministers, lord S*** and Mr. C***, to keep up the spirits of the court.

I must change this tone, to tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever

happened. Lady Molesworth's house, in Upper Brook Street, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of stairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke hers too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governess leaped from the garret, and was dashed to pieces. Dr. Molesworth and his wife, who were there on a visit, escaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail; he by hanging by his hands till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard: and poor lady Molesworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the most lively manner.

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new opera, madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the present topics. Wilkes, whose case has taken its place by the side of the seven bishops, calls himself the eighth—not quite improperly, when one remembers that sir Jonathan Trelawney, who swore like a trooper, was one of those confessors.

There is a good letter in the Gazetteer on the other side, pretending to be written by lord Temple, and advising Wilkes to cut his throat, like lord E***, as it would be of infinite service to their cause. There are published, too, three volumes of lady Mary Wortley's letters, which I believe are genuine, and are not unentertaining. But have you read Tom Hervey's letter to the late king? That beats every thing for madness, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has some charming and striking passages.

I have advised Mrs. H*** to inform against Jack, as writing in the North Briton; he will then be shut up in the Tower, and may be shewn for old Nero.* Adieu! Yours ever.

## LETTER XVIII

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Stamford, Saturday night, July 23, 1763.

"THUS far our arms have with success been crowned," bating a few mishaps, which will attend long marches like ours. We have conquered as many towns as Louis Quatorze in the campaign of seventy-two; that is, seen them, for he did little more, and into the bargain he had much better roads, and a drier summer. It has rained perpetually till to-day, and made us experience the rich soil of Northamptonshire, which is a clay-pudding, stuck full of villages. After we parted with you on Thursday, we saw Castle Ashby† and Easton Mauduit.‡ The first is most magnificently triste, and has all the formality of the Comptons. I should admire it, if I could see out of it, or any thing in it; but there is scarce any furniture, and the bad little frames of glass exclude all objects. Easton is miserable enough; there are many modern portraits, and one I was glad to see of the duchess of Shrewsbury. We lay at Wellingborough—pray never lie there—the beastliest inn upon earth is there! We were carried into a vast bed-chamber, which I suppose is the clubroom, for it stunk of tobacco like a justice of peace. I desired some boiling water for tea; they brought

* An old lion there, so called.
† A seat of the earl of Northampton
‡ A seat of the earl of Sussex.

me a sugar dish of hot water in a pewter plate. Yesterday morning we went to Boughton, where we were scarce landed, before the Cardigans, in a coach and three chaises, arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets, on their way to Deane; for, as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky, that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted, and so afraid of falling foul of the countess and her caprices, that I hurried from chamber to chamber, and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old French style, that gods and goddesses lived over my head in every room, and that there was nothing but pedigrees all around me and under my feet,—for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs: did the duke mean to pun, and intend this for the *descent* of the Montagus? Well, we hurried away, and got to Drayton an hour before dinner. Oh! the dear old place! you would be transported with it. In the first place, it stands in as ugly a hole as Boughton: well! that is not its beauty. The front is a brave strong castle wall, embattled and loop-holed for defence. Passing the great gate, you come to a sumptuous, but narrow modern court, behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent; has a vast hall, ditto dining room, king's chamber, trunk gallery at the top of the house, handsome chapel, and seven or eight distinct apartments, besides closets and conveniences without end. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed, and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are: in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has received its divine old mistress. If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who, you may imagine, do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as sir John Germain brought it from Holland; pyramidal yews, treillages, and square cradle walks, with windows clipped in them. Nobody was there but Mr. Beauclerc, and lady Catherine, and two parsons: the two first suffered us to ransack and do as we would, and the two last assisted us, informed us, and carried us to every tomb in the neighbourhood. I have got every circumstance by heart, and was pleased beyond my expectation, both with the place and the comfortable way of seeing it. We staid here till after dinner to-day, and saw Fotheringhay in our way hither. The castle is totally ruined. The mount, on which the keep stood, two door cases, and a piece of the moat, are all the remains. Near it is a front and two projections of an ancient house, which, by the arms about it, I suppose was part of the palace of Richard and Cicely, duke and duchess of York. There are two pretty tombs for them and their uncle duke of York in the church, erected by order of queen Elizabeth. The church has been very fine, but is now intolerably shabby: yet many large saints remain in the windows, two entire, and all the heads well painted. You may imagine we were civil enough to the queen of Scots, to feel a feel of pity for her, while we stood on the very spot where she was put to death: my companion, I believe, who is a better royalist than I am, felt a little more. There, I have obeyed you. To-morrow we see

Burleigh and Peterborough, and lie at Ely; on Monday I hope to be in town, and on Tuesday I hope much more to be in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, and to find the gilders laying on the last leaf of gold. Good night! Yours ever.

## LETTER XIX.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Hockerill, Monday night, July 25, Vol. 2d.

I CONTINUE. You must know we were drowned on Saturday night. It rained, as it did at Greatworth on Wednesday, all night and all next morning; so we could not look even at the outside of Burleigh, but we saw the inside pleasantly; for lord Exeter, whom I had prepared for our intentions, came to us, and made every door and every lock fly open, even of his magazines, yet unranged. He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year, and has already made several most sumptuous. One is a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Lucca Jordano, yet still these are treasures. The china and japan are of the finest; miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of crystal vases, filigree, enamel, jewels, and the trinkets of taste, that have belonged to many a noble dame. In return for his civilities, I made my lord Exeter a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides are all painted by Rubens. This present, you must know, is his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so I have given lady Betty Germain a very fine portrait, that I discovered at Drayton in the woodhouse.

I was not much pleased with Peterborough; the front is adorable, but the inside has no more beauty than consists in vastness. By the way, I have a pen and ink that will not form a letter. We were now sent to Huntingdon in our way to Ely, as we found it impracticable, from the rains and floods, to cross the country thither. We landed in the heart of the assizes, and almost in the middle of the races, both which, to the astonishment of the virtuosi, we eagerly quitted this morning. We were hence sent south to Cambridge, still on our way northward to Ely; but when we got to Cambridge we were forced to abandon all thoughts of Ely, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However, I made myself amends with the University, which I have not seen these four-and-twenty years, and which revived many youthful scenes, which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford: I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea with him, and are come hither, within sight of land. I always find it worth my while to make journies, for the joy I have in getting home again. A second adieu!

## LETTER XX.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, eight o'clock, April 21, 1764.

I WRITE to you with a very bad headach; I have passed a night, for which *** and the duke of *** shall pass many an uneasy one. Notwithstanding I heard from every body I met, that your regiment, as well as bedchamber, were taken

away, I would not believe it, till last night the duchess of Grafton told me, that the night before the duchess of ***** said to her, "Are not you very sorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has lost every thing."* When the witch of Endor pities, one knows she has raised the devil.

I am come hither alone, to put my thoughts into some order, and to avoid shewing the first sallies of my resentment, which I know you would disapprove; nor does it become your friend to rail. My anger shall be a little more manly, and the plan of my revenge a little deeper laid than in peevish *bons-mots*. You shall judge of my indignation by its duration.

In the mean time, let me beg you, in the most earnest and most sincere of all professions, to suffer me to make your loss as light as it is in my power to make it: I have six thousand pounds in the funds: accept all, or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refusal. The retrenchment of my expenses, which I shall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to replace your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another disposition. You have ever been the dearest person to me in the world. You have shewn that you deserve to be so. You suffer for your spotless integrity. Can I hesitate a moment to shew, that there is at least one man who knows how to value you? The new will, which I am going to make, will be a testimonial of my own sense of virtue.

One circumstance has heightened my resentment. If it was not an accident, it deserves to heighten it. The very day on which your dismission was notified, I received an order from the Treasury for the payment of what money was due to me there. Is it possible that they could mean to make any distinction between us? Have I separated myself from you? Is there that spot on earth, where I can be suspected of having paid court? Have I even left my name at a minister's door since you took your part? If they have dared to hint this, the pen that is now writing to you will bitterly undeceive them.

I am impatient to see the letters you have received, and the answers you have sent. Do you come to town? If you do not, I will come to you to-morrow se'nnight, that is, the 29th. I give no advice on any thing, because you are cooler than I am—not so cool, I hope, as to be insensible to this outrage, this villany, this injustice! You owe it to your country to labour the extermination of such ministers!

I am so bad a hypocrite, that I am afraid of shewing how deeply I feel this. Yet last night I received the account from the duchess of Grafton with more temper than you believe me capable of: but the agitation of the night disordered me so much, that lord John Cavendish, who was with me two hours this morning, does not, I believe, take me for a hero. As there are some, who I know would enjoy my mortification, and who probably designed I should feel my share of it, I wish to command myself—but that struggle shall be added to their bill. I saw nobody else before I came away but Legge, who sent for me, and wrote the enclosed for you. He would have said more, both to you and lady Ailesbury, but I would not let him, as he is so ill: however, he thinks himself that he shall live. I hope he will. I would not lose a shadow that can haunt these ministers.

I feel for lady Ailesbury, because I know she feels just as I do—and it is not a pleasant sensation. I will say no more, though I could write

* Mr. Conway had been dismissed from all his appointments, for having voted against the legality of general warrants, in the case of Wilkes.

volumes. Adieu! Yours, as I ever have been, and ever will be.

## LETTER XXI.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Arlington Street, April 24, 1764.

I REJOICE that you feel your loss* so little: that you act with dignity and propriety does not surprise me. To have you behave in character, and with character, is my first of all wishes; for then it will not be in the power of man to make you unhappy. Ask yourself—Is there a man in England, with whom you would change character? Is there a man in England, who would not change with you? Then think how little they have taken away.

For me, I shall certainly conduct myself as you prescribe. *Your* friend shall say and do nothing unworthy of *your* friend. You govern me in every thing but one; I mean the disposition I have told you I shall make. Nothing can alter that, but a great change in your fortune. In another point you partly misunderstood me. That I shall explain hereafter.

I shall certainly meet you here on Sunday, and very cheerfully. We may laugh at a world, in which nothing of us will remain long but our characters. Adieu! the dear family! Yours eternally.

## LETTER XXII.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1764.

LORD John Cavendish has been so kind as to send me word of the duke of Devonshire's legacy to you. You cannot doubt of the great joy this gives me; and yet it serves to aggravate the loss of so worthy a man! And when I feel it thus, I am sensible how much more it will add to your concern, instead of diminishing it. Yet do not wholly reflect on your misfortune. You might despise the acquisition of five thousand pounds simply; but when that sum is a public testimonial to your virtue, and bequeathed by a man so virtuous, it is a million. Measure it with the riches of those who have basely injured you, and it is still more! Why, it is glory; it is conscious innocence; it is satisfaction; it is affluence without guilt—Oh! the comfortable sound! It is a good name in the history of these corrupt days. There it will exist, when the wealth of your and their country's enemies will be wasted, or will be an indelible blemish on their descendants.

My heart is full, and yet I will say no more. My best loves to all your opulent family. Who says virtue is not rewarded in this world? It is rewarded by virtue, and it is persecuted by the bad. Can greater honour be paid to it? Yours ever.

## LETTER XXIII.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. Mr. Cole.*

Strawberry Hill, March 9, 1765.

Dear sir,

I HAD time to write but a short note with the Castle of Otranto, as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you what was the origin

* Of his employments.

of this romance? I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of any thing rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

You are, as you have long been to me, exceedingly kind, and I should, with great satisfaction, embrace your offer of visiting the solitude of Blechely, though my cold is in a manner gone, and my cough quite, if I was at liberty: but as I am preparing for my fresh journey, and have forty businesses upon my hands, I can only now and then purloin a day, or half a day, to come hither. You know I am not cordially disposed to *your* French journey, which is much more serious, as it is to be much more lasting. However, though I may suffer by your absence, I would not dissuade what may suit your inclination and circumstances. One thing, however, has struck me, which I must mention, though it would depend on a circumstance that would give me the most real concern. It was suggested to me by that real fondness I have for your MSS. for your kindness about which I feel the utmost gratitude. You would not, I think, leave them behind you; and are you aware of the danger you would run, if you settled entirely in France? Do you know, that the king of France is heir to all strangers who die in his dominions, by what they call the *Droit d'Aubaine?* Sometimes, by great interest and favour, persons have obtained a remission of this right in their lifetime: and yet that, even that, has not secured their effects from being embezzled. Old lady Sandwich had obtained this remission, and yet, though she left every thing to the present lord, her grandson, a man for whose rank one should have thought they would have had regard, the king's officers forced themselves into her house, after her death, and plundered. You see, if you go, I shall expect to have your MSS. deposited with me. Seriously, you must leave them in safe custody behind you.

Lord Essex's trial is printed with the state trials. In return for your obliging offer, I can acquaint you with a delightful publication of this winter, A Collection of Old Ballads and Poetry, in three volumes, many from Pepys's Collection at Cambridge. There were three such published between thirty and forty years ago, but very carelessly, and wanting many in this set: indeed, there were others, of a looser sort, which the present editor, who is a clergyman, thought it decent to omit.

When you go into Cheshire, and upon your ramble, may I trouble you with a commission? but about which you must promise me not to go a step out of your way. Mr. Bateman has got a cloister at Old Windsor, furnished with ancient wooden chairs,

most of them triangular, but all of various patterns, and carved and turned in the most uncouth and whimsical forms. He picked them up, one by one, for two, three, five, or six shillings a-piece from different farm houses in Herefordshire. I have long envied and coveted them. There may be such in poor cottages in so neighbouring a county as Cheshire. I should not grudge any expense for purchase or carriage; and should be glad even of a couple such for my cloister here. When you are copying inscriptions in a churchyard in any village, think of me, and step into the first cottage you see; but don't take further trouble than that.

I long to know what your bundle of MSS. from Cheshire contains.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Though I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs to them. Madame Danois, in the Fairy Tales, used to *tapestry* them with *jonquils;* but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided, that the outside shall be of *treillage*, which, however, I shall not commence, till I have again seen some of old Louis's old fashioned *galanteries* at Versailles. Rosamond's bower you, and I, and Tom Hearne know, was a labyrinth: but, as my territory will admit of a very short clew, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation; though a bower is very different from an arbour, and must have more chambers than one. In short, I both know, and don't know, what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture. But, good night! You see how one gossips, when one is alone, and at quiet on one's own dunghill! Well, it may be trifling; yet it is such trifling as ambition never is happy enough to know. Ambition orders palaces; but it is content that chats for a page or two over a bower. Yours ever.

## LETTER XXIV.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Strawberry Hill, July 28, 1765.

THE less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of one's self to people that inquire only out of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a self-complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathize with our griefs. Do not think it is pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough; but to enter into old age, through the gate of infirmity, most disheartening. My health and spirits made me take but slight notice of the transition; and, under the persuasion of temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on towards the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the mortification I feel. A month's confinement, to one who never kept his bed a day, is a stinging lesson, and has humbled my insolence to almost indifference. Judge then how little I interest myself about public events. I know nothing of them since I came hither, where I had not only the disappointment of not growing better, but a bad return in one of my feet; so that I am still wrapped up, and upon a couch. It was the more unlucky, as lord Hertford is come to England for a very few days. He has offered to come to me, but as I then should see him only for some minutes, I propose be-

ing carried to town to-morrow. It will be so long before I can expect to be able to travel, that my French journey will certainly not take place so soon as I intended, and if lord Hertford goes to Ireland, I shall be still more fluctuating; for though the duke and duchess of Richmond will replace them at Paris, and are as eager to have me with them, I have had so many more years heaped upon me within this month, that I have not the conscience to trouble young people, when I can no longer be as juvenile as they are. Indeed, I shall think myself decrepit, till I can again saunter into the garden in my slippers, and without my hat, in all weathers,—a point I am determined to regain, if possible; for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardiness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures, but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst, as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last,—alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see; but to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me, this surely is not a state to be preferred to death; and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first.

You see how difficult it is to conquer my proud spirit: low and weak as I am, I think my resolution and perseverance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow; at least I will impose any severity upon myself rather than humour the gout, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake. Adieu! Yours ever.

## LETTER XXV.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1765, Strawberry Hill.

I THOUGHT it would happen so; that I should not see you before I left England! Indeed, I may as well give you quite up, for every year reduces our intercourse. I am prepared, because it must happen, if I live, to see my friends drop off; but my mind was not turned to see them entirely separated from me while they live. This is very uncomfortable, but so are many things! Well, I will go and try to forget you all. All! God knows *the all* that I have left to forget is small enough; but the warm heart, that gave me affections, is not so easily laid aside. If I could divest myself of that, I should not, I think, find much cause for friendship remaining; you, against whom I have no complaint, but that you satisfy yourself with loving me without any desire of seeing me, are one of the very last that I wish to preserve. But I will say no more on a subject that my heart is too full of.

I shall set out on Monday se'n-

night, and force myself to believe that I am glad to go; and yet this will be my chief joy, for I promise myself little pleasure in arriving. Can you think me boy enough to be fond of a new world at my time of life? If I did not hate the world I know, I should not seek another. My greatest amusement will be in reviving old ideas. The memory of what made impressions on one's youth is ten times dearer than any new pleasure can be. I shall probably write to you often, for I am not disposed to communicate myself to any thing that I have not known these thirty years. My mind is such a compound, from the vast variety that I have seen, acted, pursued, that it would cost me too much pains to be intelligible to young persons, if I had a mind to open myself to them. They certainly do not desire I should. You like my gossipping *to* you, though you so seldom gossip *with* me. The trifles that amuse my mind are the only points I value now. I have seen the vanity of every thing serious, and the falsehood of every thing that pretended to be serious. I go to see French plays and buy French china, not to know their ministers, to look into their government, or think of the interests of nations—in short, unlike most people that are growing old, I am convinced that nothing is charming but what appeared important in one's youth, which afterwards passes for follies. Oh! but those follies were sincere; if the pursuits of age are so, they are sincere alone to self-interest. Thus I think, and have no other care but not to think aloud. I would not have respectable youth think me an old fool. For the old knaves, they may suppose me one of their number, if they please; I shall not be so—but neither the one nor the other shall know what I am. I have done with them all, shall amuse myself as well as I can, and think as little as I can; a pretty hard task for an active mind.

Direct your letters to Arlington Street, whence Favre will take care to convey them to me. I leave him to manage all my affairs, and take no soul but Louis. I am glad I don't know your Mrs. Anne; her partiality would make me love her; and it is entirely incompatible with my present system to leave even a postern door open to any feeling, which would steal in, if I did not double bolt every avenue.

If you send me any parcel to Arlington Street, before Monday se'nnight, I will take great care of it. Many English books I conclude are to be bought at Paris. I am sure Richardson's works are, for they have stupified the whole French nation: I will not answer for our best authors. You may send me your list, and if I do not find them I can send you word, and you may convey them to me by Favre's means, who will know of messengers, &c. coming to Paris.

I have fixed no precise time for my absence. My wish is to like it enough to stay till February, which may happen, if I can support the first launching into new society. I know four or five very agreeable and sensible people there, as the Guerchys, madame de Mirepoix, madame de Boufflers, and lady Mary Chabot. These intimately, besides the duc de Nivernois, and several others that have been here. Then the Richmonds will follow me in a fortnight or three weeks, and their house will be a sort of home. I actually go into it at first, till I can suit myself with an apartment; but I shall take care to quit it before they come; for, though they are in a manner my children, I do not intend to adopt the rest of my countrymen; nor, when I quit the best company here, to live in the worst there; such are young travelling boys, and, what is

still worse, old travelling boys, governors.

Adieu! remember you have defrauded me of this summer; I will be amply repaid the next; so make your arrangements accordingly. Yours ever.

## LETTER XXVI.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to Mr. Gray.*

Paris, Jan. 25, 1766.

I AM much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice: and, though it is late to thank you for it, it is at least a stronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obstinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have persisted, through this Siberian winter, in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breasted, without an under waistcoat. In short, though I like extremely to live, it must be in my own way, as long as I can: it is not youth I court, but liberty; and I think making one's self tender is issuing a *general warrant* against one's own person. I suppose I shall submit to confinement when I cannot help it; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends soon after my prison begins.

I have not delayed so long to answer your letter from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am constantly occupied, engaged, amused, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to say into the compass of a letter. You will lose nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am full of new subjects; and I have at least many hours of conversation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have seen, studied, or got so much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I said of their religious, or rather irreligious opinions, you must not conclude their people of quality atheists—at least not the men. Happily for them, poor souls! they are not capable of going so far into thinking. They assent to a great deal, because it is the fashion, and because they don't know how to contradict. They are ashamed to defend the Roman catholic religion, because it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the parliaments and the philosophers, and are rejoiced that they may still idolize royalty. At present, too, they are a little triumphant: the court has shown a little spirit, and the parliaments much less: but as the duc de Choiseul, who is very fluttering, unsettled, and inclined to the philosophers, has made a compromise with the parliament of Bretagne, the parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the case, they are not glad to drop a cause, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniences.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philosophy and English, and so have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer assign any reason, they are contemptuous and reserved, instead of being ridiculously, consequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained such a superiority. I wonder no longer, and have a little more respect for English *heads* than I had.

The women do not seem of the same country: if they are less gay than they were, they are more informed,—enough to make them very

conversable. I know six or seven with very superior understandings; some of them with wit, or with softness, or very good sense.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness—seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship; and by a freedom and severity, which seems to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependants. She was bred under the famous madame Tencin, who advised her never to refuse any man; for, said her mistress, though nine in ten should not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an useful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In short, she is an epitome of empire, subsisting by rewards and punishments. Her great enemy, madame du Deffand, was for a short time mistress of the regent, is now very old and stone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has every thing new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, aye, admirably; and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or any body, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible; for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved (I don't mean by lovers), and a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and ennui are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich. She has an old friend, whom I must mention, a monsieur Pondevelle, author of the Fat puni, and the Complaisant, and of those pretty novels the Comte de Cominge, the Siege of Calais, and les Malheurs de l'Amour. Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be so, but seldom is: yet he has another very different and very amusing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He composes tales to the tunes of long dances: for instance, he has adapted the Regent's Daphnis and Chloe to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is so old, and sings it so well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has succeeded still better in *les caractères de la danse*, to which he has adapted words that express all the characters of love. With all this, he has not the least idea of cheerfulness in conversation; seldom speaks but on grave subjects, and not often on them; is a humorist, very supercilious, and wrapt up in admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but ask him to sing, or praise his works, his eyes

and smiles open and brighten up. In short, I can shew him to you: the self-applauding poet in Hogarth's Rake's Progress, the second print, is so like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither—for he certainly will not go to you.

Madame de Mirepoix's understanding is excellent of the useful kind, and can be so, when she pleases, of the agreeable kind. She has read, but seldom shews it, and has perfect taste. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and she conceals even the blood of Lorrain, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is personally so well with the king. She is false, artful, and insinuating beyond measure, when it is her interest, but indolent and a coward. She never had any passion but gaming, and always loses. For ever paying court, the sole produce of a life of art is to get money from the king to carry on a course of paying debts, or contracting new ones, which she discharges as fast as she is able. She advertised devotion to get made *dame du palais* to the queen; and the very next day this princess of Lorrain was seen riding backwards with madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the king was stabbed, and heartily frightened, the mistress took a panic too, and consulted d'Argenson, whether she had not best make off in time. He hated her, and said, "By all means." Madame de Mirepoix advised her to stay. The king recovered his spirits, d'Argenson was banished, and la marechale inherited part of the mistress's credit.—I must interrupt my history of illustrious women with an anecdote of monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads that approach to good ones, and who, luckily for us, was disgraced, and the marine dropped, because it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pondevelle to make a song on the Pompadour: it was clever and bitter, and did not spare even majesty. This was Maurepas absurd enough to sing at supper at Versailles. Banishment ensued; and, lest he should ever be restored, the mistress persuaded the king that he had poisoned her predecessor, madame de Chateauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly cheerful; yet I have seen a transient silent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers, who was in England, is a *scavante*, mistress of the prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is gallant, and still has pretensions. The upper is very sensible too, and has a measured eloquence, that is just and pleasing; but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause. You would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer.

Madame de Rochfort is different from all the rest. Her understanding is just and delicate; with a finesse of wit, that is the result of reflection. Her manner is soft and feminine, and, though a *scavante*, without any declared pretensions. She is the *decent* friend of monsieur de Nivernois; for you must not believe a syllable of what you read in their novels.

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The duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as madame Geoffrin says, is *manqué par tout; guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué*, and *auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naissance manqué*.* He would think freely,

* He is deficient in every way—in war, in diplomacy, in business, and in authorship, but not in birth.

but has some ambition of being governor to the dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are ecclesiastic fagots. The former out-chatters the duke of Newcastle; and the latter, madame de Gisors, exhausts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the archbishop of Paris. Monsieur de Nivernois lives in a small circle of dependent admirers, and madame de Rochfort is high priestess for a small salary of credit.

The duchess of Choiseul, the only young one of these heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in waxwork, which not being allowed to speak for some time as incapable, has a hesitation and modesty, the latter of which the court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the most interesting sound of voice, and forgotten in the most elegant turn and propriety of expression. Oh! it is the gentlest, amiable, civil, little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg! So just in its phrases and thoughts, so attentive and good-natured! Every body loves it but its husband, who prefers her own sister, the duchesse de Grammont, an Amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is detested. Madame de Choiseul, passionately fond of her husband, was the martyr of this union, but at last submitted with a good grace; has gained a little credit with him, and is still believed to idolize him. But I doubt it—she takes too much pains to profess it.

I cannot finish my list without adding a much more common character, but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the marechale de Luxembourg. She has been very handsome, very abandoned, and very mischievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and she thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has softened her into being rather agreeable, for she has wit and good-breeding; but you would swear, by the restlessness of her person, and the horrors she cannot conceal, that she had signed the compact, and expected to be called upon in a week for the performance.

I could add many pictures, but none so remarkable. In those I send you, there is not a feature bestowed gratis or exaggerated. For the beauties, of which there are a few considerable, as mesdames de Brionne, de Monaco, et d'Egmont, they have not yet lost their characters, nor got any.

You must not attribute my intimacy with Paris to curiosity alone. An accident unlocked the doors for me. The *passe-par-tout*, called the fashion, has made them fly open—and what do you think was that fashion? —I myself. Yes, like queen Elinor in the ballad, I sunk at Charing Cross, and have risen in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. A *plaisanterie* on Rousseau, whose arrival here in his way to you brought me acquainted with many anecdotes conformable to the idea I had conceived of him, got about, was liked much more than it deserved, spread like wildfire, and made me the subject of conversation. Rousseau's devotees were offended. Madame de Boufflers, with a tone of sentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abused me heartily, and then complained to myself with the utmost softness. I acted contrition, but had liked to have spoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a second lecture from the prince of Conti, who took up the ball, and made himself the hero of a history wherein he had nothing to do. I listened, did not understand half he said (nor he neither), forgot the rest, said Yes when I should have said No, yawned when I should have smiled, and was very penitent when I should have rejoiced at my pardon. Madame de Boufflers was more dis-

tressed, for he owned twenty times more than I had said: she frowned, and made him signs: but she had wound up his clack, and there was no stopping it. The moment she grew angry, the lord of the house grew charmed, and it has been my fault if I am not at the head of a numerous sect: but when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come hither to be at the head of a fashion. However, I have been sent for about like an African prince, or a learned canary bird, and was, in particular, carried by force to the princess of Talmond, the queen's cousin, who lives in a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was sitting on a small bed hung with saints and Sobieskis, in a corner of one of those vast chambers, by two blinking tapers. I stumbled over a cat, a footstool, and a chamber-pot, in my journey to her presence. She could not find a syllable to say to me, and the visit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the lord! though this is the first month, it is the last week, of my reign; and I shall resign my crown with great satisfaction to a *bouillie* of chestnuts, which is just invented, and whose annals will be illustrated by so many indigestions, that Paris will not want any thing else these three weeks. I will enclose the fatal letter after I have finished this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Sevigné researches but the frost. The abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ransack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the comte de Grammont.—Adieu! You are generally in London in March; I shall be there by the end of it. Yours ever.

## LETTER XXVII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to Mr. Gray.*

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1768

You have sent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I saw *Poems by Mr. Gray* advertised: I called directly at Dodsley's, to know if this was to be more than a new edition. He was not at home himself, but his foreman told me he thought there were some new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without shewing them to me, but not to say a word of them in this letter. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious, about what you write? I have ceased to ask you, because you have so long refused to shew me any thing. You could not suppose I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at least yet, to publish what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the justice to own, that I had always rather have seen your writings than have shewn you mine, which you know are the most hasty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame. I certainly am not; but I am indifferent to almost any thing I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as Richard and the Noble Authors were. But I doubt there is a more intrinsic fault in them; which

is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it must be at once; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of lord Capel and lord Peterborough, in the second edition of the Noble Authors, cost me more trouble than all the rest together: and you may perceive, that the worst part of Richard, in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If, some time or other, you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I shall be much obliged to you: at present I shall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate; nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned indeed beforehand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication (as has happened to me before) the success has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the king of Prussia! A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. The greater offence is my reflection on lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraised him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is said*, he composed his history. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compose his history. And yet I admire my lord Clarendon more than these pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to justify myself. I can as little satisfy those who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I shall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumstances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation was, which Speed, in his history, says is preserved by bishop Leslie. If you look in Speed, perhaps you will be able to assist me.

The duke of Richmond and lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not disculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which, in my own mind, I believe him most guiltless. Had I thought he committed it, I should never have taken the trouble to apologize for the rest. I am not at all positive or obstinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this story. And I am so sincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I shall leave the matter to be settled or discussed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finishing the two or three other things I have begun; and of those, nothing but the last volume of Painters is designed for the present public. What has one to do, when turned fifty, but really think of *finishing?*

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Mason's approbation, and particularly by having had almost the same thought with him. I said, "People need not be angry at my excusing Richard; I have not diminished their fund of hatred; I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry." Well, but I have found you close with Mason.—No doubt, cry prating I, something will come out.*—Oh! no—leave us, both of you, to Annabellas and Epistles to Ferney, that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies; to Macarony fables, that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original; to Mr. Thornton's hurdy-gurdy poetry; and to Mr. ****, who has imitated himself worse than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you should abandon us, I could

* "I found him close with Swift."—"Indeed!"—"No doubt,"
Cries prating Balbus, "something will come out."
*Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

not wonder. When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own Cymons and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deserve any thing better.

Pray read the new account of Corsica. What relates to Paoli will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions, that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like ****, has a rage of knowing any body that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris, in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about king Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too; but, as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure, entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticised for the expression *tinker up* in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and, to my conception, it becomes as flat as possible.

George Selwyn says I may, if I please, write historic doubts on the present duke of G**** too. Indeed, they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly.

Will you be so kind as to look into Leslie de rebus Scotorum, and see if Perkin's proclamation is there, and, if there, how authenticated? You will find in Speed my reason for asking this.

I have written in such a hurry, I believe you will scarce be able to read my letter: and, as I have just been writing French, perhaps the sense may not be clearer than the writing Adieu! Yours ever.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.*

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your duke and duchess travel to the north? I know he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably, when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you, before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight and forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button

up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *this is a bad summer*, as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in, or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin lady Hinchinbrook; I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good night! Yours ever.

P. S. I was in town last week, and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

## LETTER XXIX.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to Monsieur de Voltaire.*

Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1768.

Sir,

You read English with so much more facility than I can write French, that I hope you will excuse my making use of my own tongue to thank you for the honour of your letter. If I employed your language, my ignorance in it might betray me into expressions that would not do justice to the sentiments I feel at being so distinguished.

It is true, sir, I have ventured to contest the history of Richard the Third, as it has been delivered to us: and I shall obey your commands, and send it to you, though with fear and trembling; for though I have given it to the world, as it is called, yet, as you have justly observed, *that* world is comprised within a very small circle of readers, and undoubtedly I could not expect that you would do me the honour of being one of the number. Nor do I fear you, sir, only as the first genius in Europe, who have illustrated every science; I have a more intimate dependence on you than you suspect. Without knowing it, you have been my master; and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours: so far, sir, am I from living in that state of barbarism and ignorance, with which you tax me when you say *que vous m'êtes peut-être inconnu.* I was not a stranger to your reputation very many years ago, but remember to have then thought you honoured our house by dining with my mother, though I was at school, and had not the happiness of seeing you: and yet my father was in a situation that might have dazzled eyes older than mine. The plain name of that father, and the pride of hav-

ing had so excellent a father, to whose virtues truth at last does justice, is all I have to boast. I am a very private man, distinguished by neither dignities nor titles, which I have never done any thing to deserve; but as I am certain that titles alone would not have procured me the honour of your notice, I am content without them.

But, sir, if I can tell you nothing good of myself, I can at least tell you something bad; and, after the obligation you have conferred on me by your letter, I should blush if you heard it from any body but myself. I had rather incur your indignation than deceive you. Some time ago I took the liberty to find fault in print with the criticisms you had made on our Shakspeare. This freedom, and no wonder, never came to your knowledge. It was in a preface to a trifling romance, much unworthy of your regard, but which I shall send you, because I cannot accept even the honour of your correspondence, without making you judge whether I deserve it. I might retract, I might beg your pardon; but having said nothing but what I thought, nothing illiberal, or unbecoming a gentleman, it would be treating you with ingratitude and impertinence, to suppose that you would either be offended with my remarks, or pleased with my recantation. You are as much above wanting flattery, as I am above offering it to you. You would despise me, and I should despise myself—a sacrifice I cannot make, sir, even to you.

Though it is impossible not to know *you*, sir, I must confess my ignorance on the other part of your letter. I know nothing of the history of monsieur de Genonville, nor can tell whether it is true or false, as this is the first time I ever heard of it. But I will take care to inform myself as well as I can, and, if you allow me to trouble you again, will send you the exact account, as far as I can obtain it. I love my country, but I do not love any of my countrymen that have been capable, if they have been so, of a foul assassination. I should have made this inquiry directly, and informed you of the result of it in this letter, had I been in London; but the respect I owe you, sir, and my impatience to thank you for so unexpected a mark of your favour, made me choose not to delay my gratitude for a single post. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant.

## LETTER XXX.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to Monsieur de Voltaire.*

Strawberry Hill, July 27, 1768.

One can never, sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakespeare, I should think him to blame, if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage, and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, sir, goes still farther: for you have supported your arguments, without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest, perhaps, to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show, that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head; for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you,

nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakespeare against your criticisms, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you, even before I had the honour of your acquaintance; it would be ungrateful now, when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me, is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men, who know at once how to conquer and to pardon.

I have made all the inquiry I could into the story of M. de Jumonville; and, though your and our accounts disagree, I own I do not think, sir, that the strongest evidence is in our favour. I am told we allow he was killed by a party of our men, going to the Ohio. Your countrymen say, he was going with a flag of truce. The commanding officer of our party said, M. de Jumonville was going with hostile intentions; and that very hostile orders were found after his death in his pocket. Unless that officer had proved that he had previous intelligence of those orders, I doubt he will not be justified by finding them afterwards; for I am not at all disposed to believe that he had the foreknowledge of your hermit, who pitched the old woman's nephew into the river, because *ce jeune homme auroit assassiné sa tante dans un an.**

I am grieved that such disputes should ever subsist between two nations, who have every thing in themselves to create happiness, and who may find enough in each other to love and admire. It is your benevolence, sir, and your zeal for softening the manners of mankind; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raised my esteem for you even more than the brightness of your genius. France may claim you in the latter light, but all nations have a right to call you their countryman *du coté du cœur*. It is on the strength of that connexion that I beg you, sir, to accept the homage of, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

* This young man would have assassinated his aunt in a year.

## LETTER XXXI.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1774.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful indeed, if I thought of complaining of you, who are goodness itself to me: and when I did not receive letters from you, I concluded it happened from your eccentric positions. I am amazed, that, hurried as you have been, and your eyes and thoughts crowded with objects, you have been able to find time to write me so many and such long letters, over and above all those to lady Ailesbury, your daughter, brother, and other friends. Even lord Strafford brags of your frequent remembrance. That your superabundance of royal beams would dazzle you, I never suspected. Even I enjoy for you the distinctions you have received—though I should hate such things for myself, as they are particularly troublesome to me, and I am particularly awkward under them; and as I abhor the king of Prussia, and, if I passed through Berlin, should have no joy like avoiding him—like one of our countrymen, who changed horses at Paris, and asked what the name of that town was. All the other civilities you have received I am perfectly happy in. The Germans are certainly a civil, well-meaning people, and I believe one of the least corrupted nations in Europe. I don't

think them very agreeable; but who do I think are so? A great many French women, some English men, and a few English women—exceedingly few French men. Italian women are the grossest, vulgarest of the sex. If an Italian man has a grain of sense, he is a buffoon——So much for Europe.

I have already told you, and so must lady Ailesbury, that my courage fails me, and I dare not meet you at Paris. As the period is arrived when the gout used to come, it is never a moment out of my head. Such a suffering, such a helpless condition, as I was in for five months and a half, two years ago, makes me tremble from head to foot. I should die at once if seized in a French inn; or what, if possible, would be worse, at Paris, where I must admit every body. I, who you know can hardly bear to see even you when I am ill, and who shut up myself here, and would not let lord and lady Hertford come near me—I, who have my room washed, though in bed, how could I bear French dirt? In short, I, who am so capricious, and whom you are pleased to call a philosopher, I suppose because I have given up every thing but my own will—how could I keep my temper, who have no way of keeping my temper but by keeping it out of every body's way! No, I must give up the satisfaction of being with you at Paris. I have just learnt to give up my pleasures, but I cannot give up my pains, which such selfish people as I, who have suffered much, grow to compose into a system, that they are partial to because it is their own. I must make myself amends when you return: you will be more stationary, I hope, for the future; and if I live I shall have intervals of health. In lieu of me, you will have a charming succedaneum, lady ******. Her father, who is more a hero than I, is packing up his decrepit bones, and goes too. I wish she may not have him to nurse, instead of diverting herself.

The present state of your country is, that it is drowned, and dead drunk; all water without, and wine within. Opposition for the next elections every where, even in Scotland; not from party, but as laying out money to advantage. In the head quarters, indeed, party is not out of the question: the day after to-morrow will be a great bustle in the city for a lord mayor,* and all the winter in Westminster, where lord Mahon and Humphrey Cotes oppose the court. Lady **** is saving her money at Ludlow and Powis castles by keeping open house day and night against sir Watkin Williams, and fears she shall be kept there till the general election. It has rained this whole month, and we have got another inundation. The Thames is as broad as your Danube, and all my meadows are under water. Lady Browne and I, coming last Sunday night from lady Blandford's, were in a piteous plight. The ferry-boat was turned round by the current, and carried to Isleworth. Then we ran against the piers of our new bridge, and the horses were frightened. Luckily my cicisbea was a catholic, and screamed to so many saints, that some of them at the nearest alehouse came and saved us, or I should have had no more gout, or what I dreaded I should; for I concluded we should be carried ashore somewhere, and be forced to wade through the mud up to my middle. So you see one may wrap one's self up in flannel and be in danger, without visiting all the armies on the face of the globe, and putting the immortality of one's chaise to the proof.

I am ashamed of sending you but three sides of smaller paper in answer to seven large—but what can I do? I see nothing, know nothing,

* When Mr. Wilkes was elected.

do nothing. My castle is finished, I have nothing new to read, I am tired of writing, I have no new or old bit for my printer. I have only black hoods around me; or, if I go to town, the family party in Grosvenor Street. One trait will give you a sample of how I pass my time, and made me laugh, as it put me in mind of you; at least it was a fit of absense, much more likely to have happened to you than to me. I was playing at eighteenpenny tredrille with the duchess of Newcastle and lady Browne, and certainly not much interested in the game. I cannot recollect nor conceive what I was thinking of, but I pushed the cards very gravely to the duchess, and said, "*Doctor*, you are to deal." You may guess at their astonishment, and how much it made us all laugh. I wish it may make you smile a moment, or that I had any thing better to send you. Adieu most affectionately. Yours ever.

## LETTER XXXII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to Dr. Gem.**

Arlington Street, April 4, 1776.

It is but fair, when one quits one's party, to give notice to those one abandons; at least modern patriots, who often imbibe their principles of honour at Newmarket, use that civility. You and I, dear sir, have often agreed in our political notions; and you, I fear, will die without changing your opinion. For my part, I must confess I am totally altered; and, instead of being a warm partisan of liberty, now admire nothing but despotism. You will naturally ask, what place I have gotten, or what bribe I have taken? Those are the criterions of political changes in England; but, as my conversion is of foreign extraction, I shall not be the richer for it. In one word, it is the *relation du lit de justice** that has operated the miracle. When two ministers† are found so humane, so virtuous, so excellent, as to study nothing but the welfare and deliverance of the people; when a king listens to such excellent men; and when a parliament, from the basest, most interested motives, interposes to intercept the blessing, must I not change my opinions, and admire arbitrary power? Or can I retain my sentiments, without varying the object?

Yes, sir, I am shocked at the conduct of the parliament—one would think it was an English one! I am scandalized at the speeches of the *avocat general*,‡ who sets up the odious interests of the nobility and clergy against the cries and groans of the poor, and who employs his wicked eloquence to tempt the good young monarch, by personal views, to sacrifice the mass of his subjects to the privileges of the few. But why do I call it eloquence? The fumes of interest had so clouded his rhetoric, that he falls into a downright Iricism. He tells the king, that the intended tax on the proprietors of land will affect the property, not only of the rich but of the poor. I should be glad to know what is the property of the poor? Have the poor landed estates? Are those who have landed estates the poor? Are the poor, that will suffer by the tax, the wretched labourers, who are dragged from their famishing families to work on the roads? But *it is* wicked eloquence when it finds a reason, or gives a reason, for continuing the abuse. The advocate tells the king,

* An English physician long settled at Paris, no less esteemed for his professional knowledge than for his kind attention to the poor, who applied to him for medical assistance.

* The first *lit de justice* held by Louis XVI.
† Messrs. de Malesherbes and Turgot.
‡ Monsieur de Seguier.

those abuses are *presque consacrés par l'ancienneté*. Indeed, he says all that can be said for nobility; it is *consacrée par l'ancienneté;* and thus the length of the pedigree of abuses renders them respectable!

His arguments are as contemptible when he tries to dazzle the king by the great names of Henry Quatre and Sully, of Louis XIV. and Colbert, two couple whom nothing but a mercenary orator would have classed together. Nor, were all four equally venerable, would it prove any thing. Even good kings and good ministers, if such have been, may have erred; nay, may have done the best they could. They would not have been good if they wished their errors should be preserved the longer they had lasted.

In short, sir, I think this resistance of the parliament to the adorable reformation planned by Messrs. de Turgot and Malesherbes, is more phlegmatically scandalous than the wildest tyranny of despotism. I forget what the nation was, that refused liberty when it was offered. This opposition to so noble a work is worse. A whole people may refuse its own happiness; but these profligate magistrates resist happiness for others, for millions, for posterity! Nay, do they not half vindicate Maupeou, who crushed them? And you, dear sir, will you now chide my apostasy? Have I not cleared myself to your eyes? I do not see a shadow of sound logic in all monsieur Seguier's speeches, but in his proposing that the soldiers should work on the roads, and that passengers should contribute to their fabric; though, as France is not so luxuriously mad as England, I do not believe passengers could support the expense of the roads. That argument, therefore, is like another, that the avocat proposes to the king, and which, he modestly owns, he believes would be impracticable.

I beg your pardon, sir, for giving you this long trouble; but I could not help venting myself, when shocked to find such renegade conduct in a parliament, that I was rejoiced had been restored. Poor human kind! is it always to breed serpents from its own bowels? In one country it chooses its representatives, and they sell it and themselves—in others it exalts despots—in another it resists the despot when he consults the good of his people!—— Can we wonder mankind is wretched, when men are such beings? Parliaments run wild with loyalty, when America is to be enslaved or butchered. They rebel, when their country is to be set free!—I am not surprised at the idea of the devil being always at our elbows. They who invented him, no doubt could not conceive how men could be so atrocious to one another, without the intervention of a fiend. Don't you think, if he had never been heard of before, that he would have been invented on the late partition of Poland? Adieu, dear sir! Yours most sincerely.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. Mr. Cole.*

Strawberry Hill, June 3, 1778.

I WILL not dispute with you, dear sir, on patriots and politics. One point is past controversy, that the ministers have ruined this country; and if the church of England's satisfied with being reconciled to the church of Rome, and thinks it a compensation for the loss of America, and all credit in Europe, she is as silly an old woman as any granny in an almshouse. France is very glad we are grown such fools, and soon saw that the presbyterian Dr. Franklin had more sense than our ministers together. She has got over all her prejudices, has expelled the Jesuits, and made the protestant

Swiss, Necker, her comptroller general. It is a little woeful, that we are relapsing into the nonsense the rest of Europe is shaking off; and it is the more deplorable, as we know, by repeated experience, that this country has always been disgraced by Tory administrations. The rubric is the only gainer by them in a few martyrs.

I do not know yet what is settled about the spot of lord Chatham's interment. I am no more an enthusiast to his memory than you. I knew his faults and his defects; yet one fact cannot only not be controverted, but I doubt more remarkable every day.—I mean, that under him we attained not only our highest elevation, but the most solid authority in Europe. When the names of Marlborough and Chatham are still pronounced with awe in France, our little cavils make a puny sound. Nations that are beaten cannot be mistaken. I have been looking out for your friend a set of my heads of painters, and find I want six or seven. I think I have some odd ones in town; if I have not, I will have deficiencies supplied from the plates, though I fear they will not be good, as so many have been taken off. I should be very ungrateful for all your kindnesses, if I neglected any opportunity of obliging you, dear sir. Indeed, our old and unalterable friendship is creditable to us both, and very uncommon between two persons who differ so much in their opinions relative to church and state. I believe the reason is, that we are both sincere, and never meant to take advantage of our principles, which I allow is too common on both sides, and, I own too, fairly, more common on my side of the question than on yours. There is a reason too for that: the honours and emoluments are in the gift of the crown: the nation has no separate treasury to reward its friends.

If Mr. Tyrrwhit has opened his eyes to Chatterton's forgeries, there is an instance of conviction against strong prejudice! I have drawn up an account of my transaction with that marvellous young man; you shall see it one day or other, but I do not intend to print it. I have taken a thorough dislike to being an author; and if it would not look like begging you to compliment me, by contradicting me, I would tell you, what I am most seriously convinced of, that I find what small share of parts I had grown dulled—and when I perceive it myself, I may well believe that others would not be less sharpsighted. It is very natural; mine were spirits rather than parts; and as time has abated the one, it must surely destroy their resemblance to the other; pray don't say a syllable in reply on this head, or I shall have done exactly what I said I would not do. Besides, as you have always been too partial to me, I am on my guard; and when I will not expose myself to my enemies, I must not listen to the prejudices of my friends; and as nobody is more partial to me than you, there is nobody I must trust less in that respect. Yours most sincerely.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. Mr. Cole.*

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1778.

I AM as impatient and in as much hurry as you was, dear sir, to clear myself from the slightest intention of censuring your politics. I know the sincerity and disinterested goodness of your heart; and when I must be convinced how little certain we are all of what is truth, it would be very presumptuous to condemn the opinions of any good man, and still less an old and unalterable friend, as I

have ever found you. The destruction that violent arbitrary principles have drawn on this blinded country has moved my indignation. We never were a great and happy country till the Revolution. The system of these days tended to overturn, and has overturned, that establishment, and brought on the disgraces that ever attended the foolish and wicked councils of the house of Stuart. If man is a rational being, he has a right to make use of his reason, and to enjoy his liberty. We, we alone almost, had a constitution that every other nation upon earth envied or ought to envy. This is all I contend for. I will give you up whatever descriptions of men you please; that is, the leaders of parties, not the principles. These cannot change, those generally do, when power falls into the hands of them or their party, because men are corruptible, which truth is not. But the more the leaders of a party dedicated to liberty are apt to change, the more I adore the principle, because it shews that extent of power is not to be trusted even with those that are the most sensible of the value of liberty. Man is a domineering animal; and it has not only been my principle, but my practice too, to quit every body at the gate of the palace. I trust we shall not much differ on these outlines: but we will bid adieu to the subject: it is never an agreeable one to those who do not mean to make a trade of it.

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## LETTER XXXV.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. Mr. Cole.*

Berkeley Square, May 4, 1781.

I SHALL not only be ready to shew Strawberry Hill, at any time he chooses, to Dr. Farmer, as your friend, but to be honoured with his acquaintance; though I am very shy now of contracting new. I have great respect for his character and abilities, and judicious taste; and am very clear, that he has elucidated Shakspeare in a more reasonable and satisfactory manner than any of his affected commentators, who only complimented him with learning that he had not, in order to display their own.

Pray give me timely notice whenever I am likely to see Dr. Farmer, that I may not be out of the way, when I can have an opportunity of shewing attention to a friend of yours, and pay a small part of your gratitude to him. There shall be a bed at his service; for you know Strawberry cannot be seen in a moment; nor are Englishmen so *liants* as to get acquainted in the time they are walking through a house.

But now, my good sir, how could you suffer your prejudiced partiality to me to run away with you so extravagantly as to call me one of the greatest characters of the age? You are too honest to flatter, too much a hermit to be interested, and I am too powerless and insignificant to be an object of court, were you capable of paying it from mercenary views. I know, then, that it could proceed from nothing but the warmth of your heart. But if you are blind towards me, I am not so to myself. I know not how others feel on such occasions; but if any one happens to praise me, all my faults rush into my face, and make me turn my eyes inward and outward with horror.—What am I, but a poor old skeleton, tottering towards the grave, and conscious of ten thousand weaknesses, follies, and worse! And for talents, what are mine, but trifling and superficial; and, compared with those of men of real genius, most diminutive. Mine a great character! Mercy on me! I am a composition of

Anthony Wood and madame Danois, and I know not what trumpery writers. This is the least I can say to refute your panegyric, which I shall burn presently; for I will not have such an encomiastic letter found in my possession, lest I should seem to have been pleased with it. I enjoin you, as a penance, not to contradict one tittle I have said here; for I am not begging more compliments, and shall take it seriously ill if you ever pay me another. We have been friends above forty years; I am satisfied of your sincerity and affection; but does it become us, at past threescore each, to be saying fine things to one another? Consider how soon we shall both be nothing!

I assure you, with great truth, I am at this present very sick of my little vapour of fame. My tragedy has wandered into the hands of some banditti booksellers, and I am forced to publish it myself to prevent piracy. All I can do is to condemn it myself; and that I shall.

I am reading Mr. Pennant's new Welch tour; he has pleased me by making very handsome mention of you. But I will not do what I have been blaming.

My poor dear madame du Deffand's little dog is arrived. She made me promise to take care of it the last time I saw her; that I will most religiously, and make it as happy as is possible. I have not much curiosity to see your Cambridge Raphael, but great desire to see you, and will certainly this summer accept your invitation, which I take much kinder than your *great character*, though both flowed from the same friendship. Mine for you is exactly what it has been ever since you knew (and few men can boast so uninterrupted a friendship as yours and that of), &c.

P. S. I have seen the Monthly Review.

## LETTER XXXVI.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Earl of Strafford.*

Berkeley Square, Nov. 27, 1781.

EACH fresh mark of your lordship's kindness and friendship calls on me for thanks and an answer: every other reason would enjoin me silence. I not only grow so old, but the symptoms of age increase so fast, that, as they advise me to keep out of the world, that retirement makes me less fit to be informing or entertaining. The philosophers who have sported on the verge of the tomb, or they who have *affected* to sport in the same situation, both tacitly implied that it was not out of their thoughts: and however dear what we are going to leave may be, all that is not particularly dear must cease to interest us much. If those reflections blend themselves with our gayest thoughts, must not their hue grow more dusty when public misfortunes and disgraces cast a general shade? The age, it is true, soon emerges out of every gloom, and wantons as before. But does not that levity imprint a still deeper melancholy on those who do think? Have any of our calamities corrected us? Are we not revelling on the brink of the precipice? Does administration grow more sage, or desire that we should grow more sober? Are these themes for letters, my dear lord? Can one repeat common news with indifference, while our shame is writing for future history by the pens of all our numerous enemies? When did England see two whole armies lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners? Can venal addresses efface such stigmas, that will be recorded in every country in Europe? Or will such disgraces have no consequences? Is not America lost to us? Shall we offer up more human victims to

the demon of obstinacy? and shall we tax ourselves deeper to furnish out the sacrifice? These are thoughts I cannot stifle at the moment that enforces them; and though I do not doubt but the same spirit of dissipation that has swallowed up all our principles, will reign again in three days with its wonted sovereignty, I had rather be silent than vent my indignation. Yet I cannot talk, for I cannot think, on any other subject. It was not six days ago, that, in the height of four raging wars, I saw in the papers an account of the opera, and of the dresses of the company; and thence the town, and thence of course the whole nation, were informed, that Mr. F***** had very little powder in his hair. Would not one think, that our newspapers were penned by boys just come from school, for the information of their sisters and cousins? Had we had Gazettes and Morning Posts in those days, would they have been filled with such tittle-tattle after the battle of Agincourt, or in the more resembling weeks after the battle of Naseby? Did the French trifle equally even during the ridiculous war of the Fronde? If they were as impertinent then, at least they had wit in their levity. We are monkeys in conduct, and as clumsy as bears when we try to gambol. Oh, my lord! I have no patience with my country, and shall leave it without regret! Can we be proud when all Europe scorns us? It was wont to envy us, sometimes to hate us, but never despised us before. James the First was contemptible, but he did not lose an America! His eldest grandson sold us, his younger lost us; but we kept ourselves. Now we have run to meet the ruin—and it is coming!

I beg your lordship's pardon if I have said too much, but I do not believe I have. You have never sold yourself, and, therefore, have not been accessary to our destruction. You must be happy *now* not to have a son, who would live to grovel in the dregs of England. Your lordship has long been so wise as to secede from the follies of your countrymen. May you and lady Strafford long enjoy the tranquillity that has been your option even in better days! and may you amuse yourself without giving loose to such reflections as have overflowed in this letter from your devoted humble servant.

## LETTER XXXVII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Earl of Strafford.*

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 1, 1783

IT would be great happiness indeed to me, my dear lord, if such nothings as my letters could contribute to any part of your lordship's; but as your own partiality bestows their chief merit on them, you see they owe more to your friendship than to the writer. It is not my interest to depreciate them; much less to undermine the foundation of their sole worth. Yet it would be dishonest not to warn your lordship, that if my letters have had any intrinsic recommendation, they must lose of it every day. Years and frequent returns of gout have made a ruin of me. Dulness, in the form of indolence, grows upon me. I am inactive, lifeless, and so indifferent to most things, that I neither inquire after, nor remember, any topics that might enliven my letters. Nothing is so insipid as my way of passing my time. But I need not specify what my letters speak: they can have no spirit left, and would be perfectly inanimate, if attachment and gratitude to your lordship were as liable to be extinguished by old age as our more amusing qualities. I make no new connexions; but cherish those that

remain with all the warmth of youth and the piety of grey hairs.

The weather here has been, and is, with very few intervals, sultry to this moment. I think it has been of service to me; though, by overheating myself, I had a few days of lameness. The harvest is half over already all round us, and so pure, that not a poppy or cornflower is to be seen. Every field seems to have been weeded, like B * * * * *'s bowling-green. If Ceres, who is at least as old as many of our fashionable ladies, loves tricking herself out in flowers as they do, she must be mortified; and with more reason, for she looks well always with top-knots of ultramarine and vermilion, which modern goddesses do not for half so long as they think they do. As Providence showers so many blessings on us, I wish the peace may confirm them. Necessary I am sure it was; and when it cannot restore us, where should we have been had the war continued? Of our situation and prospect I confess my opinion is melancholy; not from present politics, but from past. We flung away the most brilliant position; I doubt for a long season. With politics I have totally done. I wish the present ministers may last, for I think better of their principles than of those of their opponents (with a few salvos on both sides), and so I do of their abilities. But it would be folly in me to concern myself about new generations: how little a way can I see of their progress!

I am rather surprised at the new countess of * * * * *. How could a woman be ambitious of resembling Prometheus, to be pawed, and clawed, and gnawed by a vulture? I beg your earldom's pardon, but I could not conceive that a coronet was so very tempting!

Lady Browne is quite recovered—unless she relapses from what we suffer at Twickenham Park from a lord N * * * *, an old seaman, who is come to Richmond on a visit to the duke of Montrose. I think the poor man must be out of his senses—at least he talks us out of ours. It is the most incessant and incoherent rhapsody that ever was heard. He sits by the card-table, and pours on Mrs. N * * * * all that ever happened in his voyages or his memory. He details the ship's allowance, and talks to her as if she were his first mate. Then in the mornings he carries his daughter to town to see St. Paul's, and the Tower, and Westminster Abbey; and at night disgorges all he has seen; till we don't know the ace of spades from queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol in the armoury. Mercy on us! and mercy on your lordship too! Why should you be stunned with that alarum? Have you had your earthquake, my lord? Many have had theirs. I assure you I have had mine. Above a week ago, when broad awake, the doors of the cabinet by my bedside rattled, without a breath of wind. I imagined somebody was walking on the leads, or had broken into the room under me. It was between four and five in the morning. I rang my bell. Before my servant could come, it happened again, and was exactly like the horizontal tremor I felt from the earthquake some years ago. As I had rung once, it is plain I was awake. I rang again, but heard nothing more. I am quite persuaded there was some commotion; nor is it surprising, that the dreadful eruptions of fire on the coasts of Italy and Sicily should have occasioned some alteration, that has extended faintly hither, and contributed to the heats and mists that have been so extraordinary. George Montagu said of our last earthquake, that it was so tame you might have stroked it. It is comfortable to live where one can reason on them without dreading them. What satisfaction should you

have in having erected such a monument of your taste, my lord, as Wentworth Castle, if you did not know but it might be overturned in a moment, and crush you? Sir William Hamilton is expected: he has been groping in all these devastations. Of all vocations I would not be a professor of earthquakes. I prefer studies that are *couleur de rose;* nor would ever think of calamities, if I can do nothing to relieve them. Yet this is a weakness of mind that I do not defend. They are more respectable, who can behold philosophically the great theatre of events—or rather this little theatre of ours! In some ampler sphere, they may look on the catastrophe of Messina as we do on kicking to pieces an ant-hill.

Bless me! what a farrago is my letter! It is like the extracts of books in a monthly magazine. I had no right to censure poor lord N****'s ramblings. Lady Strafford will think he has infected me. Good night, my dear lord and lady. Your ever devoted.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to Mr. Pinkerton.**

March 17, 1785.

I AM much obliged to you, sir, for the many civil and kind expressions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the last I can only ascribe to the goodness of your heart.

I have published nothing of any size but the pieces you mention, and one or two small tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The rest have been prefaces to some of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and some fugitive pieces, which I reprinted several years ago in a small volume, and which shall be at your service with the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

With regard to the bookseller who has taken the trouble to collect my writings, (amongst which I do not doubt but he will generously bestow on me many that I did not write, according to the laudable practice of such compilers,) and who also intends to write my life,—to which, as I never did any thing worth the notice of the public, he must likewise be a volunteer contributor,—it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent such a design. Whoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or a magazine when he dies; but happily the insects that prey on carrion are still more short-lived than the carcasses were, from which they draw temporary nutriment. Those momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside like embryos. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men, and, amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing, that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies, which in catacombs preserve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody understands the language in which they were written.

I believe, therefore, it will be most wise to swim for a moment on the passing current, secure that it will soon hurry me into the ocean where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to bespeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and, like me, are conscious of no intrinsic worth, do not beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To antici-

* The author of an Essay on Medals, and the History of Scotland from the Accession of the House of Stuart to that of Mary, &c. &c.

pate spurious publications by a comprehensive and authentic one, is almost as great an evil. It is giving a body to scattered atoms; and such an act, in one's old age, is declaring a fondness for the indiscretions of youth, or for trifles of an age, which, though more mature, is only the less excusable. It is most true, sir, that, so far from being prejudiced in favour of my own writings, I am persuaded that, had I thought early as I think now, I should never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illness, and pain, have given me many hours of reflection in the intervals of the latter, which, besides shewing me the inutility of all our little views, have suggested an observation that I love to encourage in myself, from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practised the mortifying task of comparing myself with great authors, and that comparison has annihilated all the flattery that self-love could suggest. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the standard that constitutes excellence; for the shades that distinguish the degrees of mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be humble, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for a moment a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine therefore, you find, sir, is not humility, but pride. When young, I wished for fame; not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor considering in what light fame was desirable. There are two sorts of honest fame—that attendant on the truly great, and that better kind which is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor discovered that I could never compass the former. Having neglected the best road, and having, instead of the other, strolled into a narrow path that led to no goal worth seeking, I see the idleness of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark solicitude for trifles, which I think so myself.

I beg your pardon for talking so much about myself; but an answer was due to the unmerited attention you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleasure to speak on yours. Forgive me if I shall blame you, whether you either abandon your intention,* or are too impatient to finish it. Your preface proves that you are capable of treating the subject ably; but allow me to repeat, that it is a kind of subject that ought not to be executed impetuously. A mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry. A more enlarged plan would demand acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the *probable* sources of measures. The age is accustomed to details and anecdotes; and the age immediately preceding his own is less known to any man than the history of any other period. You are young enough, sir, to collect information on many particulars that will occur in your progress, from living actors, at least from their contemporaries; and, great as your ardour may be, you will find yourself delayed by the want of materials and by further necessary inquiries. As you have variety of talents, why should you not exercise them on works that will admit of more rapidity, and, at the same time, at leisure moments, commence, digest, and enrich your plan, by collecting new matter for it?

In one word, I have too much zeal for your credit, not to dissuade precipitation in a work of the kind you meditate. That I speak sincerely, and without flattery, you are sure, as accident, not design, made you acquainted with my admiration of your tract on medals. If I wish to delay your history, it must be that it may appear with more advantages; and I

* Of writing a History of the Reign of George II.

must speak disinterestedly, as my age will not allow me to hope to see it, if not finished soon. I should not forgive myself if I turned you from prosecution of your work; but as I am sure my writings can have given you no opinion of my having sound and deep judgment, pray follow your own, and allow no merit but that of sincerity and zeal to the sentiments of your obliged and obedient humble servant.

## LETTER XXXIX.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Earl of Strafford.*

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1786.

SINCE I received the honour of your lordship's last, I have been at Park Place for a few days. Lord and lady Frederick Campbell and Mrs. Damer were there. We went on the Thames to see the new bridge at Henley, and Mrs. Damer's colossal masks. There is not a sight in the island more worthy of being visited. The bridge is as perfect as if bridges were natural productions, and as beautiful as if it had been built for Wentworth Castle; and the masks as if the Romans had left them here. We saw them in a fortunate moment; for the rest of the time was very cold and uncomfortable, and the evenings as chill as many we have had lately. In short, I am come to think that the beginning of an old ditty, which passes for a collection of blunders, was really an old English pastoral, it is so descriptive of our climate:—

> Three children sliding on the ice
> All on a summer's day——

I have been overwhelmed more than ever by visitants to my house. Yesterday I had count Oghinski, who was a pretender to the crown of Poland at the last election, and has been stripped of most of a vast estate. He had on a ring of the new king of Prussia, or I should have wished him joy on the death of one of the plunderers of his country.

It has long been my opinion, that the out-pensioners of Bedlam are so numerous, that the shortest and cheapest way would be to confine in Moorfields the few that remain in their senses, who would then be safe; and let the rest go at large. They are the out-pensioners who are for destroying poor dogs! The whole canine race never did half so much mischief as lord George Gordon; nor even worry hares, but when hallooed on by men. As it is a persecution of animals, I do not love hunting; and what old writers mention as a commendation makes me hate it the more,—its being an image of war. Mercy on us! that destruction of any species should be a sport or a merit! What cruel, unreflecting imps we are! Every body is unwilling to die, yet sacrifices the lives of others to momentary pastime, or to the still emptier vapour, fame! A hero or a sportsman, who wishes for longer life, is desirous of prolonging devastation. We shall be crammed, I suppose, with panegyrics and epitaphs on the king of Prussia. I am content that he can now have an epitaph. But, alas! the emperor will write one for him probably in blood! and, while he shuts up convents for the sake of population, will be stuffing hospitals with maimed soldiers, besides making thousands of widows! I have just been reading a new-published history of the colleges in Oxford, by Anthony Wood, and there found a feature in a character that always offended me, that of archbishop Chicheley, who prompted Henry V. to the invasion of France, to divert him from squeezing the overgrown clergy. When that priest meditated founding All Souls, and "consulted his friends (who seem to have been honest men)

what great matter of piety he had best perform to God in his old age, he was advised by them to build an hospital for the wounded and sick soldiers, that daily returned from the wars then had in France;"—I doubt his grace's friends thought as I do of his artifice:—"but," continues the historian, "*disliking those motions*, and valuing the welfare of the deceased more than the wounded and diseased, he resolved with himself to promote his design, which was to have masses said for the king, queen, and himself, &c. while living, and for their souls when dead." And that mummery the old foolish rogue thought more efficacious than ointments and medicines for the wretches he had made! And of the chaplains and clerks he instituted in that dormitory, one was to teach grammar, and another prick-song. How history makes one shudder and laugh by turns! But I fear I have wearied your lordship with my idle declamation, and you will repent having commanded me to send you more letters; and I can only plead that I am your (perhaps too) obedient humble servant.

## LETTER XL.

### *The Hon. Horace Walpole to Lady Craven.*

Berkeley Square, Dec. 11, 1788.

It is agreeable to your ladyship's usual goodness to honour me with another letter—and I may say to your equity too, after I had proved to monsieur Mercier, by the list of dates of my letters, that it was not mine but the post's fault, that you did not receive one that I had the honour of writing to you above a year ago. Not, madam, that I could wonder if you had the prudence to drop a correspondence with an old superannuated man, who, conscious of his decay, has had the decency of not troubling with his dotages, persons of not near your ladyship's youth and vivacity. I have long been of opinion, that few persons know *when* to die—I am not so English as to mean when to despatch themselves—no, but when to go out of the world. I have usually applied this opinion to those who have made a considerable figure, and consequently it was not adapted to myself. Yet even we ciphers ought not to fatigue the public scene when we are become lumber. Thus, being quite out of the question, I will explain my maxim, which is the more wholesome, the higher it is addressed. My opinion, then, is, that when any personage has shewn as much as is possible in his or her best walk (and, not to repeat both genders every minute, I will use the male as the common of the two), he should take up his Strulbrugism, and be heard of no more. Instances will be still more explanatory. Voltaire ought to have pretended to die after Alzire, Mahomet, and Semiramis, and not to have produced his wretched last pieces. Lord Chatham should have closed his political career with his immortal war. And how weak was Garrick, when he had quitted the stage, to limp after the tatters of fame, by writing and reading pitiful poems, and even by *sitting* to read plays which he had acted with such fire and energy? We have another example in Mr. Anstey; who, if he had a friend upon earth, would have been obliged to him for being knocked on the head the moment he had published the *first* edition of the Bath Guide; for even in the second he had exhausted his whole stock of inspiration, and has never written any thing tolerable since. When such unequal authors print their works together, one may apply in a new light the old hacked simile of

Mezentius, who tied together the living and the dead.

We have just received the works of an author, from whom I find I am to receive much less entertainment than I expected, because I shall have much less to read than I intended. His memoirs, I am told, are almost wholly military, which, therefore, I shall not read; and his poetry, I am sure, I shall not look at, because I should understand it. What I saw of it formerly convinced me, that he would not have been a poet, even if he had written in his own language; and, though I do not understand German, I am told it is a fine language; and I can easily believe, that any tongue (not excepting our old barbarous Saxon, which, a bit of an antiquary as I am, I abhor) is more harmonious than French. It was curious absurdity, therefore, to pitch on the most unpoetic language in Europe, the most barren, and the most clogged with difficulties. I have heard Russian and Polish sung, and both sounded musical; but to abandon one's own tongue, and not adopt Italian, that is even sweeter, and softer, and more copious than the Latin, was a want of taste that I should think could not be applauded even by a Frenchman born in Provence. But what a language is the French, which measures verses by feet that never are to be pronounced, which is the case wherever the mute *e* is found! What poverty of various sounds for rhyme, when, lest similar cadences should too often occur, their mechanic bards are obliged to marry masculine and feminine terminations as alternately as the black and white squares of a chess-board! Nay, will you believe me, madam?—yes, you will; for you may convince your own eyes,—that a scene of Zaire begins with three of the most nasal adverbs that ever snorted together in a breath. *Enfin, donc, deformais,* are the culprits in question. *Enfin donc*, need I tell your ladyship, that the author I alluded to at the beginning of this long tirade is the late king of Prussia.

I am conscious that I have taken a little liberty when I excommunicate a tongue in which your ladyship has condescended to write; but I only condemn it for verse and pieces of eloquence, of which I thought it alike incapable, till I read Rousseau of Geneva. It is a most sociable language, and charming for narrative and epistles. Yet, write as well as you will in it, you must be liable to express yourself better in the speech natural to you; and your own country has a right to understand all your works, and is jealous of their not being as perfect as you could make them. Is it not more creditable to be translated into a foreign language than into your own? and will it not vex you to hear the translation taken for the original, and to find vulgarisms that you could not have committed yourself? But I have done, and will release you, madam; only observing, that you flatter me with a vain hope when you tell me you shall return to England some time or other. Where will that time be for me?—and, when it arrives, shall not I be somewhere else?

I do not pretend to send your ladyship English news, nor to tell you of English literature. You must, before this time, have heard of the dismal state into which our chief personage is fallen! That consideration absorbs all others. The two houses are going to settle some intermediate succedaneum, and *the obvious one*, no doubt, will be fixed on.

This letter, I hope, will be more fortunate than my last. I should be very unhappy to seem again ungrateful, when I have the honour of being, with the greatest respect, madam, &c. &c.

## LETTER XLI.

*The Earl of Orford to Mrs. H. More.*

Berkeley Square, Jan. 1, 1792.

My much-esteemed friend,

I HAVE not so long delayed answering your letter from the pitiful revenge of recollecting how long your pen is fetching breath before it replies to mine. Oh, no! you know I love to *heap coals of kindness* on your head, and to draw you into little sins, that you may forgive yourself, by knowing your time was employed on big virtues. On the contrary, you would be revenged; for here have you, according to *your* notions, inveigled me into the fracture of a commandment; for I am writing to you on a *Sunday*, being the first moment of leisure that I have had since I received your letter. It does not, indeed, clash with my religious ideas, as I hold paying one's debts as good a deed as praying and reading sermons for a whole day in every week, when it is impossible to fix the attention to one course of thinking for so many hours for fifty-two days in every year. Thus, you see, I can preach too. But seriously—and indeed I am little disposed to cheerfulness now—I am overwhelmed with troubles and with business—and business that I do not understand. Law, and the management of a ruined estate, are subjects ill suited to a head, that never studied any thing that in worldly language is called useful. The tranquillity of my remnant of life will be lost, or so perpetually interrupted, that I expect little comfort; not that I am already intending to grow rich, but the moment one is supposed so, there are so many alert to turn one to their own account, that I have more letters to write to satisfy, or rather to dissatisfy them, than about my own affairs, though the latter are all confusion. I have such missives, on agriculture, pretensions to livings, offers of taking care of my game, as I am incapable of it, self-recommendations of making my robes, and round hints of taking out my writ, that at least I may name a proxy, and give my dormant conscience to somebody or other! I trust you think better of my heart and understanding than to suppose that I have listened to any one of these new *friends*. Yet, though I have negatived all, I have been forced to answer some of them before you; and that will convince you how cruelly ill I have passed my time lately, besides having been made ill with vexation and fatigue. But I am tolerably well again.

For the other empty metamorphosis that has happened to the outward man,* you do me justice in concluding that it can do nothing but tease me; it is being called names in one's old age. I had rather be my lord mayor, for then I should keep the nickname but a year, and mine I may retain a little longer; not that at seventy-five I reckon on becoming my lord Methusalem.

Vainer, however, I believe I am already become; for I have wasted almost two pages about myself, and said not a tittle about your health, which I most cordially rejoice to hear you are recovering, and as fervently hope you will entirely recover. I have the highest opinion of the element of water as a constant beverage, having so deep a conviction of the goodness and wisdom of Providence, that I am persuaded, that when it indulged us in such a luxurious variety of eatables, and gave us but one drinkable, it intended that our sole liquid should be both wholesome and corrective. Your system, I know, is different. You hold that mutton

* His accession to his title. This is the last letter but one signed Horace Walpole; and that one follows it, being without date or other internal evidence of the time it was written.

and water were the only cock and hen that were designed for our nourishment; but I am apt to doubt whether draughts of water for six weeks are capable of restoring health, though some are strongly impregnated with mineral and other particles. Yet you have staggered me: the Bath water, by your account, is, like electricity, compounded of contradictory qualities; the one attracts and repels; the other turns a shilling yellow, and whitens your jaundice. I shall hope to see you (when is that to be?) without alloy.

I must finish, wishing you three hundred and thirteen days of happiness for the new year that is arrived this morning: the fifty-two that you hold in commendam, I have no doubt, will be rewarded as such good intentions deserve.

Adieu, my *too* good friend! My direction shall talk superciliously to the postman:* but do let me continue, unchangeably, your faithful and sincere, &c.

## LETTER XLII.

### *The Earl of Orford to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Strawberry Hill, June 13, 1793.

I THANK you much for all your information—some parts made me smile: yet, if what you heard of **** proves true, I rather think it deplorable! How can love of money, or the still vainer of all vanities, ambition of wearing a high but most insignificant office, which even poor lord ****** could execute, tempt a very old man, who loves his ease and his own way, to stoop to wait like a footman behind a chair, for hours, and in a court whence he had been cast ignominiously! I believe I have more pride than most men alive: I could be flattered by honours acquired by merit, or by some singular action of *eclat;* but for titles, ribands, offices of no business, which any body can fill, and must be given to many, I should just as soon be proud of being the top 'squire in a country village. It is only worse to have waded to distinction through dirt, like lord ****.

All this shifting of scenes may, as you say, be food to the *Fronde*—*Sed defendit numerus.* It is perfectly ridiculous to use any distinction of parties but the *ins* and the *outs.* Many years ago I thought that the wisest appellations for contending factions, ever assumed, were those in the Roman empire, who called themselves *the greens and the blues:* it was so easy, when they changed sides, to slide from one colour to the other—and then a blue might plead that he had never been *true blue*, but always a *greenish blue;* and *vice versâ.*

I allow that the steadiest party man may be staggered by novel and unforeseen circumstances. The outrageous proceedings of the French republicans have wounded the cause of liberty, and will, I fear, have shaken it for centuries; for Condorcet, and such fiends, are worse than the imperial and royal dividers of Poland. But I do not see why detestation of anarchy and assassination must immediately make one fall in love with garters and seals.

I am sitting by the fire, as I have done ever since I came hither; and, since I do not expect warm weather in June, I am wishing for rain, or I shall not have a mouthful of hay, nor a noseful of roses. Indeed, as I have seen several fields of hay cut, I wonder it has not brought rain, as usual. My creed is, that rain is good for hay, as I conclude every climate and its productions are suited to each other. Providence did

* He means franking his letter by his newly acquired title of earl of Orford.

not trouble itself about its being more expensive to us to make our hay over and over; it only took care it should not want water enough. Adieu.

## LETTER XLIII.

### *The Earl of Orford to Wm. Roscoe, Esq.*

Berkeley Square, April 4, 1795.

To judge of my satisfaction and gratitude, on receiving the very acceptable present of your book,* sir, you should have known my extreme impatience for it from the instant Mr. Edwards had kindly favoured me with the first chapters. You may consequently conceive the mortification I felt at not being able to thank you immediately, both for the volume and the obliging letter that accompanied it, by my right arm and hand being swelled, and rendered quite immoveable and useless, of which you will perceive the remains, if you can read these lines which I am forcing myself to write, not without pain, the first moment I have power to hold a pen; and it will cost me some time, I believe, before I can finish my whole letter, earnest as I am, sir, to give a loose to my gratitude.

If you ever had the pleasure of reading such a delightful book as your own, imagine, sir, what a comfort it must be to receive such an anodyne in the midst of a fit of the gout, that has already lasted above nine weeks, and which at first I thought might carry me to Lorenzo de Medici before he should come to me!

The complete volume has more than answered the expectations which the sample had raised. The Grecian simplicity of the style is preserved throughout; the same judicious candour reigns in every page; and, without allowing yourself that liberty of indulging your own bias towards good or against criminal characters, which over-rigid critics prohibit, your artful candour compels your readers to think with you, without seeming to take a part yourself. You have shewn, from his own virtues, abilities, and heroic spirit, why Lorenzo deserved to have Mr. Roscoe for his biographer. And since you have been so, sir, (for he was not completely known before, at least not out of Italy,) I shall be extremely mistaken if he is not henceforth allowed to be, in various lights, one of the most excellent and greatest men with whom we are well acquainted, especially if we reflect on the shortness of his life, and the narrow sphere in which he had to act. Perhaps I ought to blame my own ignorance, that I did not know Lorenzo as a beautiful poet: I confess I did not. Now I do, I own I admire some of his sonnets more than several—yes, even of Petrarch; for Lorenzo's are frequently more clear, less *alembiqués*, and not inharmonious, as Petrarch's often are, from being too crowded with words, for which room is made by numerous elisions, which prevent the softening alternacy of vowels and consonants. That thicket of words was occasioned by the embarrassing nature of the sonnet—a form of composition I do not love, and which is almost intolerable in any language but Italian, which furnishes such a profusion of rhymes. To our tongue the sonnet is mortal, and the parent of insipidity. The imitation in some degree of it was extremely noxious to a true poet, our Spenser; and he was the more injudicious by lengthening his stanza, in a language so barren of rhymes as ours, and in which several words, whose terminations are of similar sounds, are so rugged, uncouth,

* The Life of Lorenzo de Medici.

and unmusical. The consequence was, that many lines, which he forced into the service, to complete the quota of his stanza, are unmeaning, or silly, or tending to weaken the thought he would express.

Well, sir, but if you have led me to admire the compositions of Lorenzo, you have made me intimate with another poet, of whom I had never heard, nor had the least suspicion; and who, though writing in a less harmonious language than Italian, outshines an able master of that country, as may be estimated by the fairest of all comparisons, which is, when one of each nation versifies the same ideas and thoughts.

That novel poet, I boldly pronounce, is Mr. Roscoe. Several of his translations of Lorenzo are superior to the originals, and the verses more poetic; nor am I bribed to give this opinion by the present of your book, nor by any partiality, nor by the surprise of finding so pure a writer of history as able a poet. Some good judges, to whom I have shewn your translations, entirely agree with me.

I will name one most competent judge, Mr. Hoole, so admirable a poet himself, and such a critic in Italian, as he has proved by a translation of Ariosto.

That I am not flattering you, sir, I will demonstrate; for I am not satisfied with one essential line in your version of the most beautiful, I think, of all Lorenzo's stanzas. It is his description of jealousy, in page 268, equal, in my humble opinion, to Dryden's delineations of the passions, and the last line of which is—

*Mai dorme, ed ostinata a se sol crede.**

The thought to me is quite new, and your translation, I own, does not come up to it. Mr. Hoole and I hammered at it, but could not content ourselves. Perhaps, by altering your last couplet, you may enclose the whole sense, and make it equal to the preceding six.

I will not ask your pardon, sir, for taking so much liberty with you. You have displayed so much candour and so much modesty, and are so free from pretensions, that I am confident you will allow, that truth is the sole ingredient that ought to compose deserved incense; and if ever commendation was sincere, no praise ever flowed with purer veracity than all I have said in this letter does from the heart of, sir, your infinitely obliged humble servant.

* Never sleeps, and obstinately trusts himself alone.

## LETTER XLIV.

*The Earl of Orford to the Countess of* * * * *.*

Jan. 13, 1797.

My dear madam,

You distress me infinitely by shewing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse any body. My old-fashioned breeding impels me, every now and then, to reply to the letters you honour me with writing; but, in truth, very unwillingly; for I seldom can have any thing particular to say. I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows any thing—and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses—consequently, what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces, of various ages, who are each brought to me once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family; and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats and balls.

Must not the result of all this, madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent?—and can such letters be worth shewing?—or can I have any spirit, when so old and reduced, to dictate? Oh, my good madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shewn. Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel, and stuck on twelfth-cakes, that lie on the shopboards of pastry-cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust.* Till then, pray, madam, accept the resignation of your ancient servant.

## LETTER XLV.

*Henry Kirke White to his brother Neville.*

Nottingham, September, 1799.

Dear brother,

In consequence of your repeated solicitations, I now sit down to write to you, although I never received an answer to the last letter which I wrote, nearly six months ago; but as I never heard you mention it in any of my mother's letters, I am induced to think it has miscarried, or been mislaid in your office.

It is now nearly four months since I entered into Mr. Coldham's office, and it is with pleasure I can assure you, that I never yet found any thing disagreeable; but, on the contrary, every thing I do seems a pleasure to me, and for a very obvious reason;—it is a business which I like, a business which I chose before all others; and I have two good tempered, easy masters, but who will, nevertheless, see that their business is done in a neat and proper manner. The study of the law is well known to be a dry, difficult task, and requires a comprehensive, good understanding, and I hope you will allow me (without charging me with egotism) to have a tolerable one; and I trust, with perseverance, and a very large law library to refer to, I shall be able to accomplish the study of so much of the laws of England, and our system of jurisprudence, in less than five years, as to enable me to be a country attorney; and then, as I shall have two more years to serve, I hope I shall attain so much knowledge in all parts of the law, as to enable me, with a little study at the inns of court, to hold an argument, on the nice points in the law, with the best attorney in the kingdom. A man that understands the law is sure to have business; and in case I have no thoughts, in case, that is, that I do not aspire to hold the honourable place of a barrister, I shall feel sure of gaining a genteel livelihood at the business to which I am articled.

I attend at the office at eight in the morning, and leave at eight in the evening; then attend my Latin until nine; which, you may be sure, is pretty close confinement.

Mr. Coldham is clerk to the commercial commissioners, which has occasioned us a deal of extraordinary work. I worked all Sunday, and until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when they were hurried to give in the certificates to the bank. We had also a very troublesome cause last assizes,—the corporation versus Gee,—which we (the attornies for the corporation) lost. It was really a very fatiguing day, (I mean the day on which it was tried.) I never got any thing to eat, from five in the afternoon the preceding day, until twelve the next night, when the trial ended.

* Lord Orford died in little more than six weeks after the date of this letter.

## LETTER XLVI.

*Henry Kirke White to his brother Neville.*

Nottingham, 25th June, 1800.

Dear Neville,

* * * * *

You are inclined to flatter me, when you compare my application with yours; in truth, I am not half so assiduous as you, and I am conscious I waste a deal of time unwittingly. But, in reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement: I thirst after knowledge, and, though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading an useful book. The plan which I pursued, in order to subdue my disinclination to dry books, was this—to begin *attentively* to peruse it, and continue thus one hour every day: the book insensibly, by this means, becomes pleasing to you; and, even when reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret.

With regard to the Monthly Preceptor, I certainly shall be agreeable to your taking it in, as my only objection was the extreme impatience which I feel to see whether my essays have been successful; but this may be obviated by your speedy perusal, and not neglecting to forward it. But you must have the goodness not to begin till August, as my bookseller cannot stop it this month.

* * * * * *

I had a ticket given me, to the boxes, on Monday night, for the benefit of Campbell, from Drury Lane, and there was such a riot as never was experienced here before. He is a democrat, and the soldiers planned a riot in conjunction with the *mob*. We heard the shouting of the rabble in the street before the *play* was over: the moment the curtain dropt, an officer went into the front box, and gave the word of command: immediately about sixty troopers started up, and six trumpeters in the pit played "God save the King." The noise was astonishing. The officers in the boxes then drew their swords; and, at another signal, the privates in the pit drew their bludgeons, which they had hitherto concealed, and attacked all, indiscriminately, that had not an uniform: the officers did the same with their swords, and the house was one continued scene of confusion: one pistol was fired, and the ladies were fainting in the lobby. The outer doors were shut, to keep out the mob, and the people jumped on the stage as a last resource. One of these noble officers, seeing one man stand in the pit with his hat on, jumped over the division, and cut him with his sword, which the man instantly wrenched from him, and broke, whilst the officer sneaked back in disgrace. They then formed a troop, and, having emptied the play-house, they scoured the streets with their swords, and returned home victorious. The players are, in consequence, dismissed; and we have informations in our office against the officers.

* * * * * *

## LETTER XLVII.

*Henry Kirke White to his brother Neville.*

Nottingham, Michaelmas-day, 1800.

Dear Neville,

I CANNOT divine what, in an epistolary correspondence, can have such charms (with people who write only common-place occurrences) as to attach a man from his usual affairs, and make him waste time and paper on what cannot be of the least real benefit to his correspondent. Amongst relatives, certainly, there is always an incitement: we always feel an anxiety for their welfare. But I have no

*friend* so dear to me, as to cause me to take the trouble of reading his letters, if they only contained an account of his health, and the mere nothings of the day; indeed, such an one would be unworthy of friendship. What then is requisite to make one's correspondence valuable? I answer, *sound sense:* Nothing more is requisite: as to the style, one may very readily excuse its faults, if repaid by the sentiments. You have better natural abilities than many youth, but it is with regret I see that you will not give yourself the trouble of writing a good letter. There is hardly any species of composition (in my opinion), easier than the epistolary; but, my friend, you never found any art, however trivial, that did not require some application at first. For, if an artist, instead of endeavouring to surmount the difficulties which presented themselves, were to rest contented with mediocrity, how could he possibly ever arrive at excellence! Thus it is with you: instead of that indefatigable perseverance which, in other cases, is a leading trait in your character, I hear you say, "Ah, my poor brains were never formed for letter writing—I shall never write a good letter,"—or some such phrases; and thus, by despairing of ever arriving at excellence, you render yourself hardly tolerable. You may, perhaps, think this art beneath your notice, or unworthy of your pains: if so, you are assuredly mistaken; for there is hardly any thing which would contribute more to the advancement of a young man, or which is more engaging.

You read, I believe, a good deal: nothing could be more acceptable to me, or more improving to you, than making a part of your letters to consist of your sentiments, and opinion of the books you peruse: you have no idea how beneficial this would be to yourself; and that you are able to do it, I am certain. One of the greatest impediments to good writing is the thinking too much before you note down. This, I think, you are not entirely free from. I hope that, by always writing the first idea that presents itself, you will soon conquer it; my letters are always the rough first draft; of course there are many alterations; these you will excuse.

I have written most of my letters to you in so negligent a manner, that, if you would have the goodness to return all you have preserved *sealed*, I will peruse them, and all sentences worth preserving I will extract and return.

You observe, in your last, that your letters are read with contempt. Do you speak as you think?

You had better write again to Mr. ——. Between friends, the common forms of the world, in writing letter for letter, need not be observed: but never write three without receiving one in return, because in that case they must be thought unworthy of answer.

We have been so busy lately, I could not answer yours sooner.—Once a month suppose we write to each other. If you ever find that my correspondence is not worth the trouble of carrying on, inform me of it, and it shall cease.

* * * * *

P. S. If any expression in this be too harsh, excuse it,—I am not in an ill humour, recollect.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Henry Kirke White to Mr. R. A.....*

Nottingham, May 6th, 1804;

Dear Robert,

* * * * * *

You don't know how I long to hear how your declamation was received; and "all about it," as we say in these parts. I hope to see it,

when I see its author and pronouncer. Themistocles, no doubt, received due praise from you for his valour and *subtlety*, but I trust you poured down a torrent of eloquent indignation upon the ruling principles of his actions, and the motive of his conduct; while you exalted the mild and unassuming virtues of his more amiable rival. The object of Themistocles was the aggrandizement of himself; that of Aristides the welfare and prosperity of the state. The one endeavoured to swell the *glory* of his country; the other to promote its security, external and internal, foreign and domestic. While you estimated the services which Themistocles rendered to the state, in opposition to those of Aristides, you of course remembered, that the former had the largest scope for action, and that he influenced his countrymen to fall into all his plans, while they banished his competitor, not by his superior wisdom or goodness, but by those intrigues and factious artifices which Aristides would have disdained. Themistocles certainly did use *bad* means to a desirable end: and, if we may assume it as an axiom, that Providence will forward the designs of a good, sooner than those of a bad man, whatever inequality of abilities there may be between the two characters, it will follow that—had Athens remained under the guidance of Aristides, it would have been better for her. The difference between Themistocles and Aristides seems to me to be this: That the former was a wise and a *fortunate* man; and that the latter, though he had equal wisdom, had not equal good fortune. We may admire the heroic qualities and the crafty policy of the one, but to the temperate and disinterested patriotism, the good and virtuous dispositions of the other, we can alone give the meed of heart-felt *praise*.

I only mean by this, that we must not infer Themistocles to have been *the better* or *the greater* man, because he rendered more essential services to the state than Aristides, nor even that his system was the most judicious,—but only that, by decision of character, and by good fortune, his measures succeeded best.

* * * * * *

The rules of composition are, in my opinion, very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought, provided we have had *some little* experience in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is perspicuity. *That* is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously, we should have a *perfect* knowledge of the topic on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings and dependencies. We should think well, beforehand, what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what painters call the massing, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind, and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings, and illustrations, so as they shall all conduce to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation, we may sit down and express our ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words as are most suited to our purpose, and, when two modes of expression, equally luminous, present themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, over-reach themselves, by employing too many words, and perplex the mind by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocution seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim, that,

when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind, and diminish the effect.

When you have once learned to express yourself with clearness and propriety, you will soon arrive at elegance. Every thing else, in fact, will follow as of course. But I warn you not to invert the order of things, and be paying your addresses to the graces, when you ought to be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence the feeble pleonasms, and idle repetitions, which deform their pages. If you would have your compositions vigorous and masculine in their tone, let every WORD TELL; and when you detect yourself polishing off a sentence with expletives, regard yourself in exactly the same predicament with a poet, who should eke out the measure of his verses with "titum, titum, tee, sir."

So much for style——

* * * * * *

## LETTER XLIX.

*Henry Kirke White to Robert Southey, the Editor of his Works.*

Nottingham, July 9th, 1804.

* * * * * *

I CAN *now* inform you, that I have reason to believe my way through college is clear before me. From what source I know not, but through the hands of Mr. Simeon, I am provided with 30*l.* per annum: and, while things go on so prosperously as they do now, I can command 20*l.* or 30*l.* more from my friends, and this, in all probability, until I take my degree. The friends, to whom I allude, are my *mother* and *brother*.

My mother has, for these five years past, kept a boarding school in Nottingham; and, so long as her school continues in its present state, she can supply me with 15*l.* or 20*l.* per annum, without inconvenience; but should she die, (and her health is, I fear, but infirm,) that resource will altogether fail. Still, I think, my prospect is so good as to preclude any anxiety on my part; and perhaps my income will be more than adequate to my wants, as I shall be a Sizar of St. John's, where the college emoluments are more than commonly large.

In this situation of my affairs, you will perhaps agree with me in thinking that a subscription for a volume of poems will not be necessary; and, certainly, that measure is one which will be better avoided, if it may be. I have lately looked over what poems I have by me in manuscript, and find them more numerous than I expected; but many of them would perhaps be styled *mopish* and *mawkish*, and even *misanthropic*, in the language of the world; though, from the latter sentiment, I am sure I can say, no one is more opposite than I am. These poems, therefore, will never see the light, as from a teacher of that word which gives all strength to the feeble: more fortitude and Christian philosophy may with justice be expected than they display. The remainder of my verses would not possess any great interest: mere description is often mere nonsense: and I have acquired a strange habit, whenever I do point out a train of moral sentiment from the contemplation of a picture, to give it a gloomy and querulous cast, when there is nothing in the occasion but what ought to inspire joy and gratitude. I have one poem,* however, of some length, which I shall preserve; and I have another of considerable magnitude in design, but of which only a part is written, which I am fairly at a loss whether to commit to the flames, or, at some future opportunity, to finish. The

* TIME is probably the poem alluded to

subject is the death of Christ. I have no friend, whose opinion is at all to be relied on, to whom I could submit it; and perhaps, after all, it may be absolutely worthless.

With regard to that part of my provision, which is derived from my unknown friend, it is of course conditional; and as it is not a provision for a *poet*, but for a *candidate for orders*, I believe it is expected, and, indeed, it has been hinted as a thing advisable, that I should barter the muses for mathematics, and abstain from writing verses, at least until I take my degree. If I find that all my time will be requisite, in order to *prepare* for the important office I am destined to fill, I shall certainly do my duty, however severely it may cost me: but if I find I may lawfully and conscientiously relax myself, at intervals, with those delightful reveries which have hitherto formed the chief leisure of my life, I shall, without scruple, indulge myself in them.

I know the pursuit of truth is a much more important business than the exercise of the imagination; and, amid all the quaintness and stiff method of the mathematicians, I can even discover a source of chaste and exalted pleasure. To their severe but salutary discipline, I must now "subdue the vivid shapings of my youth;" and, though I shall cast many a fond, lingering look to Fancy's more alluring paths, yet I shall be repaid by the anticipation of days, when I may enjoy the sweet satisfaction of being useful, in no ordinary degree, to my fellow mortals.

* * * * * *

## LETTER L.

*Henry Kirke White to Mr. B. Maddock.*

Winteringham, August 3d, 1804.

My dear Ben,

I AM all anxiety to learn the issue of your proposal to your father. Surely it will proceed; surely a plan, laid out with such fair prospects of happiness to you, as well as me, will not be frustrated. Write to me the moment you have any information on the subject.

I think we shall be happy together at Cambridge; and in the ardent pursuit of Christian knowledge, and *Christian* virtue, we shall be doubly united. We were before friends; now, I hope, likely to be still more emphatically so. But I must not anticipate.

I left Nottingham without seeing my brother Neville, who arrived there two days after me. This is a circumstance which I much regret; but I hope he will come this way, when he goes, according to his intention, to a watering place. Neville has been a good brother to me, and there are not many things which would give me more pleasure than, after so long a separation, to see him again. I dare not hope, that I shall meet you and him together, in October, at Nottingham.

My days flow on here in an even tenor. They are, indeed, studious days, for my studies seem to multiply on my hands, and I am so much occupied with them, that I am becoming a mere book-worm, running over the rules of Greek versification in my walks, instead of expatiating on the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Winteringham is, indeed, now a delightful place: the trees are in full verdure, the crops are brouzing the fields, and my former walks are become dry under foot, which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista, from our churchyard over the Humber, to the hills and receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the

distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and, not least of all, the villages, woods, and villas on the opposite bank, sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me; and it is no contemptible relaxation, after a man has been puzzling his brains over the intricacies of Greek choruses all the day, to come out and unbend his mind with careless thought and negligent fancies, while he refreshes his body with the fresh air of the country.

I wish you to have a taste of these pleasures with me; and, if ever I should live to be blest with a quiet parsonage, and that great object of my ambition, a garden, I have no doubt but we shall be, for some short intervals at least, two quiet, contented bodies. These will be our relaxations; our *business* will be of a nobler kind. Let us vigilantly fortify ourselves against the exigencies of the serious appointment we are, with God's blessing, to fulfil; and, if we go into the church prepared to do our duty, there is every reasonable prospect that our labours will be blessed, and that we shall be blessed in them. As your habits generally have been averse to what is called *close* application, it will be too much for your strength, as well as unadvisable in other points of view, to study very intensely; but regularly you may, and must read; and, depend upon it, a man will work more wonders by stated and constant application, than by unnatural and forced endeavours.

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## LETTER LI.

*Henry Kirke White to Mr. Maddock.*

Winteringham, 1st March, 1805.

My dear Ben,

* * * * * *

I HOPE and trust that you have at length arrived at that happy temperament of disposition, that, although you have much cause of sadness within, you are yet willing to be amused with the variegated scenes around you, and to join, when occasions present themselves, in innocent mirth. Thus, in the course of your peregrinations, occurrences must continually arise, which, to a mind willing to make the best of every thing, will afford amusement of the chastest kind. Men and manners are a never-failing source of wonder and surprise, as they present themselves in their various phases. We may very innocently laugh at the brogue of a Somerset peasant; and I should think that person both cynical and surly, who could pass by a group of laughing children, without participating in their delight, and joining in their laugh. It is a truth most undeniable, and most melancholy, that there is too much in human life which extorts tears and groans, rather than smiles. This, however, is equally certain, that our giving way to unremitting sadness on these accounts, so far from ameliorating the condition of mortality, only adds to the aggregate of human misery, and throws a gloom over those moments, when a ray of light is permitted to visit the dark valley of life, and the heart ought to be making the best of its fleeting happiness. Landscape, too, ought to be a source of delight to you; fine buildings, objects of nature, and a thousand things which it would be tedious to name. I should call the man, who could survey such things as these without being affected with pleasure, either a very weak-minded and foolish person, or one of no mind at all. To be always sad, and always pondering on internal griefs, is what I call utter selfishness: I would not give two-pence for a being who is locked up in his suffering, and whose heart cannot respond to the exhilarating cry of nature, or rejoice because he sees

others rejoice. The loud and unanimous chirping of the birds, on a fine sunny morning, pleases me, because I see they are happy: and I should be very selfish, did I not participate in their seeming joy. Do not, however, suppose that I mean to exclude a man's own sorrows from his thoughts, since that is an impossibility, and, were it possible, would be prejudicial to the human heart. I only mean, that the whole mind is not to be incessantly engrossed with its cares, but, with cheerful elasticity, to bend itself occasionally to circumstances, and give way, without hesitation, to pleasing emotions. To be pleased with little is one of the greatest blessings.

Sadness is itself sometimes infinitely more pleasing than joy; but this sadness must be of the expansive and generous kind, rather referring to mankind at large, than the individual; and this is a feeling not incompatible with cheerfulness and a contented spirit. There is difficulty, however, in setting bounds to a pensive disposition; I have felt it, and I have felt that I am not always adequate to the task. I sailed from Hull to Barton the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers: the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasing emotions which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl, genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied for Hebe, with a loud laugh, seized me by the great coat, and asked me to lend it her: she was one of those unhappy creatures, who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood, and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another female, who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face, which shewed she knew her situation. This incident, apparently trifling, induced a train of reflections, which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute: and there was a soldier's wife, with a wan and haggard face, and a little infant in her arms, whom I would also have wished to place in it. I then grew out of humour with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries; and I wished for a lodging in the wilderness, where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction, or vice. But, after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that, to those who sought it, there was also a cure. So I banished my vain meditations, and, knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men than our wisdom, I leave them in his hands.

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## LETTER LII.

*Henry Kirke White to his Mother.*

Winteringham, 5th Feb. 1805.

Dear mother,

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THE spectacles for my father are, I hope, such as will enable him to read with ease; *although they are not set in silver.* If they hurt him through stiffness, I think the better way will be to wear them with the *two end joints shut to*, and with a piece of ribbon to go round the back of the head, &c. The Romaine's Sermons, and the cheap tracts, are books which I thought might be useful.

You may think I am not yet privileged to make presents, since they will, in the end, come out of your pocket; but I am not in want of cash at present, and have reason to believe, from my own calculations, I shall not have occasion to call upon you for what I know you can so ill spare. I was quite vexed afterwards, that I did not send you all the volumes of the Cheap Repository, as the others, which are the *general tracts*, and such as are more entertaining, would have been well adapted to your library. When I next go to Hull, I propose buying the remaining volumes, and, when I next have occasion to send a parcel, you will receive them. The volume you have now got contains all the *Sunday* reading tracts, and on that account I sent it separately. As I have many things to remind me of my sister Smith, I thought (though we neither of us need such mementos) that she would not be averse to receive the sermons of the great and good, though, in some respects, singular, Romaine, at my hands, as what old-fashioned people would call *a token of a brother's love*, but what, in more courtly phrase, is denominated a *memento of affection.*

## LETTER LIII.

*Henry Kirke White to his brother Neville.*

Winteringham, April, 1805.

Dear Neville,

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You wrote me a long sheet this last time, and I have every reason to be satisfied with it; yet I sometimes wish I could make you write closer and smaller. Since your mind must necessarily be now much taken up with other things, I dare not press my former inquiries on subjects of reading. When your leisure season comes, I shall be happy to hear from you on these topics.

It is a remark of an ancient philosophical poet, (Horace,) that every man thinks his neighbour's condition happier than his own; and, indeed, common experience shews, that we are too apt to entertain romantic notions of absent, and to think meanly of present things; to extol what we have had no experience of, and to be discontented with what we possess. The man of business sighs for the sweets of leisure: the person who, with a taste for reading, has few opportunities for it, thinks that man's life the sum of bliss, who has nothing to do but to study. Yet it often happens, that the condition of the envier is happier than that of the envied. You have read Dr. Johnson's tale of the poor tallow-chandler, who, after sighing for the quiet of country life, at length scraped money enough to retire, but found his long-sought-for leisure so insupportable, that he made a voluntary offer to his successor to come up to town every Friday, and melt tallow for him gratis. It would be so with half the men of business, who sigh so earnestly for the sweets of retirement; and you may receive it as one of the maturest observations I have been able to make on human life, that there is no condition so happy as that of him who leads a life of full and constant employment. His amusements have a zest, which men of pleasure would gladly undergo all his drudgery to experience; and the regular succession of business, provided his situation be not too anxious, drives away from his brain those harassing speculations, which are continually assaulting the man of leisure, and the man of reading. The studious man, though his pleasures are of the most refined species, finds cares and disturbing thoughts in study. To think much and deeply will soon make a man sad. His thoughts, ever on the

wing, often carry him where he shudders to be even in imagination. He is like a man in sleep—sometimes his dreams are pleasing, but at others horror itself takes possession of his imagination; and this inequality of mind is almost inseparable from much meditation and mental exercise. From this cause it often happens, that lettered and philosophical men are peevish in their tempers, and austere in their manners. The inference I would draw from these remarks is generally this, that, although every man carries about him the seeds of happiness or misery in his own bosom, yet it is a truth not liable to many exceptions, that men are more equally free from anxiety and care, in proportion as they recede from the more refined and mental, to the grosser and bodily employments and modes of life, but that the happiest condition is placed in the middle, between the extremes of both. Thus, a person with a moderate love of reading, and few opportunities of indulging it, would be inclined to envy one in my situation, because such a one has nothing to do but to read; but I could tell him, that, though my studious pleasures are more comprehensive than his, they are not more exquisite, and that an occasional banquet gives more delight than a continual feast. Reading should be dearer to you than to me, because I always read, and you but seldom.

Almond and I took a small boat on Monday, and set out for Hull, a distance of thirteen miles, as some compute it, though others make it less. We went very merrily, with a good pair of oars, until we came within four miles of Hull, when, owing to some hard working, we were quite exhausted; but, as the tide was nearly down, and the shore soft, we could not get to any villages on the banks. At length we made Hull, and just arrived in time to be grounded in the middle of the harbour, without any possible means of getting ashore till the flux or flood. As we were half famished, I determined to wade ashore for provisions, and had the satisfaction of getting above the knees in mud almost every step I made. When I got ashore, I recollected I had given Almond all my cash. This was a terrible dilemma. To return back was too laborious, and I expected the tide flowing every minute. At last I determined to go to the inn where we usually dine when we go to Hull, and try how much credit I possessed there, and I happily found no difficulty in procuring refreshments, which I carried off in triumph to the boat. Here new difficulties occurred; for the tide had flowed-in considerably during my absence, although not sufficiently to move the boat; so that my wade was much worse back than it had been before. On our return, a most placid and calm day was converted into a cloudy one, and we had a brisk gale in our teeth. Knowing we were quite safe, we struck across from Hull to Barton; and, when we were off Hazel Whelps, a place which is always rough, we had some tremendous swells, which we weathered admirably, and (bating our getting on the wrong side of a bank, owing to the deceitful appearance of the coast) we had a prosperous voyage home, having rowed twenty-six miles in less than five hours.

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## LETTER LIV.

*Henry Kirke White to his Mother.*

Winteringham, 12th April, 1805.

My dear mother,

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I HAVE constructed a planetarium, or *orrery*, of a very simple kind, which cannot fail to give even chil-

dren an idea of the order and course of the heavenly bodies. I shall write a few plain and simple lectures upon it, with lessons to be got off by heart by the children; so that you will be able, without any difficulty, to teach them the rudiments of astronomy. The machine, simple as it may seem, is such, that you cannot fail to understand the planetary system by it; and, were it not that I cannot afford the additional expense, I could make it much more complete and interesting. You must not expect any thing striking in the instrument itself, as it only consists of an index plate, with rods and balls. It will explain the situation of the planets, their courses, the motion of the earth and moon, the causes of the *seasons*, the different lengths of day and night, the reason of eclipses, transits, &c. When you have seen it, and read the explanatory lectures, you will be able to judge of its plainness; and, if you find you understand it, you may teach geography scholars its use. Should it fail in other points of view, it will be useful to Maria and Catharine.

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Remember to keep up the plan of family worship on Sundays, with strictness until I come, and it will probably pave the way for still further improvements, which I may perhaps have an opportunity of making while I stay with you. Let Maria and Catharine be more particularly taught to regard Sunday as a day set apart from all worldly occupations. Let them have every thing prepared for the Sabbath on the preceding day; and be carefully warned, on that day in particular, to avoid paying too great an attention to dress. I know how important habits like these will be to their future happiness, even in this world, and I therefore press this with earnestness.

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## LETTER LV.

### *Henry Kirke White to his Mother.*

London, December 24th, 1805.

My dear mother,

You will, no doubt, have been surprised at not having heard from me for so long a time, and you will be no less so to find, that I am writing this at my aunt's in this far-famed city. I have been so much taken up with our college examinations of late, that I could not find time to write, even to you; and I am now come to town, in order to give myself every relaxation and amusement I can; for I had read so much at Cambridge, that my health was rather affected, and I was advised to give myself the respite of a week or a fortnight, in order to recover strength. I arrived in town on Saturday night, and should have written yesterday, in order to remove any uneasiness you might feel on my account, but there is no post on Sunday.

I have now to communicate some agreeable intelligence to you. Last week being the close of the Michaelmas term, and our college examination, our tutor, who is a very great man, sent for me, and told me he was sorry to hear I had been ill: he understood I was low spirited, and wished to know whether I frightened myself about college expenses. I told him, that they did contribute some little to harass me, because I was as yet uncertain what the bills of my first year would amount to. His answer was to this purpose: "Mr. White, I beg you will not trouble yourself on this subject: your emoluments will be very great, very great indeed, and I will take care your expenses are not very burthensome. Leave that to me." He advised me to go to my friends, and amuse myself with a total cessation from reading. After our college examination (which lasted six days) was over, he

sent for me again, and repeated what he had said before about the expenses of the college; and he added, that, if I went on as I had begun, and made myself a good scholar, I might rely on being provided for by the college; for, if *the county should be full*, and they could not elect me a fellow, they would recommend me to another college, where they would be glad to receive a clever man from their hands; or, at all events, they could *always* get a young man a situation as a private tutor in a nobleman's family, or could put him in some handsome way of preferment. "We make it a rule, (he said,) of providing for a clever man, whose fortune is small; and you may therefore rest assured, Mr. White, that, after you have taken your degree, you will be provided with a genteel competency *by the college*." He begged I would be under no apprehensions on these accounts: he shook hands with me very affectionately, and wished me a speedy recovery. These attentions, from a man like the tutor of St. John's, are very marked; and Mr. Catton is well known for doing more than he says. I am sure, after these assurances from a principal of so respectable a society as St. John's, I have nothing more to fear; and I hope you will never repine on my account again. According to every appearance, my lot in life is certain.

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## LETTER LVI.

*Henry Kirke White to Mr. B. Maddock.*

St. John's, Cambridge, 22d Sept. 1806.

My dear friend,

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You charge me with an accession of gallantry of late. I plead guilty. I really began to think of marriage, (very prematurely you'll say;) but, if I experience any repetition of *the fit*, I shall drop the idea of it for ever. It would be folly and cruelty to involve another in all the horrors of such a calamity.

I thank you for your kind exhortations to a complete surrender of my heart to God, which are contained in your letter. In this respect I have betrayed the most deplorable weakness and indecision of character. I know what the truth is, and I love it; but I still go on giving myself half to God, and half to the world, as if I expected to enjoy the comforts of religion along with the vanities of life. If, for a short time, I keep up a closer communion with God, and feel my whole bosom bursting with sorrow and tenderness as I approach the footstool of my Saviour, I soon relapse into indifference, worldly-mindedness, and sin; my devotions become listless and perfunctory; I doat on the world, its toys, and its corruptions, and am mad enough to be willing to sacrifice the happiness of eternity to the deceitful pleasures of the passing moment. My heart is, indeed, a lamentable sink of loathsome corruption and hypocrisy. In consistency with my professed opinions, I am often obliged to talk on subjects, of which I know but little in experience, and to rank myself with those who have felt, what I only approve from my head, and, perhaps, esteem from my heart. I often start with horror and disgust from myself, when I consider how deeply I have imperceptibly gone into this species of simulation. Yet I think my love for the Gospel, and its professors, is sincere: only I am insincere in suffering persons to entertain an high opinion of me as a child of God, when, indeed, I am an alien from him. On looking over some private memorandums, which were written at various times in the course of the two last years, I beheld, with inexpressible anguish, that my progress

has, if any thing, been retrograde. I am still as dark, still as cold, still as ignorant, still as fond of the world, and have still fewer desires after holiness. I am very, very dissatisfied with myself, and yet I am not prompted to earnest prayer. I have been so often earnest, and always have fallen away, that I go to God without hope, without faith. Yet I am not *totally* without hope; I know God will have my whole heart; and I know, when I give him *that*, I shall experience the light of his countenance with a permanency. I pray that he would assist my weakness, and grant me some portion of his grace, in order that I may overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, to which I have long, very long, been a willing, though an unhappy slave.—Do you pray earnestly with me, and for me, in these respects. I know the prayers of the faithful avail much; and, when you consider with what great temptations I am surrounded, and how very little strength I have wherewith to resist them, you will feel with me the necessity of earnest supplication, and fervent intercession, lest I should be lost, and cast away for ever.

I shall gladly receive your spiritual advice and directions. I have gone on *too* long in coldness and unconcern. Who knows whether, if I neglect the present hour, the day of salvation may not be gone by for ever!!

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## LETTER LVII.

*Henry Kirke White to Mr. John Charlesworth.*

St. John's, 22d Sept. 1806.

My dear Charlesworth,

THANK you for taking the blame of our neglected correspondence on your own shoulders. I thought it rested elsewhere. Thrice have I begun to write to you; once in Latin, and twice in English; and each time have the Fates opposed themselves to the completion of my design. But, however, *pax sit rebus*, we are naturally disposed to forgive, because we are, as far as intention goes, mutually offenders.

I thank you for your invitation to Clapham, which came at a fortunate juncture, since I had just settled with my tutor that I should pay a visit to my brother in London this week. I shall of course see you; and shall be happy to spend a few days with you at Clapham, and to rhapsodize on your common. It gives me pleasure to hear you are settled, and I give you many hearty good wishes for practice and prosperity. I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how, indeed, should it be otherwise? A man cannot cook his dinner while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *helluones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain: while a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society; receives you after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles, and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares, and the alleviator of you calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But, on such a subject, who would not be poetical? A wife!—a domestic fireside!—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness! It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! And if, with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero*, still avoid the *irrupta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman,—why then you deserve to be a fellow of a college all

your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy and careless bed-maker; and, lastly, to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor. Why, man, I dare no more *dream* that I shall ever have it in my power to have a wife, than that I shall be Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England. A suit of rooms in a still and quiet corner of old St. John's, which was once occupied by a crazy monk, or by one of the translators of the Bible, in the days of good King James, must form the boundary of my ambition. I must be content to inhabit walls which never echoed with a female voice, to be buried in glooms which were never cheered with a female smile. It is said, indeed, that women were sometimes permitted to visit St. John's, when it was a monastery of White-Friars, in order to be present at particular religious ceremonies; but the good monks were careful to sprinkle holy water wherever their profane footsteps had carried contagion and pollution.

It is well that you are free from the restrictions of monastic austerity, and that, while I sleep under the shadow of towers and lofty walls, and the safeguard of a vigilant porter, you are permitted to inhabit your own cottage, under your own guardianship, and to listen to the sweet accents of domestic affection.

Yes, my very Platonic, or rather Stoical friend, I must see you safely bound in the matrimonial noose, and then, like a confirmed bachelor, ten years hence, I shall have the satisfaction of pretending to laugh at, while, in my heart, I envy you.—So much for rhapsody. I am coming to London for relaxation's sake, and shall take it pretty freely; that is, I shall seek after fine sights—stare at fine people—be cheerful with the gay—foolish with the simple—and leave as little room to suspect as possible, that I am (any thing of) a philosopher and mathematician. I shall probably talk a little Greek, but it will be by stealth, in order to excite no suspicion.

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I shall be in town on Friday or Saturday. I am in a very idle mood, and have written you a very idle letter, for which I entreat your pardon, and I am, dear C——, very sincerely, yours, H. K. WHITE.

## LETTER LVIII.

*Lord Byron to the Hon. Mrs. Byron.*

Gibraltar, Aug. 11th, 1809.

Dear mother,

I HAVE been so much occupied since my departure from England, that, till I could address you at length, I have forborne writing altogether. As I have now passed through Portugal, and a considerable part of Spain, and have leisure at this place, I shall endeavour to give you a short detail of my movements. We sailed from Falmouth on the 2d of July, reached Lisbon after a very favourable passage of four days and a half, and took up our abode in that city. It has often been described, without being worthy of description; for, except the view from the Tagus, which is beautiful, and some fine churches and convents, it contains little but filthy streets, and more filthy inhabitants. To make amends for this, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps, in every respect, the most delightful in Europe. It contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights; a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides, (though that is a secondary consideration,) is

remarkable as the scene of Sir H. D.'s convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed. The monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation. They have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had *any books* in their country. I sent my baggage and part of the servants' by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horseback from Aldea Galheda (the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water) to Seville, (one of the most famous cities in Spain,) where the government called the Junta is now held. The distance to Seville is nearly four hundred miles, and to Cadiz almost ninety miles further, towards the coast. I had orders from the government, and every possible accommodation on the road, as an English nobleman, in an English uniform, is a very respectable personage in Spain at present. The horses are remarkably good, and the roads (I assure you upon my honour, for you will hardly believe it,) very far superior to the best British roads, without the smallest toll or turnpike. You will suppose this when I rode post to Seville in four days, through this parching country, in the midst of summer, without fatigue or annoyance. Seville is a beautiful town: though the streets are narrow, they are clean. We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner which is general here astonished me not a little; and, in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting, (I was there but three days,) after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, "Adios tu hermoso! me gusta mucho."—"Adieu, you pretty fellow! you please me much." She offered a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline: she laughed, and said I had some English "amante" (lover), and added, that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army. I left Seville, and rode on to Cadiz, through a beautiful country. At *Xeres*, where the sherry we drink is made, I met a great merchant, a Mr. Gordon, of Scotland, who was extremely polite, and favoured me with the inspection of his vaults and cellars; so that I quaffed at the fountain-head. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect, except cleanliness, (and it is as clean as London,) but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. Just as I was introduced, and began to like the grandees, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again. The night before I left it, I sat in the box at the opera with admiral Cordova's family: he is the commander whom lord St. Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter, Senorita Cordova. The girl

is very pretty in the Spanish style, in my opinion by no means inferior to the English in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. Long, black hair, dark, languishing eyes, *clear* olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible. I beg leave to observe, that intrigue here is the business of life. When a woman marries she throws off all restraint; but I believe their conduct is chaste enough before. If you make a proposal, which in England would bring a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her, and replies, "Wait till I am married, and I shall be too happy." This is literally and strictly true. Miss C. and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress, which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our opera boxes, (the theatre is large and finely decorated, the music admirable,) in the manner in which Englishmen generally adopt for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman, (an aunt or a duenna,) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated next herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept, if I pass through the country on my return from Asia. I have met sir John Carr, knight errant, at Seville and Cadiz. He is a pleasant man. I like the Spaniards much. You have heard of the battle near Madrid, and in England they will call it a victory. A pretty victory! Two hundred officers, and five thousand men killed, all English, and the French in as great force as ever. I should have joined the army, but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean and Archipelago. I am going over to Africa to-morrow: it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court dress, indispensable in travelling.

August 13th.

I have not been to Africa; the wind is contrary; but I dined yesterday at Algesiras, with Lady Westmoreland, where I met General Castanos, the celebrated Spanish leader in the late and present war. To-day I dine with him. He has offered me letters to Tetuan in Barbary, for the principal Moors; and I am to have the house for a few days of one of the great men, which was intended for lady W., whose health will not permit her to cross the Straits.

August 15th.

I could not dine with Castanos yesterday, but this afternoon I had that honour. He is pleasant, and, for aught I know to the contrary, clever I cannot go to Barbary. The Malta packet sails to-morrow, and myself in it. Admiral Purvis, with whom I dined at Cadiz, gave me a passage in a frigate to Gibraltar, but

we have no ship of war destined for Malta at present. The packets sail fast, and have good accommodations. You shall hear from me on our route.

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## LETTER LIX.

*Lord Byron to the Hon. Mrs. Byron.*

Previsa, Nov. 12th, 1809.

My dear mother,

I HAVE now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania, on a visit to the pacha. I left Malta in the Spider, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Previsa. I thence have been about 150 miles, as far as Tepaleen, his highness's country palace, where I staid three days. The name of the pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities; he governs the whole of Albania, (the ancient Illyricum,) Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Velly Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and he has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina, with the commandant, to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis;* and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, &c., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption. I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery, (where I slept on my return) in the most beautiful situation, (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal,) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down: it brought to my mind (with some change of *dress* however,) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver mounted pistols and daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with despatches, the kettle drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, "a la mode Turque." The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, &c. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonder-

ful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's, named Temlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country—(the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement.) He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little, white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the sultans', pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

His highness is sixty years old, very fat, and not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes, and a white beard. His manner is very kind, and, at the same time, he possesses that dignity, which I find universal among the Turks. He has the appearance of any thing but his real character; for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave, and so good a general, that they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte. Napoleon has twice offered to make him king of Epirus; but he prefers the English interest, and abhors the French, as he himself told me. He is of so much consequence, that he is much courted by both; the Albanians being the most warlike subjects of the Sultan, though Ali is only nominally dependent on the Porte. He has been a mighty warrior; but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels, &c. &c. Buonaparte sent him a snuff-box, with his picture; he said the snuff-box was very well, but the picture he could excuse, as he neither liked it nor the original. His ideas of judging of a man's birth from ears, hands, &c. were curious enough. To me he was, indeed, a father, giving me letters, guards, and every possible accommodation. Our next conversations were of war and travelling, politics and England. He called my Albanian soldier, who attends me, and told him to protect me at all hazard. His name is Viscillie, and, like all the Albanians, he is brave, rigidly honest, and faithful; but they are cruel, though not treacherous; and have several vices, but no meannesses. They are, perhaps, the most beautiful race, in point of countenance, in the world; their women are sometimes handsome also, but they are treated like slaves, *beaten*, and, in short, complete beasts of burthen; they plough, dig, and sow. I found them carrying wood, and actually repairing the highways. The men are all soldiers, and war and the chase their sole occupation. The women are the labourers, which, after all, is no great hardship in so delightful a climate. Yesterday, the 11th of November, I bathed in the sea; to-day it is so hot that I am writing in a shady room of the English consul's, with three doors wide open, no fire, or even *fireplace* in the house; except for culinary purposes. To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre; a broken wall is

the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this, and a thousand things more, I have neither time nor *space* to describe. I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago, I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla, the captain burst into tears, and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) "a watery grave." I did what I could to console Fletcher; but, finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak) and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophize in my travels, and, if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Previsa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am, therefore, going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras. Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels: we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying, (I don't know which,) but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras, Morea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents, that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper; and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down in the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much: they are not all Turks: some tribes are Christians; but their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct: they are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen; and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago an Albanian chief (every village has its chief, who is called primate), after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, "No," he replied, "I wish you to love me, not to pay me." These are his words. It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay, by the vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks at Malta, though sir A. Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only

*one servant.* By the by, I expect H * * to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and H * * 's neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages, and cross mountains in a cold country, must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from H * *, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me your affectionate son,

BYRON.

P. S. I have some very "magnifique" Albanian dresses, the only expensive article in this country. They cost 50 guineas each, and have so much gold, they would cost in England two hundred. I have been introduced to Hussim Bey and Mahmout Pacha, both little boys, grandchildren of Ali, at Yanina. They are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions, like rouged dowagers, large black eyes, and features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw, and are broken into the court ceremonies already. The Turkish salute is a slight inclination of the head, with the hand on the breast. Intimates always kiss. Mahmout is ten years old, and hopes to see me again. We are friends without understanding each other, like many other folks, though from a different cause. He has given me a letter to his father in the Morea, to whom I have also letters from Ali Pacha.

## LETTER LX.

*Lord Byron to the Hon. Mrs. Byron.*

Constantinople, June 28th, 1810.

My dear mother,

I REGRET to perceive, by your last letter, that several of mine have not arrived, particularly a very long one, written in November last, from Albania, when I was on a visit to the pacha of that province. Fletcher has also written to his spouse perpetually. Mr. Hobhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements; but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down to Nott's some time or other; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an incumbrance, (English servants are sad travellers,) will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been tolerably extensive. I have written twice, briefly, from this capital, from Smyrna, from Athens, and other parts of Greece; from Albania, the pacha of which province desired his respects to my mother, and said he was sure I was a man of high birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and white hands!!! He was very kind to me, begged

me to consider him as a father, and gave me a guard of forty soldiers through the forests of Acarnania. But of this and other circumstances I have written to you at large, and yet hope you will receive my letters.

I remember Mahmout Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanina, (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes, which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features, which distinguish the Turks,) asked me how I came to travel so young, without any body to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of threescore. I cannot now write copiously; I have only time to tell you, that I have passed many a fatiguing, and never a tedious, moment; and that all I am afraid of is, that I shall contract a gipsy-like, wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me: this, I am told, is very common with men in the habit of peregrination, and, indeed, I feel it so. On the third of May I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. You know the story of *Leander*, but I had no *Hero* to receive me at landing. I also passed a fortnight in the Troad: the tombs of Achilles and Æsyetes, still exist in large barrows similar to those you have, doubtless, seen in the north. The other day I was at Belgrade (a village in these environs), to see the house built on the same site as lady Mary Wortley's. By the by, her ladyship, as far as I can judge, has lied, but not half so much as any other woman would have done in the same situation. I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour rarely permitted to infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I know more of it, by sight, than I do of London.

I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me; I am not able to write long letters in June. I return to spend my summer in Greece. I shall not proceed further into Asia, as I have visited Smyrna, Ephesus, and the Troad. I write often, but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters; consider we have no regular post further than Malta, where I beg you will in future send your letters, and not to this city. Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country; he sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been, for days, in a pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cow-house, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but lady Wortley errs strangely when she says "St. Paul's would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia's." I have been in both, surveyed them, inside and out, attentively. St. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly "Soleyman, &c." and not to be mentioned in the same page with St. P.'s, (I speak like a *cockney*.) However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville,

to St. P.'s, St. Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen. The walls of the seraglio are like the walls of Newstead Gardens, only higher, and much in the same *order;* but the ride by the walls of the city on the land side is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and on the other side of the road Turkish burying grounds (the loveliest spots on earth) full of enormous cypresses.

I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi; I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art, which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of Golden Horn. Now for England. You have not received my friend Hobhouse's volume of poesy: it has been published several months; you ought to read it. I am glad to hear of the progress of E. Bards, &c. Of course, you observed I have made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Sanders, Vigo-lane, London? It was finished, and paid for, long before I left England: pray send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do you pick up all this intelligence, quotations, &c. &c.? Though I was happy to obtain my seat without the assistance of lord C., I had no measures to keep with a man who declined interfering as my relation on that occasion, and I have done with him, though I regret distressing Mrs. Leigh, poor thing! I hope she is happy. It is my opinion that Mr. B * * ought to marry Miss R * *. Our first duty is not to do evil; but, alas! that is impossible; our next is to repair it, if in our power. The girl is his equal: if she were his inferior, a sum of money, and provision for the child, would be some, though a poor compensation: as it is, he should marry her. I will have no gay deceivers on my estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself, *that* of debauching each other's daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses, but, as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or, by the beard of my father! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master: poor boy, he was very unwilling to return. I trust you are well and happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you. Believe me, yours very sincerely, BYRON.

## LETTER LXI.

*Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.*

Newstead, August 21st, 1811.

My dear sir,

YOUR letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for, though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer, and yet I do not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits. "We must forget these things," and have recourse to our old selfish comforts, or rather comfortable selfishness. I do not think I shall return to London immediately, and shall therefore accept freely what is offered courteously, your mediation between me and Murray. I don't think my name will answer the purpose, and you must be aware that my plaguy Satire will bring the North and South Grub-streets down upon the "Pilgrimage;"—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it,

and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled, "by the Author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." My remarks on the Romaic, &c. once intended to accompany the "Hints from Horace," shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in H**'s Miscellany. I have found, amongst my poor mother's papers, all my letters from the east, and one, in particular, of some length, from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged. Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may; but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish you to alter, and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that, in sooth, is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page. When you have made arrangements as to time, size, type, &c. favour me with a reply. I am giving you a universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my skepticism, at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that haply it might better be omitted. Perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, "I have supped full of criticism," and I don't think that the "most dismal treatise" will stir and rouse my "fell of hair" till "Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane."

I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off, Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend and myself, who would have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

I am sorry you don't like Harry White: with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself.—Hobhouse is gone to Ireland: Mr. D * * has been here on his way to Harrowgate. You did not know M * *: he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself—to Hobhouse, never. Let me hear from you, and believe me always yours, BYRON.

## LETTER LXII.

*Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.*

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 7th, 1811

My dear sir,

As Gifford has been ever my "Magnus Apollo," any approbation,

such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than "all Bokara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand." But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

Your objection to the expression "central line," I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

The other errors you mention I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued; but, to do that, I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky. I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again it would go on; but, under existing circumstances and *sensations*, I have neither harp, "heart nor voice," to proceed. I feel that *you are all right* as to the metaphysical part, but I also feel that I am sincere, and that, if I am only to write "*ad captandum vulgus*," I might as well edite a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

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* * * * * *

My work must make its way as well as it can. I know I have every thing against me,—angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a *poem*, it will surmount these obstacles, and if *not*, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode I have read: it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to S *'s on the same subject, or to the merits of the new chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of "*Horæ Ionicæ*." I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other ode of the present day.

I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged; and my existence a dreary void. In M * * I have lost my "guide, philosopher, and friend;" in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

M * * was indeed an extraordinary man: it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man: there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did: and now what is he? When we see such men pass away and be no more —men who seem created to display what the Creator *could make* his creatures—gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part, I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing. My poor Hobhouse doted on M * *. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him. I was, indeed, so sensible of his infinite superiority, that, though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, D * *, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. D * * is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do, but not as Hobhouse has been affected. D * *, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. H. and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even M

yielded to the dashing vivacity of S * D * *. But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where, I hear from all quarters, I have a very valuable property in coals, &c. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations, to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author; make my thanks acceptable to him. His muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write, as usual, I hope. I wish you a good evening, and am yours ever, BYRON.

## LETTER LXIII.

### *Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.*

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23d, 1811.

My dear sir,

*Lisboa* is the Portuguese word; consequently the very best. Ulissipont is pedantic; and, as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid, since I shall have a perilous quantity of *modern* Greek in my notes, as specimens of the tongue; therefore Lisboa may keep its place. You are right about the "Hints;" they must not precede the "Romaunt;" but Cawthorn will be savage if they don't; however, keep *them* back and *him* in *good humour*, if we can, but do not let him publish.

I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions; but "Lisboa" will be an exception to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can read my hand. By the by, I do not mean to exchange the 9th verse of the "Good Night." I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and *Argus* we know to be a fable. The "Cosmopolite" was an acquisition abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak, the language.

I *will* be angry with Murray. It was a book-selling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceeding; and, if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet-street, and borrowed the giant's staff from St. Dunstan's church to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I'll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have much to write: write it: but let us drop metaphysics: there we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual, doing *nothing*, and even *that nothing* a fatigue. Adieu! Believe me, yours unfeignedly,

BYRON.

## LETTER LXIV.

### *Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.*

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 26, 1811.

My dear sir,

IN a stanza towards the end of canto first there is, in the concluding line,

"Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses *stings*."

I have altered it as follows:—

"Full from the heart of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."

If you will point out the stanzas on Cintra which you wish recast, I

will send you mine answer. Be good enough to address your letters here, and they will either be forwarded or saved till my return. My agent comes to-morrow, and we shall set out immediately.

The press must not proceed, of course, without my seeing the proofs, as I have much to do. Pray do you think any alterations should be made in the stanzas on VATHEK? I should be sorry to make any improper allusion, as I merely wish to adduce an example of wasted wealth, and the reflection which arose in surveying the most desolate mansion in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld.

Pray keep Cawthorn back: he was not to begin till November, and even that will be two months too soon. I am so sorry my hand is unintelligible; but I can neither deny your accusation, nor remove the cause of it. It is a sad scrawl, certes. A perilous quantity of annotation hath been sent; I think almost *enough*, with the specimens of Romaic I mean to annex.

I will have nothing to say to your metaphysics, and allegories of rocks and beaches: we shall all go to the bottom together; so "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow, &c." I am as comfortable in my creed as others, inasmuch as it is better to sleep than to be awake.

I have heard nothing of Murray; I hope he is ashamed of himself. He sent me a vastly complimentary epistle, with a request to alter the two, and finish another canto. I sent him as civil an answer as if I had been engaged to translate by the sheet, declined altering any thing in sentiment, but offered to tag rhymes, and mend them as long as he liked.

I will write from Rochdale when I arrive, if my affairs allow me; but I shall be so busy and savage all the time, with the whole set, that my letters will, perhaps, be as pettish as myself. If so, lay the blame on coal and coal-heavers. Very probably I may proceed to town by way of Newstead on my return from Lancs. I mean to be at Cambridge in November; so that, at all events, we shall be nearer. I will not apologize for the trouble I have given, and do give you, though I ought to do so; but I have worn out my politest periods, and can only say, that I am very much obliged to you. Believe me, yours always, BYRON.

## LETTER LXV.

*Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.*

Newstead Abbey, October 11th, 1811.

Dear sir,

I HAVE returned from Lancs, and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable; but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month: but of my movements you shall be regularly apprized. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both "*Fyttes*." I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but "I have almost forgot the taste of grief," and "supped full of horrors" till I have become callous; nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience, in my youth, the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families: I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect, here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of

surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility. Instead of tiring yourself with *my* concerns, I should be glad to hear *your* plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society. Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends, to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, &c. &c. which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and, though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to *you*, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses, too, would be such as best suit your inclinations; more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction.—You mention having consulted some friends on the MSS. Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work "Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage"!!!!!! as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily. —Must I write more notes? Are there not enough?—Cawthorn must be kept back with the "Hints." I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto. Good evening. Yours ever,

BYRON.

## LETTER LXVI.

### *Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.*

8, St. James's-street, October 31st, 1811.

Dear sir,

I HAVE already taken up so much of your time, that there needs no excuse on your part, but a great many on mine, for the present interruption. I have altered the passages according to your wish. With this note I send a few stanzas on a subject which has lately occupied much of my thoughts. They refer to the death of one, to whose name you are a *stranger*, and, consequently, cannot be interested. I mean them to complete the present volume. They relate to the same person, whom I have mentioned in canto 2d, and at the conclusion of the poem.

I by no means intend to identify myself with *Harold*, but to *deny* all connexion with him. If, in parts, I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me, it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that. As to the "*Monastic dome*," &c., I thought those circumstances would suit him as well as any other, and I could describe what I had seen better than I could invent. I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for the world. Yours ever,

B.

## LETTER LXVII.

### *R. C. Dallas, Esq. to Lord Byron.*

December 14th, 1811.

My dear lord,

You sent but few notes for the first canto: there are a good many

for the second. The only liberty I took with them was, if you will allow me to use the expression, to *dove-tail* two of them, which, though connected in the sense, and relative to the reference in the poem, were disunited as they stood in your MS. I have omitted the passage respecting the Portuguese, which fell with the alteration you made in the stanzas relative to Cintra, and the insertion of which would overturn what your kindness had allowed me to obtain from you on that point. I have no objection to your politics, my dear lord, as, in the first place, I do not much give my mind to politics; and, in the next, I cannot but have observed, that you view politics, as well as some other subjects, through the optics of philosophy. But the note, or rather passage, I allude to is so discouraging to the cause of our country, that it could not fail to damp the ardour of your readers. Let me entreat you not to recall the sacrifice of it; at least, let it not appear in this volume, in which I am more anxious than I can express for your fame, both as a poet and as a philosopher. Except this, in which I thought myself warranted, I have not interfered with the subjects of the notes: yes, the word "fiction" I turned as you have seen, conceiving it to have been no fiction to YOUNG. But, when I did it, I determined not to send it to the press till it had met your eye. Indeed, you know that, even when a single word has struck me as better changed, my way has been to state my thought to you.

The Pilgrimage is concluded, and the notes to canto second, and the shorter poems are all placed in order. I am making the references, and to-day they will be ready for the printer. As there is not the slightest alteration in any of these notes, I shall not think it necessary to send them to you till you see them in the proofs. You have yet to see a revise of the last proofs, and a proof of the conclusion of the poem. My nephew tells me, you are going out of town in a few days. I should have been glad to have indulged in passing an hour or two, occasionally, with you; but regret is fruitless. I hope to have that pleasure when parliament meets. Before you go, pray let me have your *Preface*. I will send you the proofs as formerly.

All the notes relative to Greece and its modern literature I have placed together, referring them to this line,

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!"
*Stanza* 72, l. 1.

and, all being written at Athens, they form an excellent conclusion, under the head of NOCTES ATTICÆ. I ever am, my dear lord, yours faithfully, R. C. DALLAS.

# SECTION V.

## FROM THE LETTERS OF DOCTOR FRANKLIN AND GENERAL WASHINGTON.

### LETTER I.

*Dr. Franklin to George Whitfield.**

Philadelphia, June 6, 1753.

Sir,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 2d instant, and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending till you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has.

As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you.† But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is, that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family.

For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. Those kindnesses from men I can therefore only return on their fellow-men; and I can only shew my gratitude for these mercies from God by a readiness to help his other children, and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see in this my notion of good works; that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree and eternal in duration: I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those, who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more such happiness of heaven!

The faith you mention has certainly its use in the world: I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it: I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon-reading, or hearing; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty; the hearing and reading of sermons are useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered

* One of the founders of the Methodists.

† Dr. Franklin had relieved Mr. Whitfield, in a paralytic case, by the application of electricity.

and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the *doers* of the word to the mere *hearers;* the son, that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; which implied his modest opinion, that there were some in his time who thought themselves so good, that they need not hear even him for improvement: but now-a-days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations, and that whoever omits them offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness, being your friend and servant.

## LETTER II.

*Dr. Franklin to Miss Stevenson, at Wanstead.*

Craven Street, May 16, 1760.

I SEND my good girl the books I mentioned to her last night. I beg her to accept of them as a small mark of my esteem and friendship. They are written in the familiar, easy manner, for which the French are so remarkable; and afford a good deal of philosophic and practical knowledge, unembarrassed with the dry mathematics, used by more exact reasoners, but which is apt to discourage young beginners.

I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity. And, as many of the terms of science are such as you cannot have met with in your common reading, and may therefore be unacquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand, to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but it is a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasion for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and, in the mean time, you will read with more satisfaction, because with more understanding. When any point occurs, in which you would be glad to have farther information than your book affords you, I beg you would not in the least apprehend that I should think it a trouble to receive and answer your questions. It will be a pleasure, and no trouble. For though I may not be able, out of my own little stock of knowledge, to afford you what you require, I can easily direct you to the books where it may most readily be found. Adieu, and believe me ever, my dear friend, yours affectionately.

## LETTER III.

*Dr. Franklin to John Alleyne, Esq.*

Craven Street, August 9, 1763.

Dear Jack,

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections, that have been made by numerous persons, to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think, that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence, which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connexions, that might have injured the constitution, or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this farther inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. "Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans"—a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be. With us, in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves; such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and, from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here, who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live, all their lives, in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set: what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? it can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy.

Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend.

## LETTER IV.

*Dr. Franklin to Gov. Franklin,* New Jersey.*

London, August 19, 1772.

* * * In yours of May 14, you acquaint me with your indisposition, which gave me great concern. The resolution you have taken, to use more exercise, is extremely proper; and I hope you will steadily perform it. It is of the greatest importance to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so very precarious. In considering the different kinds of exercise, I have thought that the *quantum* of each is to be judged of, not by time or by distance, but by the degree of warmth it produces in the body: thus, when I observe if I am cold when I get into a carriage in a morning, I may ride all day without being warmed by it; that if on horseback my feet are cold, I may ride some hours before they become warm; but if I am ever so cold on foot, I cannot walk an hour briskly, without glowing from head to foot by the quickened circulation: I have been ready to say (using round numbers, without regard to exactness, but merely to make a great difference), that there is more exercise in *one* mile's riding on horseback than in *five* in a coach; and more in *one* mile's walking on foot than in *five* on horseback; to which I may add, that there is more in walking *one* mile up and down stairs, than in *five* on a level floor. The two latter exercises may be had within doors, when the weather discourages going abroad; and the last may be had when one is pinched for time, as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handful of minutes. The dumb-bell is another exercise of the latter compendious kind; by the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute, counted by a second watch: and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse.

* Dr. Franklin's son, to whom the first part of the Memoirs of his life is addressed.

## LETTER V.

*Dr. Franklin to Dr. Priestley.*

London, September 19, 1772.

Dear sir,

In the affair of so much importance to you, wherein you ask my advice, I cannot, for want of sufficient premises, counsel you *what* to determine; but, if you please, I will tell you *how*. When those difficult cases occur, they are difficult, chiefly, because, while we have them under consideration, all the reasons *pro* and *con* are not present to the mind at the same time; but sometimes one set present themselves, and at other times another, the first being out of sight. Hence the various purposes or inclinations that alternately prevail, and the uncertainty that perplexes us. To get over this, my way is, to divide half a sheet of paper by a line into two columns: writing over the one *pro*, and over the other *con;* then, during three or four days' consideration, I put down, under the different heads, short hints of the different motives that at different times occur to me, *for* or *against* the measure. When I have thus got them all together in one view, I endeavour to estimate their respective weights, and, where I find two (one on each side), that seem equal, I strike

them both out. If I find a reason *pro* equal to some *two* reasons *con*, I strike out the *three*. If I judge some *two* reasons *con* equal to some *three* reasons *pro*, I strike out the *five;* and thus proceeding, I find at length where the *balance* lies; and if, after a day or two of farther consideration, nothing new that is of importance occurs on either side, I come to a determination accordingly. And, though the weight of reasons cannot be taken with the precision of algebraic quantities, yet, when each is thus considered separately and comparatively, and the whole lies before me, I think I can judge better, and am less liable to make a rash step; and, in fact, I have found great advantage from this kind of equation, in what may be called *moral* or *prudential algebra.*

Wishing sincerely that you may determine for the best, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately.

## LETTER VI.

### *Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Thomas, at Lisle.*

Paris, Feb. 8, 1777.

You are too early, *hussy*, as well as too saucy, in calling me *rebel;* you should wait for the event, which will determine whether it is a *rebellion* or only a *revolution.* Here the ladies are more civil; they call us *les Insurgens;* a character that usually pleases them: and, methinks, all other women who smart, or have smarted, under the tyranny of a bad husband, ought to be fixed in *revolution* principles, and act accordingly.

In my way to Canada last spring, I saw dear Mrs. Barrow, at New York. Mr. Barrow had been from her two or three months to keep Governor Tryon, and other tories, company on board the Asia, one of the king's ships which lay in the harbour; and in all that time that naughty man had not ventured once on shore to see her. Our troops were then pouring into the town, and she was packing up to leave it, fearing, as she had a large house, they would incommode her, by quartering officers in it. As she appeared in great perplexity, scarce knowing where to go, I persuaded her to stay; and I went to the general officers then commanding there, and recommended her to their protection; which they promised and performed. On my return from Canada, where I was a piece of a governor (and I think a very good one) for a fortnight, and might have been so till this time, if your wicked army, enemies to all good government, had not come and driven me out, I found her still in quiet possession of her house. I inquired how our people had behaved to her; she spoke in high terms of the respectful attention they had paid her, and the quiet and security they had procured her. I said I was glad of it; and that, if they had used her ill, I would have turned tory. Then, said she (with that pleasing gaiety so natural to her), *I wish they had.* For you must know she is a *toryess*, as well as you, and can as flippantly call *rebel.* I drank tea with her; we talked affectionately of you and our other friends the Wilkes's, of whom she had received no late intelligence: what became of her since, I have not heard. The street she lived in was some months after chiefly burnt down; but as the town was then, and ever since has been, in possession of the king's troops, I have had no opportunity of knowing whether she suffered any loss in the conflagration. I hope she did not, as, if she did, I should wish I had not persuaded her to stay there. I am glad to learn from you, that that unhappy, though deserving family, the W.'s, are getting into some busi-

ness that may afford them subsistence. I pray that God will bless them, and that they may see happier days. Mr. Cheap's and Dr. H.'s good fortunes please me. Pray learn, if you have not already learnt, like me, to be pleased with other people's pleasures, and happy with their happiness, when none occur of your own; then, perhaps, you will not so soon be weary of the place you chance to be in, and so fond of rambling to get rid of your *ennui*. I fancy you have hit upon the right reason of your being weary of St. Omers, *viz.* that you are out of temper, which is the effect of full living and idleness. A month in Bridewell, beating hemp, upon bread and water, would give you health and spirits, and subsequent cheerfulness and contentment with every other situation. I prescribe that regimen for you, my dear, in pure good-will, without a fee. And let me tell you, if you do not get into temper, neither Brussels nor Lisle will suit you. I know nothing of the price of living in either of those places; but I am sure a single woman, as you are, might, with economy, upon two hundred pounds a-year maintain herself comfortably any where; and me into the bargain. Do not invite me in earnest, however, to come and live with you; for, being posted here, I ought not to comply, and I am not sure I should be able to refuse. Present my respects to Mrs. Payne, and Mrs. Heathcot; for, though I have not the honour of knowing them, yet, as you say they are friends to the American cause, I am sure they must be women of good understanding. I know you wish you could see me, but, as you can't, I will describe myself to you. Figure me in your mind as jolly as formerly, and as strong and hearty, only a few years older; very plainly dressed, wearing my thin, grey, straight hair, that peeps out under my only *coiffure*, a fine fur cap; which comes down my forehead almost to my spectacles. Think how this must appear, among the powdered heads of Paris! I wish every lady and gentleman in France would only be so obliging as to follow my fashion, comb their own heads as I do mine, dismiss their *friseurs*, and pay me half the money they pay to them. You see the gentry might well afford this, and I could then enlist these *friseurs* (who are at least 100,000), and with the money I would maintain them, make a visit with them to England, and dress the heads of your ministers and privy counsellors; which I conceive at present to be *un peu dérangées*. Adieu! madcap; and believe me ever your affectionate friend and humble servant.

P. S. Don't be proud of this long letter. A fit of the gout, which has confined me five days, and made me refuse to see company, has given me a little time to trifle; otherwise it would have been very short; visitors and business would have interrupted: and, perhaps, with Mrs. Barrow, you wish they had.

## LETTER VII.

*Dr. Franklin to Dr. Cooper, Boston.*

Paris, May 1, 1777.

I THANK you for your kind congratulations on my safe arrival here, and for your good wishes. I am, as you supposed, treated with great civility and respect by all orders of people; but it gives me still greater satisfaction to find that our being here is of some use to our country. On that head I cannot be more explicit at present.

I rejoice with you in the happy change of affairs in America last winter: I hope the same train of success will continue through the summer. Our enemies are disap-

pointed in the number of additional troops they purposed to send over. What they have been able to muster will not probably recruit their army to the state it was in the beginning of last campaign; and ours I hope will be equally numerous, better armed, and better clothed, than they have been heretofore.

All Europe is on our side of the question, as far as applause and good wishes can carry them. Those who live under arbitrary power do nevertheless approve of liberty, and wish for it: they almost despair of recovering it in Europe; they read the translations of our separate colony constitutions with rapture; and there are such numbers every where, who talk of removing to America, with their families and fortunes, as soon as peace and our independence shall be established, that it is generally believed we shall have a prodigious addition of strength, wealth, and arts, from the emigrations of Europe; and it is thought, that, to lessen or prevent such emigrations, the tyrannies established here must relax and allow more liberty to their people. Hence it is a common observation here, that our cause is *the cause of all mankind;* and that we are fighting for their liberty in defending our own. It is a glorious task assigned us by Providence; which has, I trust, given us spirit and virtue equal to it, and will at last crown it with success.

I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately.

## LETTER VIII.

*Dr. Franklin to Gen. Washington.*

Passy, March 5, 1780.

Sir,

I HAVE received but lately the letter your excellency did me the honour of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de la Fayette. His modesty detained it long in his own hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honour of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause, and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that your excellency's letter would have done had it been immediately delivered to me.

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and cotemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living merit. Here you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington: for a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect as a thousand years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance. At present I enjoy that pleasure for you: as I frequently hear the old generals of this martial country (who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations) speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct; and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age.

I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over; like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which, in that weak state, by a thunder gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute

destruction; yet, the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye not of its owner only, but of every observing traveller.

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honour, and happiness, ever attend you, from yours, &c.

## LETTER IX.

### *Dr. Franklin to the Rev. William Nixon.*

Passy, Sept. 5, 1781.

Rev. sir,

I DULY received the letter you did me the honour of writing to me the 25th past, together with the valuable little book, of which you are the author. There can be no doubt but that a gentleman of your learning and abilities might make a very useful member of society in our new country, and meet with encouragement there, either as an instructer in one of our universities, or as a clergyman of the church of Ireland. But I am not empowered to engage any person to go over thither, and my abilities to assist the distressed are very limited. I suppose you will soon be set at liberty in England by the cartel for the exchange of prisoners: in the mean time, if *five Louis d'ors* may be of present service to you, please to draw on me for that sum, and your bill shall be paid on sight. Some time or other you may have an opportunity of assisting with an equal sum a stranger who has equal need of it. Do so. By that means you will discharge any obligation you may suppose yourself under to me. Enjoin him to do the same on occasion. By pursuing such a practice, much good may be done with little money. Let kind offices go round: mankind are all of a family. I have the honour to be, Rev. sir, &c.

## LETTER X.

### *Dr. Franklin to Edmund Burke, Esq. M. P.*

Passy, Oct. 15, 1781.

Sir,

I RECEIVED but a few days since your very friendly letter of August last, on the subject of General Burgoyne.

Since the foolish part of mankind will make wars from time to time with each other,—not having sense enough otherwise to settle their differences,—it certainly becomes the wiser part, who cannot prevent those wars, to alleviate as much as possible the calamities attending them. Mr. Burke always stood high in my esteem; but his affectionate concern for his friend renders him still more amiable, and makes the honour he does me, of admitting me of the number, still more precious.

I do not think the congress have any wish to persecute General Burgoyne. I never heard, till I received your letter, that they had recalled him: if they have made such a resolution, it must be, I suppose, a conditional one, to take place in case their offer of exchanging him for Mr. Laurens should not be accepted; a resolution intended merely to enforce that offer.

I have just received an authentic copy of the resolve containing that offer, and authorizing me to make it. As I have no communication with your ministers, I send it enclosed to you.* If you can find any means of negotiating this business, I am sure the restoring another worthy man to his family and friends, will be an addition to your pleasure.

* Wanting.

With great and invariable respect and affection, I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

## LETTER XI.

### *Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Hewson.*

Passy, January 27, 1783.

THE departure of my dearest friend,* which I learn from your last letter, greatly affects me. To meet with her once more in this life was one of the principal motives of my proposing to visit England again before my return to America. The last year carried off my friends Dr. Pringle and Dr. Fothergill, and lord Kaimes and lord Le Despencer; this has begun to take away the rest, and strikes the hardest. Thus the ties I had to that country, and indeed to the world in general, are loosened one by one; and I shall soon have no attachment left to make me unwilling to follow.

I intended writing when I sent the eleven books, but lost the time in looking for the first. I wrote with that; and hope it came to hand. I therein asked your counsel about my coming to England: on reflection, I think I can, from my knowledge of your prudence, foresee what it will be; *viz.* not to come too soon, lest it should seem braving and insulting some who ought to be respected. I shall, therefore, omit that journey till I am near going to America, and then just step over to take leave of my friends, and spend a few days with you. I purpose bringing Ben† with me, and perhaps may leave him under your care.

At length we are in peace, God be praised; and long, very long, may it continue. All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones: when will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration! Were they to do it, even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other.

Spring is coming on, when travelling will be delightful. Can you not, when your children are all at school, make a little party and take a trip hither? I have now a large house, delightfully situated, in which I could accommodate you and two or three friends; and I am but half an hour's drive from Paris.

In looking forward, twenty-five years seem a long period; but in looking back, how short! Could you imagine that it is now full a quarter of a century since we were first acquainted? it was in 1757. During the greatest part of the time I lived in the same house with my dear deceased friend, your mother; of course you and I saw and conversed with each other much and often. It is to all our honours, that, in all that time, we never had among us the smallest misunderstanding. Our friendship has been all clear sunshine, without any, the least, clouds in its hemisphere. Let me conclude by saying to you, what I have had too frequent occasions to say to my other remaining old friends, *the fewer we become, the more let us love one another.* Adieu, &c.

## LETTER XII.

### *Dr. Franklin to Sir Joseph Banks.*

Passy, July 27, 1783.

Dear sir,

I RECEIVED your very kind letter by Dr. Blagden, and esteem myself much honoured by your friendly remembrance. I have been too much and too closely engaged in public affairs since his being here, to enjoy all the benefit of his conversation

* Refers to Mrs. Hewson's mother.

† Benjamin Franklin Bache a grandson of Dr. Franklin, by his daughter.

you were so good as to intend me. I hope soon to have more leisure, and to spend a part of it in those studies that are much more agreeable to me than political operations.

I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats: for, in my opinion, *there never was a good war or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains! what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals! what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labour!

I am pleased with the late astronomical discoveries made by our society. Furnished as all Europe now is with academies of science, with nice instruments and the spirit of experiment, the progress of human knowledge will be rapid, and discoveries made, of which we have at present no conception. I begin to be almost sorry I was born so soon, since I cannot have the happiness of knowing what will be known one hundred years hence.

I wish continued success to the labours of the Royal Society, and that you may long adorn their chair; being, with the highest esteem, dear sir, &c.

Dr. Blagden will acquaint you with the experiment of a vast globe sent up into the air, much talked of here, and which, if prosecuted, may furnish means of new knowledge.

## LETTER XIII.

### *Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Bache.*

Passy, Jan. 26, 1784

My dear child,

YOUR care in sending me the newspapers is very agreeable to me. I received by captain Barney those relating to the *Cincinnati.* My opinion of the institution cannot be of much importance: I only wonder, that, when the united wisdom of our nation had, in the articles of confederation, manifested their dislike of establishing ranks of nobility, by authority either of the congress or of any particular state, a number of private persons should think proper to distinguish themselves and their posterity from their fellow-citizens, and form an order of *hereditary knights,* in direct opposition to the solemnly declared sense of their country! I imagine it must be likewise contrary to the good sense of most of those drawn into it, by the persuasion of its projectors, who have been too much struck with the ribands and crosses they have seen hanging to the button-holes of foreign officers. And I suppose those who disapprove of it have not hitherto given it much opposition, from a principle somewhat like that of your good mother, relating to punctilious persons, who are always exacting little observances of respect,—that "*if people can be pleased with small matters, it is a pity but they should have them.*" In this view, perhaps, I should not myself, if my advice had been asked, have objected to their wearing their riband and badge themselves, accord-

ing to their fancy, though I certainly should to the entailing it as an honour on their posterity. For honour, worthily obtained (as that for example of our officers), is in its nature a *personal* thing, and incommunicable to any but those who had some share in obtaining it. Thus, among the Chinese, the most ancient, and, from long experience, the wisest of nations, honour does not *descend*, but *ascends*. If a man, from his learning, his wisdom, or his valour, is promoted by the emperor to the rank of mandarin, his parents are immediately entitled to all the same ceremonies of respect from the people, that are established as due to the mandarin himself; on the supposition that it must have been owing to the education, instruction, and good example, afforded him by his parents, that he was rendered capable of serving the public. This *ascending* honour is, therefore, useful to the state, as it encourages parents to give their children a good and virtuous education. But the *descending honour*, to a posterity who could have no share in obtaining it, is not only groundless and absurd, but often hurtful to that posterity, since it is apt to make them proud, disdaining to be employed in useful arts, and thence falling into poverty, and all the meannesses, servility, and wretchedness, attending it; which is the present case with much of what is called the *noblesse* in Europe. Or if, to keep up the dignity of the family, estates are entailed entire on the eldest male heir, another pest to industry and improvement of the country is introduced, which will be followed by all the odious mixture of pride, and beggary, and idleness, that have half depopulated and decultivated Spain; occasioning continual extinction of families by the discouragements of marriage, and neglect in the improvement of estates. I wish, therefore, that the Cincinnati, if they must go on with their project, would direct the badges of their order to be worn by their fathers and mothers, instead of handing them down to their children. It would be a good precedent, and might have good effects. It would also be a kind of obedience to the fifth commandment, in which God enjoins us to *honour* our father and mother, but has nowhere directed us to honour our children. And certainly no mode of honouring those immediate authors of our being can be more effectual than that of doing praiseworthy actions, which reflect honour on those who gave us our education; or more becoming than that of manifesting, by some public expression or token, that it is to their instruction and example we ascribe the merit of those actions.

But the absurdity of *descending honours* is not a mere matter of philosophical opinion; it is capable of mathematical demonstration. A man's son, for instance, is but half of his family, the other half belonging to the family of his wife. His son, too, marrying into another family, his share in the grandson is but a fourth; in the great grandson, by the same process, it is but an eighth. In the next generation a sixteenth; the next a thirty-second; the next a sixty-fourth; the next an hundred and twenty-eighth; the next a two hundred and fifty-sixth; and the next a five hundred and twelfth: thus, in nine generations, which will not require more than three hundred years (no very great antiquity for a family) our present Chevalier of the Order of Cincinnatus's share in the then existing knight, will be but a five hundred and twelfth part; which, allowing the present certain fidelity of American wives to be insured down through all those nine generations, is so small a consideration, that methinks no reasonable man would hazard, for the sake of it, the disagreeable consequences of the

jealousy, envy, and ill-will of his countrymen.

Let us go back with our calculation from this young noble, the five hundred and twelfth part of the present knight, through his nine generations, till we return to the year of the institution. He must have had a father and mother—they are two; each of them had a father and mother—they are four. Those of the next preceding generation will be eight, the next sixteen, the next thirty-two, the next sixty-four, the next one hundred and twenty-eight, the next two hundred and fifty-six, and the ninth, in this retrocession, five hundred and twelve; who must be now existing, and all contribute their proportion of this future Chevalier de Cincinnatus. These, with the rest, make together as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| | 2 |
| | 4 |
| | 8 |
| | 16 |
| | 32 |
| | 64 |
| | 128 |
| | 256 |
| | 512 |
| Total | 1022 |

One thousand and twenty-two men and women, contributors to the formation of one knight. And, if we are to have a thousand of these future knights, there must be now and hereafter existing one million and twenty-two thousand fathers and mothers, who are to contribute to their production, unless a part of the number are employed in making more knights than one. Let us strike off, then, the twenty-two thousand, on the supposition of this double employ, and then consider whether, after a reasonable estimation of the number of rogues, and fools, and scoundrels, and prostitutes, that are mixed with, and make up, necessarily, their million of predecessors, posterity will have much reason to boast of the noble blood of the then existing set of chevaliers of Cincinnatus. The future genealogists, too, of these chevaliers, in proving the lineal descent of their honour through so many generations (even supposing honour capable in its nature of descending), will only prove the small share of this honour which can be justly claimed by any one of them, since the above simple process in arithmetic makes it quite plain and clear, that, in proportion as the antiquity of the family shall augment, the right to the honour of the ancestor will diminish; and a few generations more would reduce it to something so small as to be very near an absolute nullity. I hope, therefore, that the order will drop this part of their project, and content themselves as the knights of the garter, bath, thistle, St. Louis, and other orders of Europe do, with a life enjoyment of their little badge and riband, and let the distinction die with those who have merited it. This, I imagine, will give no offence. For my own part, I shall think it a convenience, when I go into a company where there may be faces unknown to me, if I discover, by this badge, the persons who merit some particular expression of my respect; and it will save modest virtue the trouble of calling for our regard, by awkward, round-about intimations of having been heretofore employed as officers in the continental service.

The gentleman, who made the voyage to France, to provide the ribands and medals, has executed his commission. To me they seem tolerably done; but all such things are criticised. Some find fault with the Latin, as wanting classical elegance and correctness; and since our nine universities were not able to furnish better Latin, it was pity, they say, that the mottos had not been in English.

Others object to the title, as not properly assumable by any but General Washington, and a few others, who served without pay. Others object to the *bald eagle*,* as looking too much like a *dindon* or turkey. For my own part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country: he is a bird of bad moral character: he does not get his living honestly: you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but, like those among men, who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward: the little *king bird*, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *king-birds* from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights, which the French call *chevaliers d'industrie*. I am on this account not displeased, that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird; and, withal, a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours: the first of the species seen in Europe being brought to France by the Jesuits from Canada, and served up at the wedding table of Charles the Ninth. He is, besides (though a little vain and silly, 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm yard with a *red* coat on.

I shall not enter into the criticisms made upon their Latin. The gallant officers of America may not have the merit of being great scholars; but they undoubtedly merit much, as brave soldiers, from their country, which should therefore not leave them merely to *fame* for their "*virtutis premium*,"* which is one of their Latin mottos. Their "*esto perpetua*," another, is an excellent wish, if they meant it for their country; bad, if intended for their order. The states should not only restore to them the *omnia* of their first motto, which many of them have left and lost, but pay them justly, and reward them generously. They should not be suffered to remain with all their new-created chivalry *entirely* in the situation of the gentleman in the story, which their *omnia reliquit*† reminds me of. You know every thing makes me recollect some story. He had built a very fine house, and thereby much impaired his fortune. He had a pride, however, in showing it to his acquaintance. One of them, after viewing it all, remarked a motto over the door, OIA VANITAS. What, says he, is the meaning of OIA? 'tis a word I don't understand. I will tell you, said the gentleman: I had a mind to have the motto cut on a piece of smooth marble, but there was not room for it between the ornaments, to be put in characters large enough to be read. I therefore made use of a contraction anciently very common in Latin manuscripts, whereby the *m's* and *n's* in words are omitted, and the omission noted by a little dash above, which you may see there, so that the word is *omnia*,

* The white-headed erne, or bald eagle (*falco leucocephalus*, LINN.), peculiar to North America; and the emblem adopted by the society of Cincinnati.

* Reward of virtue. † Has left all.

OMNIA VANITAS. O, said his friend, I now comprehend the meaning of your motto: it relates to your edifice; and signifies, that, if you have abridged your *omnia*, you have nevertheless left your VANITAS legible at full length.

I am, as ever, your affectionate father.

## LETTER XIV.

### *Dr. Franklin to B. Vaughan, Esq.*

Passy, July 26, 1784.

Dear friend,

I HAVE received several letters from you lately, dated June 16, June 30, and July 13. I thank you for the information respecting the proceedings of your West India merchants, or rather planters. The restraints, whatever they may be, upon our commerce with your islands, will prejudice their inhabitants, I apprehend, more than us. It is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed. Naturally, one would imagine, that the interests of a few particulars should give way to general interest. But particulars manage their affairs with so much more application, industry, and address, than the public do theirs, that general interest most commonly gives way to particular. We assemble parliaments and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices, and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower the wisdom, and dupe its possessors; and, if we may judge by the acts, decrees, and edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of wise men is the greatest fool upon earth. I have received Cook's Voyages, which you put Mr. Oswald in the way of sending to me. By some mistake, the first volume was omitted; and, instead of it, a duplicate sent of the third. If there is a good print of Cook, I should be glad to have it, being personally acquainted with him. I thank you for the pamphlets by Mr. Estlin. Every thing you send me gives me pleasure; to receive your account would give me more than all.

I am told that the little pamphlet of *Advice to such as would remove to America*,* is reprinted in London, with my name to it, which I would rather had been omitted; but wish to see a copy when you have an opportunity of sending it.

Mr. Hartley has long continued here, in expectation of instructions for making a treaty of commerce, but they do not come, and I begin to suspect none are intended; though, perhaps, the delay is only occasioned by the over-great burthen of business at present on the shoulders of your ministers. We do not press the matter, but are content to wait till they can see their interest respecting America more clearly, being certain that we can shift as well as you without a treaty.

The conjectures I sent you, concerning the cold of last winter, still appear to me probable: the moderate season in Russia and Canada does not weaken them. I think our frost here began about the 24th of December, in America the 12th of January. I thank you for recommending to me Mr. Arbuthnot; I have had pleasure in his conversation. I wish much to see the new pieces you had in hand. I congratulate you on the return of your wedding-day, and wish, for your sake and Mrs. Vaughan's, that you may see a great many of them, all as happy as the first.

I like the young stranger very much: he seems sensible, ingenious,

* See Writings, part iii. Miscellanies, sect. ii

and modest, has a good deal of instruction, and makes judicious remarks. He will probably distinguish himself advantageously.

I have not yet heard from Mr. Nairne.

Dr. Price's pamphlet of Advice to America is a good one, and will do good. You ask "what remedy I have for the growing luxury of my country, which gives so much *offence* to all *English travellers* without exception?" I answer, that I think it exaggerated, and that travellers are no good judges, whether our luxury is growing or diminishing. Our people are hospitable, and have, indeed, too much pride in displaying upon their tables before strangers the plenty and variety that our country affords. They have the vanity too of sometimes borrowing one another's plate, to entertain more splendidly. Strangers, being invited from house to house, and meeting every day with a feast, imagine what they see is the ordinary way of living of all the families where they dine; when perhaps each family lives a week after upon the remains of the dinner given. It is, I own, a folly in our people to give *such offence* to *English travellers*. The first part of the proverb is thereby verified, that *fools make feasts*. I wish in this case the other were as true, *and wise men eat them*. These travellers might, one would think, find some fault they could more decently reproach us with, than that of our excessive civility to them as strangers.

I have not, indeed, yet thought of a remedy for luxury: I am not sure that in a great state it is capable of a remedy; nor that the evil is, in itself, always so great as it is represented. Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all unnecessary expense, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country; and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer. Is not the hope of one day being able to purchase and enjoy luxuries a great spur to labour and industry? May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance. The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused pay. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her as a present a new-fashioned cap. Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it; but, said he, it proved a dear cap to our congregation. How so? When my daughter appeared in it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia; and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than one hundred pounds. True, said the farmer, but you do not tell all the story: I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that set our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribands there; and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes. Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens.

In our commercial towns upon the sea coast, fortunes will occasionally be made. Some of those who grow rich will be prudent, live within bounds, and preserve what they

have gained for their posterity. Others, fond of showing their wealth, will be extravagant, and ruin themselves. Laws cannot prevent this, and perhaps it is not always an evil to the public. A shilling spent idly by a fool, may be picked up by a wiser person, who knows better what to do with it: it is, therefore, not lost. A vain, silly fellow builds a fine house, furnishes it richly, lives in it expensively, and in a few years ruins himself; but the masons, carpenters, smiths, and other honest tradesmen, have been, by his employ, assisted in maintaining and raising their families: the farmer has been paid for his labour, and encouraged, and the estate is now in better hands. In some cases, indeed, certain modes of luxury may be a public evil, in the same manner as it is a private one. If there be a nation, for instance, that exports its beef and linen to pay for its importations of claret and porter, while a great part of its people live upon potatoes, and wear no shirts, wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve, and sells his clothes to buy drink? Our American commerce is, I confess, a little in this way. We sell our victuals to your islands for rum and sugar; the substantial necessaries of life for its superfluities. But we have plenty, and live well, nevertheless; though, by being soberer, we might be richer. By the by, here is just issued an *arrêt* of council taking off all the duties upon the exportation of brandies, which, it is said, will render them cheaper in America than your rum: in which case there is no doubt but they will be preferred, and we shall be better able to bear your restrictions on our commerce. There are views here, by augmenting their settlements, of being able to supply the growing people of America with the sugar that may be wanted there. On the whole, I believe, England will get as little by the commercial war she has begun with us as she did by the military. But to return to luxury.

The vast quantity of forest lands we have yet to clear and put in order for cultivation, will for a long time keep the body of our nation laborious and frugal. Forming an opinion of our people and their manners, by what is seen among the inhabitants of the sea ports, is judging from an improper sample. The people of the trading towns may be rich and luxurious, while the country possesses all the virtues that tend to private happiness and public prosperity. Those towns are not much regarded by the country; they are hardly considered as an essential part of these states. And the experience of the last war has shewn, that their being in possession of the enemy did not necessarily draw on the subjection of the country, which bravely continued to maintain its freedom and independence notwithstanding.

It has been computed by some political arithmetician, that, if every man and woman would work four hours each day in something useful, that labour would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life; want and misery would be banished out of the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

What then occasions so much want and misery? It is the employment of men and women in works that produce neither the necessaries nor conveniences of life; who, with those who do nothing, consume the necessaries raised by the laborious. To explain this,—

The first elements of wealth are obtained by labour from the earth and waters. I have land, and raise corn: with this I feed a family that does nothing: my corn will be consumed; and, at the end of the year, I shall be no richer than I was at the beginning. But if, while I feed

them, I employ them, some in spinning, others in hewing timber and sawing boards, others in making bricks, &c. for building, the value of my corn will be arrested, and remain with me; and, at the end of the year, we may all be better clothed and better lodged. And if, instead of employing a man I feed in making bricks, I employ him in fiddling for me, the corn he eats is gone, and no part of his manufacture remains to augment the wealth and the conveniences of the family. I shall therefore be the poorer for this fiddling man, unless the rest of my family work more or eat less to make up the deficiency he occasions.

Look round the world, and see the millions employed in doing nothing, or in something that amounts to nothing, when the necessaries and conveniences of life are in question. What is the bulk of commerce, for which we fight and destroy each other, but the toil of millions for superfluities, to the great hazard and loss of many lives by the constant dangers of the sea? How much labour spent in building and fitting great ships to go to China and Arabia for tea and for coffee, to the West Indies for sugar, to America for tobacco! These things cannot be called the necessaries of life, for our ancestors lived very comfortably without them.

A question may be asked: Could all these people, now employed in raising, making, or carrying superfluities, be subsisted by raising necessaries? I think they might. The world is large, and a great part of it still uncultivated. Many hundred millions of acres in Asia, Africa, and America, are still forest, and a great deal even in Europe. On one hundred acres of this forest a man might become a substantial farmer; and one hundred thousand men employed in clearing each his one hundred acres (instead of being, as they are, French hair dressers), would hardly brighten a spot big enough to be visible from the moon (unless with Herschell's telescope), so vast are the regions still in the world unimproved.

'Tis however some comfort to reflect, that, upon the whole, the quantity of industry and prudence among mankind exceeds the quantity of idleness and folly. Hence the increase of good buildings, farms cultivated, and populous cities filled with wealth all over Europe, which, a few ages since, were only to be found on the coasts of the Mediterranean. And this, notwithstanding the mad wars continually raging, by which are often destroyed in one year the works of many years' peace. So that we may hope the luxury of a few merchants on the sea coast, will not be the ruin of America.

One reflection more, and I will end this long, rambling letter. Almost all parts of our bodies require some expense. The feet demand shoes, the legs stockings, the rest of the body clothing, and the belly a good deal of victuals. *Our* eyes, though exceedingly useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of *spectacles*, which could not much impair our finances. But THE EYES OF OTHER PEOPLE are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture. Adieu, my dear friend. I am yours ever.

P. S. This will be delivered to you by my grandson. I am persuaded you will afford him your civilities and counsels. Please to accept a little present of books I send by him, curious for the beauty of the impression.

## LETTER XV.

*Dr. Franklin to David Hartley, Esq. M. P.*

Passy, July 5, 1785.

I CANNOT quit the coasts of Europe without taking leave of my ever dear friend Mr. Hartley. We were long fellow labourers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field; but, having finished my day's task, I am going home *to go to bed!* Wish me a good night's rest, as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu! And believe me ever yours most affectionately.*

## LETTER XVI.

*Dr. Franklin to Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph.*

Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1786.

Dear friend,

I RECEIVED lately your kind letter of November 27. My reception here was, as you have heard, very honourable indeed; but I was betrayed by it, and by some remains of ambition, from which I had imagined myself free, to accept of the chair of government for the state of Pennsylvania, when the proper thing for me was repose and a private life. I hope, however, to be able to bear the fatigue for one year, and then to retire.

I have much regretted our having so little opportunity for conversation when we last met. You could have given me informations and counsels that I wanted; but we were scarce a minute together without being broken in upon. I am to thank you, however, for the pleasure I had after our parting, in reading the new book you gave me, which I think generally well written and likely to do good; though the reading time of most people is of late so taken up with newspapers and little periodical pamphlets, that few now-a-days venture to attempt reading a quarto volume. I have admired to see, that, in the last century, a folio, *Burton on Melancholy*, went through six editions in about forty years. We have, I believe, more readers now, but not of such large books.

You seem desirous of knowing what progress we make here in improving our governments. We are, I think, in the right road of improvement, for we are making experiments. I do not oppose all that seem wrong, for the multitude are more effectually set right by experience, than kept from going wrong by reasoning with them: and I think we are daily more and more enlightened; so that I have no doubt of our obtaining, in a few years, as much public felicity as good government is capable of affording. Your newspapers are filled with fictitious accounts of anarchy, confusion, distresses, and miseries, we are supposed to be involved in, as consequences of the revolution; and the few remaining friends of the old government among us take pains to magnify every little inconvenience a change in the course of commerce may have occasioned. To obviate the complaints they endeavour to excite, was written the enclosed little piece,* from which you may form a truer idea of our situation than your own public prints would give you: and I can assure you, that the great body of our nation find themselves happy in the change, and have not the smallest inclination to return to the domination of Britain. There could not be a stronger proof of the general approbation of the measures that promoted the change, and of the change itself, than has been given by the assembly and council of this state, in the nearly unanimous choice for their governor, of one, who had been so much concerned in those

* Written in his eightieth year.

* Uncertain what piece is alluded to.

measures; the assembly being themselves the unbribed choice of the people, and therefore may be truly supposed of the same sentiments. I say nearly unanimous, because, of between seventy and eighty votes, there were only my own and one other in the negative.

As to my domestic circumstances, of which you kindly desire to hear something, they are at present as happy as I could wish them. I am surrounded by my offspring, a dutiful and affectionate daughter in my house, with six grandchildren, the eldest of which you have seen, who is now at college in the next street, finishing the learned part of his education; the others promising, both for parts and good dispositions. What their conduct may be when they grow up, and enter the important scenes of life, I shall not live to *see*, and I cannot *foresee*. I therefore enjoy among them the present hour, and leave the future to Providence.

He that raises a large family does indeed, while he lives to observe them, *stand*, as Watts says, *a broader mark for sorrow;* but then he stands a broader mark for pleasure too. When we launch our little fleet of barks into the ocean, bound to different ports, we hope for each a prosperous voyage; but contrary winds, hidden shoals, storms, and enemies, come in for a share in the disposition of events; and, though these occasion a mixture of disappointment, yet, considering the risk where we can make no insurance, we should think ourselves happy if some return with success. My son's son (Temple Franklin), whom you have also seen, having had a fine farm of six hundred acres conveyed to him by his father when we were at Southampton, has dropped, for the present, his views of acting in the political line, and applies himself ardently to the study and practice of agriculture. This is much more agreeable to me, who esteem it the most useful, the most independent, and, therefore, the noblest of employments. His lands are on navigable water, communicating with the Delaware, and but about sixteen miles from this city. He has associated to himself a very skilful English farmer, lately arrived here, who is to instruct him in the business, and partakes for a term of the profits; so that there is a great apparent probability of their success. You will kindly expect a word or two concerning myself. My health and spirits continue, thanks to God, as when you saw me. The only complaint I then had, does not grow worse, and is tolerable. I still have enjoyment in the company of my friends; and, being easy in my circumstances, have many reasons to like living. But the course of nature must soon put a period to my present mode of existence. This I shall submit to with less regret, as, having seen, during a long life, a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind who created it, and who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to the present hour. Wherever I am, I hope always to retain the pleasing remembrance of your friendship; being, with sincere and great esteem, my dear friend, yours most affectionately.

We all join in respects to Mrs. Shipley, and best wishes for the whole amiable family.

## LETTER XVII.

### *Dr. Franklin to M. le Marquis de la Fayette.*

Philadelphia, April 17, 1787.

Dear friend,

I RECEIVED the kind letter you did me the honour of writing in

February, 1786. The indolence of old age, and the perpetual teasing of too much business, have made me so bad a correspondent, that I have hardly written a letter to any friend in Europe during the last twelvemonth: but, as I have always a pleasure in hearing from them, which I cannot expect will be continued if I do not write to them, I again take up my pen, and begin with those whose correspondence is of the greatest value; among which I reckon that of the Marquis de la Fayette.

I was glad to hear of your safe return to Paris, after so long and fatiguing a journey. That is the place where your enlightened zeal for the welfare of our country can employ itself most to our advantage; and I know it is always at work, and indefatigable. Our enemies are, as you observe, very industrious in depreciating our national character. Their abuse sometimes provokes me, and I am almost ready to retaliate; but I have held my hand, though there is abundant room for recrimination; because I would do nothing that might hasten another quarrel, by exasperating those who are still sore from their late disgraces. Perhaps it may be best that they should please themselves with fancying us weak, and poor, and divided, and friendless; they may then not be jealous of our growing strength (which, since the peace, does really make rapid progress), and may be less intent on interrupting it.

I do not wonder that the Germans, who know little of free constitutions, should be ready to suppose that such cannot support themselves. We think they may, and we hope to prove it. That there should be faults in our first sketches or plans of government is not surprising; rather, considering the times and the circumstances under which they were formed, it is surprising that the faults are so few. Those in the general confederating articles are now about to be considered in a convention called for that express purpose; these will indeed be the most difficult to rectify. Those of particular states will undoubtedly be rectified, as their inconveniences shall by experience be made manifest. And, whatever difference of sentiment there may be among us respecting particular regulations, the enthusiastic rejoicings, with which the day of declared independence is annually celebrated, demonstrate the universal satisfaction of the people with the revolution and its grand principles.

I enclose the vocabulary you sent me, with the words of the Shawanese and Delaware languages, which Colonel Harmar has procured for me. He is promised one more complete, which I shall send you as soon as it comes to my hands.

My grandson, whom you so kindly inquire after, is at his estate in the Jerseys, and amuses himself with cultivating his lands. I wish he would seriously make a business of it, and renounce all thoughts of public employment; for I think agriculture the most honourable, because the most independent, of all professions. But I believe he hankers a little after Paris, or some other of the polished cities of Europe, thinking the society there preferable to what he meets with in the woods of Ancocas; as it certainly is. If he was now here, he would undoubtedly join with me and the rest of my family (who are much flattered by your remembrance of them) in best wishes for your health and prosperity, and that of your whole amiable fireside. You will allow an old friend of fourscore to say he *loves* your wife, when he adds, and children, and prays God to bless them all. Adieu! and believe me, ever, yours most affectionately.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Dr. Franklin to Count de Buffon, Paris.*

Philadelphia, Nov. 19, 1787.

Dear sir,

I AM honoured by your letter desiring to know by what means I am relieved in a disorder, with which you are also unfortunately afflicted. I have tried all the noted prescriptions for *diminishing* the stone, without perceiving any good effect. But, observing temperance in eating, avoiding wine and cider, and using daily the dumb-bell, which exercises the upper part of the body without much moving the parts in contact with the stone, I think I have prevented its *increase*. As the roughness of the stone lacerates a little the neck of the bladder, I find, that, when the urine happens to be sharp, I have much pain in making water, and frequent urgencies. For relief under this circumstance I take, going to bed, the bigness of a pigeon's egg of jelly of blackberries: the receipt for making it is enclosed. While I continue to do this every night, I am generally easy the day following, making water pretty freely, and with long intervals. I wish most sincerely that this simple remedy may have the same happy effect with you. Perhaps currant jelly, or the jelly of apples, or of raspberries, may be equally serviceable; for I suspect the virtue of the jelly may lie principally in the boiled sugar, which is in some degree candied by the boiling of the jelly. Wishing you, for your own sake, much more ease, and, for the sake of mankind, many more years, I remain, with the greatest esteem and respect, dear sir, your most obedient and affectionate servant.

## LETTER XIX.

*Dr. Franklin to Dr. Rush.*

Philadelphia (without date, but supposed to be in 1789).

My dear friend,

DURING our long acquaintance you have shewn many instances of your regard for me; yet I must now desire you to add one more to the number, which is, that, if you publish your ingenious discourse on the *moral sense*, you will totally omit and suppress that most extravagant encomium on your friend Franklin, which hurt me exceedingly in the unexpected hearing, and will mortify me beyond conception, if it should appear from the press. Confiding in your compliance with this earnest request, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately.

## LETTER XX.

*Dr. Franklin to David Hartley, Esq.*

Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1789.

My very dear friend,

I RECEIVED your favour of August last. Your kind condolences, on the painful state of my health, are very obliging. I am thankful to God, however, that, among the numerous ills human life is subject to, one only of any importance is fallen to my lot; and that so late as almost to insure that it can be but of short duration.

The convulsions in France are attended with some disagreeable circumstances; but, if by the struggle she obtains, and secures for the nation, its future liberty, and a good constitution, a few years' enjoyment of those blessings will amply repair all the damages their acquisition may have occasioned. God grant, that not only the love of liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man, may pervade all the nations of

the earth; so that a philosopher may set his foot any where on its surface, and say, This is my country! Your wishes for a cordial and perpetual friendship between Britain and her ancient colonies, are manifested continually in every one of your letters to me. Something of my disposition on the same subject may appear to you in casting your eye over the enclosed paper.* I do not by this opportunity send you any of our gazettes; because the postage from Liverpool would be more than they are worth. I can now only add my best wishes of every kind of felicity for the three amiable Hartleys, to whom I have the honour of being an affectionate friend and most obedient humble servant.

## LETTER XXI.

### *To* *****.

(Without date.)

Dear sir,

I HAVE read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For, without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards and guides, and may favour particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face. But, were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion; you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth, of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue, upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For, among us, it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be if *without it!** I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it; but subscribe simply yours.

* Uncertain what paper.

* Montesquieu says, "La religion, même fausse, est le meilleur garant que les hommes puissent avoir de la probité des hommes" (Esprit des Loix, chap. 25, liv. 8.)

## LETTER XXII.

*Lord Howe to Dr. Franklin.*

Eagle, June the 20th, 1776.

I CANNOT, my worthy friend, permit the letters and parcels, which I have sent (in the state I received them), to be landed, without adding a word upon the subject of the injurious extremities in which our unhappy disputes have engaged us.

You will learn the nature of my mission from the official despatches which I have recommended to be forwarded by the same conveyance. Retaining all the earnestness I ever expressed, to see our differences accommodated, I shall conceive, if I meet with the disposition in the colonies which I was once taught to expect, the most flattering hopes of proving serviceable in the objects of the king's paternal solicitude, by promoting the establishment of lasting peace and union with the colonies. But, if the deep-rooted prejudices of America, and the necessity of preventing her trade from passing into foreign channels, must keep us still a divided people; I shall, from every private, as well as public motive, most heartily lament, that this is not the moment wherein those great objects of my ambition are to be attained; and that I am to be longer deprived of an opportunity to assure you, personally, of the regard with which I am your sincere and faithful humble servant,

HOWE.

P. S. I was disappointed of the opportunity I expected for sending this letter at the time it was dated; and have ever since been prevented, by calms and contrary winds, from getting here to inform general Howe of the commission with which I have the satisfaction to be charged, and of his being joined in it.

Off of Sandy Hook, 12th of July.

Superscribed, HOWE.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Dr. Franklin to Lord Howe.*

Philadelphia, July 30, 1776.

My lord,

I RECEIVED safe the letters your lordship so kindly forwarded to me, and beg you to accept *my* thanks.

The official despatches, to which you refer me, contain nothing more than what we had seen in the act of parliament, viz. "Offers of pardon upon submission;" which I was sorry to find; as it must give your lordship pain to be sent so far on so hopeless a business.

Directing pardons to be offered to the colonies, who are the very parties injured, expresses, indeed, that opinion of our ignorance, baseness, and insensibility, which your uninformed and proud nation has long been pleased to entertain of us; but it can have no other effect than that of increasing our resentments.——It is impossible we should think of submission to a government, that has, with the most wanton barbarity and cruelty, burned our defenceless towns in the midst of winter; excited the savages to massacre our (peaceful) farmers, and our slaves to murder their masters; and is even now bringing foreign mercenaries to deluge our settlements with blood. These atrocious injuries have extinguished every spark of affection for that parent country we once held so dear: but, were it possible for *us* to forget and forgive them, it is not possible for *you* (I mean the British nation) to forgive the people you have so heavily injured; you can never confide again in those as fellow-subjects, and permit them to enjoy equal freedom, to whom you know you have given such just causes of lasting enmity; and this must impel you, were we again under your government, to endeavour the breaking our spirit by

the severest tyranny, and obstructing, by every means in your power, our growing strength and prosperity.

But your lordship mentions "the king's paternal solicitude for promoting the establishment of lasting peace and union with the colonies." If by *peace* is here meant, a peace to be entered into by distinct states, now at war; and his majesty has given your lordship powers to treat with us of such a peace, I may venture to say, though without authority, that I think a treaty for that purpose not quite impracticable, before we enter into foreign alliances. But I am persuaded you have no such powers. Your nation, though, by punishing those American governors who have fomented the discord, rebuilding our burnt towns, and repairing, as far as possible, the mischiefs done us, she might recover a great share of our regard, and the greatest share of our growing commerce, with all the advantages of that additional strength, to be derived from a friendship with us; yet I know too well her abounding pride and deficient wisdom, to believe she will ever take such salutary measures. Her fondness for conquest as a warlike nation; her lust of dominion as an ambitious one; and her thirst for a gainful monopoly as a commercial one (none of them legitimate causes of war), will join to hide from her eyes every view of her true interest, and continually goad her on in these ruinous distant expeditions, so destructive both of lives and of treasure, that they must prove as pernicious to her, in the end, as the Croisades formerly were to most of the nations of Europe.

I have not the vanity, my lord, to think of intimidating, by thus predicting the effects of this war; for I know it will in England have the fate of all my former predictions,—not to be believed till the event shall verify it.

Long did I endeavour, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble porcelain vase—the British empire; for I knew that, being once broken, the separate parts could not retain even their *share* of the strength and value that existed in the whole; and that a perfect *re-union* of those parts could scarce ever be hoped for. Your lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wetted my cheek, when, at your good sister's in London, you once gave me expectations, that a reconciliation might soon take place. I had the misfortune to find these expectations disappointed, and to be treated as the cause of the mischief I was labouring to prevent. My consolation, under that groundless and malevolent treatment, was, that I retained the friendship of many wise and good men in that country; and, among the rest, some share in the regard of lord Howe.

The well-founded esteem, and, permit me to say, affection, which I shall always have for your lordship, make it painful to me to see you engaged in conducting a war, the great ground of which (as described in your letter) is "the necessity of preventing the American *trade* from passing into foreign channels." To me it seems, that neither the obtaining or retaining any trade, how valuable soever, is an object for which men may justly spill each other's blood; that the true and sure means of extending and securing commerce are the goodness and cheapness of commodities; and that the profits of no trade can ever be equal to the expense of compelling it, and holding it by fleets and armies. I consider this war against us, therefore, as both unjust and unwise; and, I am persuaded, that cool and dispassionate posterity will condemn to infamy those who advised it; and that even success will not save from some degree of dishonour,

those who have voluntarily engaged to conduct it.

I know your great motive in coming hither was the hope of being instrumental in a reconciliation; and I believe, when you find that to be impossible, on any terms given you to propose, you will then relinquish so odious a command, and return to a more honourable private station.

With the greatest and most sincere respect, I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant, B. FRANKLIN.

## LETTER XXIV.

### *Dr. Franklin's Letter respecting Captain Cook.*

To all Captains and Commanders of armed ships acting by commission from the Congress of the United States of America, now in war with Great Britain.

Gentlemen,

A SHIP having been fitted out from England, before the commencement of this war, to make discoveries of new countries in unknown seas, under the conduct of that most celebrated navigator, Captain Cook,—an undertaking truly laudable in itself, as the increase of geographical knowledge facilitates the communication between distant nations, in the exchange of useful products and manufactures, and the extension of arts, whereby the common enjoyments of human life are multiplied and augmented, and science of other kinds increased, to the benefit of mankind in general:—This is therefore most earnestly to recommend to every one of you, that, in case the said ship, which is now expected to be soon in the European seas on her return, should happen to fall into your hands, you would not consider her as an enemy, nor suffer any plunder to be made of the effects contained in her, nor obstruct her immediate return to England, by detaining her, or sending her into any other part of Europe or America; but that you would treat the said Captain Cook and his people with all civility and kindness, affording them, as common friends to mankind, all the assistance in your power, which they may happen to stand in need of. In so doing you will not only gratify the generosity of your own dispositions, but there is no doubt of your obtaining the approbation of the congress, and your own American owners.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient, &c.

B. FRANKLIN,

Minister plenipotentiary from the congress of the United States to the court of France.

At Passy, near Paris, this 10th day of March, 1779.

## LETTER XXV.

### *Dr. Franklin to George Whatley, Esq. Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, London.*

Passy, near Paris, Aug. 21, 1784.

My dear old friend,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of May 3, 1783. I am ashamed that it has been so long unanswered. The indolence of old age, frequent indisposition, and too much business, are my only excuses. I had great pleasure in reading it, as it informed me of your welfare.

Your excellent little work, "The Principles of Trade," is too little known. I wish you would send me a copy of it by the bearer, my grandson and secretary, whom I beg leave to recommend to your civilities. I would get it translated and printed here; and, if your bookseller has any quantity of them left, I should be glad he would send them to America. The ideas of our people there, though rather better than those that

prevail in Europe, are not so good as they should be: and that piece might be of service among them.

Since, and soon after the date of your letter, we lost, unaccountably, as well as unfortunately, that worthy, valuable young man you mention, your namesake Maddeson. He was infinitely regretted by all that knew him.

I am sorry your favourite charity does not go on as you could wish it. It is shrunk, indeed, by your admitting only sixty children in a year. What you have told your brethren respecting America is true. If you find it difficult to dispose of your children in England, it looks as if you had too many people. And yet you are afraid of emigration. A subscription is lately set on foot here to encourage and assist mothers in nursing their infants themselves at home; the practice of sending them to the *Enfans Trouvés* having risen here to a monstrous excess, as by the annual bills it appears they amount to near one third of the children born in Paris. This subscription is likely to succeed, and may do a great deal of good, though it cannot answer all the purposes of a foundling hospital.

Your eyes must continue very good, since you are able to write so small a hand without spectacles. I cannot distinguish a letter, even of large print; but am happy in the invention of double spectacles, which, serving for distant objects as well as near ones, make my eyes as useful to me as ever they were. If all the other defects and infirmities of old age could be as easily and cheaply remedied, it would be worth while, my friend, to live a good deal longer. But I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitutions as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.—Adieu; and believe me, ever, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Dr. Franklin to George Whatley, Esq.*

Passy, May 19, 1785.

Dear old friend,

I RECEIVED the very good letter you sent me by my grandson, together with your resemblance, which is placed in my chamber, and gives me great pleasure. There is no trade, they say, without returns; and therefore I am punctual in making those you have ordered. I intended this should have been a long epistle; but I am interrupted, and can only add, that I am, ever, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

My grandson presents his most affectionate respects.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Dr. Franklin to George Whatley, Esq.*

Passy, May 23, 1785.

Dear old friend,

I SENT you a few lines the other day with the medallion, when I should have written more, but was prevented by the coming in of a *bavard*, who worried me till evening. I bore with him, and now you are to bear with me; for I shall, probably, *bavarder* in answering your letter.

I am not acquainted with the saying of Alphonsus, which you allude to as a sanctification of your rigidity in refusing to allow me the plea of old age as an excuse for my want of exactitude in correspondence. What was that saying?—You do not, it seems, feel any occasion for such an excuse, though you are, as you say, rising 75; but I am rising (perhaps more properly falling) 80; and I leave the excuse with you till you arrive at that age: perhaps you may then be more sensible of its validity, and see fit to use it for yourself.

I must agree with you, that the gout is bad, and that the stone is worse. I am happy in not having them both together, and I join in your prayer, that you may live till you die without either. But I doubt the author of the epitaph you sent me is a little mistaken, when, speaking of the world, he says, that

——— He ne'er cared a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within.

It is so natural to wish to be well spoken of, whether alive or dead, that I imagine he could not be quite exempt from that desire, and that, at least, he wished to be thought a wit, or he would not have given himself the trouble of writing so good an epitaph to leave behind him. Was it not worthy of his care, that the world should say he was an honest and a good man? I like better the concluding sentiment in the old song, called the Old Man's Wish, wherein, after wishing for a warm house, in a country town, an easy horse, some good old authors, ingenious and cheerful companions, pudding on Sundays, with stout ale and a bottle of Burgundy, &c. &c. in separate stanzas, each ending with this burden,

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay—

he adds, for the last stanza,

With courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am gone may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone—and not left behind him his fellow.
For he govern'd his passions, &c.

What signifies our wishing! Things happen, after all, as they will happen. I have sung that *wishing song* a thousand times, when I was young; and now find, at fourscore, that the three contraries have befallen me, being subject to the gout, and the stone, and not being yet master of all my passions. Like the proud girl in my country, who wished and resolved not to marrry a parson, nor a Presbyterian, nor an Irishman, and at length found herself married to an Irish, Presbyterian parson! You see I have some reason to wish that, in a future state, I may not only be *as well as I was*, but a little better. And I hope it: for I too, with your poet, *trust in God*. And when I observe, that there is great frugality as well as wisdom in his works, since he has been evidently sparing, both of labour and materials; for, by the various wonderful inventions of propagation, he has provided for the continual peopling his world with plants and animals without being at the trouble of repeated new creations; and by the natural reduction of compound substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new compositions, he has prevented the necessity of creating new matter; for that the earth, water, air, and perhaps fire, which being compounded, form wood, do, when the wood is dissolved, return, and again become air, earth, fire, and water:—I say, that when I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that he will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made, that now exist, and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus, finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall, in some shape or other, always exist. And, with all the inconveniences human *life* is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine; hoping, however, that the errata of the last may be corrected.

I return your note of children received in the foundling hospital at Paris, from 1741 to 1755 inclusive, and I have added the years preceding, as far back as 1710, together with the general christenings of the city: and the years succeeding down to

1770. Those since that period I have not been able to obtain. I have noted in the margin the gradual increase, viz. from every tenth child so thrown upon the public, till it comes to every third. Fifteen years have passed since the last account, and probably it may now amount to one half. Is it right to encourage this monstrous deficiency of natural affection? A surgeon I met with here excused the women of Paris, by saying seriously, that they *could not* give suck,—*Car, dit-il, ils n'ont point de tetons.* He assured me it was a fact, and bade me look at them, and observe how flat they were on the breast. They have nothing more there, says he, than I have upon the back of my hand. I have since thought that there might be some truth in his observation, and that possibly Nature, finding they made no use of bubbies, has left off giving them any. Yet, since Rousseau, with admirable eloquence, pleaded for the rights of children to their mother's milk, the mode has changed a little, and some ladies of quality now suckle their infants, and find milk enough. May the mode descend to the lower ranks, till it becomes no longer the custom to pack their infants away, as soon as born, to the *Enfans Trouvés*, with the careless observation, that the king is better able to maintain them. I am credibly informed, that nine-tenths of them die there pretty soon; which is said to be a great relief to the institution, whose funds would not otherwise be sufficient to bring up the remainder. Except the few persons of quality above-mentioned, and the multitude who send to the hospital, the practice is to hire nurses in the country, to carry out the children, and take care of them there. Here is an office for examining the health of nurses and giving them licenses. They come to town on certain days of the week, in companies, to receive the children; and we often meet trains of them on the road, returning to the neighbouring villages with each a child in arms. But those who are good enough to try this way of raising their children, are often not able to pay the expense; so that the prisons of Paris are crowded with wretched fathers and mothers confined *pour mois de nourice;* though it is laudably a favourite charity to pay for them, and set such prisoners at liberty. I wish success to the new project of assisting the poor to keep their children at home, because I think there is no nurse like a mother (or not many;) and that, if parents did not immediately send their infants out of their sight, they would in a few days begin to love them, and thence be spurred to greater industry for their maintenance. This is a subject you understand better than I, and therefore, having perhaps said too much, I drop it. I only add to the notes a remark from the History of the Academy of Sciences, much in favour of the foundling institution.

The Philadelphia bank goes on, as I hear, very well. What you call the Cincinnati institution is no institution of our government, but a private convention among the officers of our late army, and so universally disliked by the people, that it is supposed it will be dropped. It was considered as an attempt to establish something like an hereditary rank or nobility. I hold with you, that it was wrong. May I add, that all descending honours are wrong and absurd; that the honour of virtuous actions appertains only to him that performs them, and is in its nature incommunicable. If it were communicable by descent, it must also be divisible among the descendants; and the more ancient the family, the less would be found existing in any one branch of it; to say nothing of the greater chance of unlucky interruptions.

Our constitution seems not to be well understood with you. If the congress were a permanent body, there would be more reason in being jealous of giving it powers. But its members are chosen annually, and cannot be chosen more than three years successively, nor more than three years in seven, and any of them may be recalled at any time, whenever their constituents shall be dissatisfied with their conduct. They are of the people, and return again to mix with the people, having no more durable pre-eminence than the different grains of sand in an hour-glass. Such an assembly cannot easily become dangerous to liberty. They are the servants of the people, sent together to do the people's business, and promote the public welfare: their powers must be sufficient, or their duties cannot be performed. They have no profitable appointments, but a mere payment of daily wages, such as are scarcely equivalent to their expenses; so that, having no chance for great places and enormous salaries or pensions, as in some countries, there is no briguing or bribing for elections. I wish Old England were as happy in its government; but I do not see it. Your people, however, think their constitution the best in the world, and affect to despise ours. It is comfortable to have a good opinion of one's self, and of every thing that belongs to us; to think one's own religion, king, and wife, the best of all possible wives, kings, and religions. I remember three Greenlanders, who had travelled two years in Europe, under the care of some Moravian missionaries, and had visited Germany, Denmark, Holland, and England, when I asked them at Philadelphia (when they were in their way home) whether, now they had seen how much more commodiously the white people lived by the help of the arts, they would not choose to remain among us—their answer was, that they were pleased with having had an opportunity of seeing many fine things, *but they chose to live in their own country:* which country, by the way, consisted of rock only; for the Moravians were obliged to carry earth in their ship from New York, for the purpose of making there a cabbage garden!

By Mr. Dollond's saying that my double spectacles could only serve particular eyes, I doubt he has not been rightly informed of their construction. I imagine it will be found pretty generally true, that the same convexity of glass, through which a man sees clearest and best at the distance proper for reading, is not the best for greater distances. I therefore had formerly two pair of spectacles, which I shifted occasionally; as in travelling I sometimes read, and often want to regard the prospects. Finding this change troublesome, and not always sufficiently ready, I had the glasses cut out, and half of each kind associated in the same circle, the least convex, for distant objects, the upper half, and the most convex, for reading, the lower half. By this means, as I wear my spectacles constantly, I have only to move my eyes up or down, as I want to see distinctly far or near, the proper glasses being always ready. This I find more particularly convenient since my being in France; the glasses that serve me best at table, to see what I eat, being the best to see the faces of those on the other side of the table who speak to me; and, when one's ears are not well accustomed to the sounds of a language, a sight of the movements in the features of him that speaks helps to explain; so that I understand French better by the help of my spectacles.

My intended translator of your piece, the only one I know who understands *the subject*, as well as the

two languages,—which a translator ought to do, or he cannot make so good a translation,—is at present occupied in an affair that prevents his undertaking it; but that will soon be over.—I thank you for the notes. I should be glad to have another of the printed pamphlets.

We shall always be ready to take your children, if you send them to us. I only wonder, that, since London draws to itself and consumes such numbers of your country people, your country should not, to supply their places, want, and willingly receive, the children you have to dispose of. That circumstance, together with the multitude who voluntarily part with their freedom as men, to serve for a time as lackeys, or for life as soldiers, in consideration of small wages, seems to me a proof that your island is over-peopled; and yet it is afraid of emigrations! Adieu, my dear friend; and believe me, ever, yours very affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *Dr Franklin to George Whatley, Esq.*

Philadelphia, May 13, 1787.

I RECEIVED duly my good old friend's letter of the 19th of February, with a copy of one from Mr. Williams, to whom I shall communicate it when I see him, which I expect soon to do. He is generally a punctual correspondent, and I am surprised you have not heard from him.

I thank you much for your notes on banks; they are just and solid, as far as I can judge of them. Our bank here has met with great opposition, partly from envy, and partly from those who wish an emission of more paper-money, which they think the bank influence prevents. But it has stood all attacks, and went on well, notwithstanding the assembly repealed its charter; a new assembly has restored it; and the management is so prudent, that I have no doubt of its continuing to go on well. The dividend has never been less than six per cent., nor will that be augmented for some time, as the surplus profit is reserved to face accidents. The dividend of eleven per cent., which was once made, was from a circumstance scarce avoidable. A new company was proposed, and prevented only by admitting a number of new partners. As many of the first set were averse to this, and chose to withdraw, it was necessary to settle their accounts; so all were adjusted, the profits shared that had been accumulated, and the new and old proprietors jointly began on a new and equal footing. Their notes are always instantly paid on demand, and pass on all occasions as readily as silver, because they will always produce silver.

Your medallion is in good company; it is placed with those of lord Chatham, lord Camden, Marquis of Rockingham, sir George Savil, and some others, who honoured me with a share of friendly regard when in England. I believe I have thanked you for it, but I thank you again.

I believe, with you, that if our plenipotentiary is desirous of concluding a treaty of commerce, he may need patience. But, if I were in his place, and not otherwise instructed, I should be apt to say, Take your own time, gentlemen. If the treaty cannot be made as much to your advantage as to ours, don't make it. I am sure the want of it is not more to our disadvantage than to yours. Let the merchants on both sides treat with one another. *Laissez les faire.*

I have never considered attentively the congress scheme for coining, and I have it not now at hand; so that at present I can say nothing to it. The chief uses of coining seem to be, ascertaining the fineness of the

metals, and saving the time that would otherwise be spent in weighing to ascertain the quantity. But the convenience of fixed values to pieces is so great as to force the currency of some whose stamp is worn off, that should have assured their fineness, and which are evidently not of half their due weight: this is the case at present with the sixpences in England, which, one with another, do not weigh three-pence.

You are now 78, and I am 82. You tread fast upon my heels: but, though you have more strength and spirit, you cannot come up with me till I stop; which must now be soon; for I am grown so old as to have buried most of the friends of my youth; and I now often hear persons, whom I knew when children, called *old* Mr. such a one, to distinguish them from their sons, now men grown, and in business; so that, by living twelve years beyond *David's* period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been a-bed and asleep. Yet, had I gone at 70, it would have cut off twelve of the most active years of my life, employed, too, in matters of the greatest importance: but whether I have been doing good or mischief, is for time to discover: I only know that I intended well, and I hope all will end well.

Be so good as to present my affectionate respects to Dr. Rowley. I am under great obligations to him, and shall write to him shortly. It will be a pleasure to him to hear that my malady does not grow sensibly worse; and that is a great point: for it has always been so tolerable, as not to prevent my enjoying the pleasures of society, and being cheerful in conversation. I owe this, in a great measure, to his good counsels. Adieu, my dear friend; and believe me, ever, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

## LETTER XXIX.

*Dr. Price to a Gentleman in America.*

Hackney, June 19, 1790.

Dear sir,

I AM hardly able to tell you how kindly I take the letters with which you favour me. Your last, containing an account of the death of our excellent friend, Dr. Franklin, and the circumstances attending it, deserves my particular gratitude. The account which he has left of his life will show, in a striking example, how a man, by talents, industry, and integrity, may rise from obscurity to the first eminence and consequence in the world; but it brings his history no lower than the year 1757, and I understand, that since he sent over the copy, which I have read, he has been able to make no additions to it. It is with a melancholy regret I think of his death; but to death we are all bound by the irreversible order of nature; and in looking forward to it, there is comfort in being able to reflect, that we have not lived in vain, and that all the useful and virtuous shall meet in a better country beyond the grave.

Dr. Franklin, in the last letter I received from him, after mentioning his age and infirmities, observes, that it has been kindly ordered by the Author of nature, that, as we draw nearer the conclusion of life, we are furnished with more helps to wean us from it, among which one of the strongest is the loss of dear friends. I was delighted with the account you gave in your letter of the honour shown to his memory at Philadelphia, and by congress; and yesterday I received a high additional pleasure, by being informed, that the national assembly of France had determined to go into mourning for him.—What a glorious scene is opened there! The annals of the world furnish no parallel to it. One of the honours

of our departed friend is, that he has contributed much to it. I am, with great respect, your obliged and very humble servant, RICHARD PRICE.

## LETTER XXX.

*Thomas Jefferson, Esq. to Dr. William Smith of Philadelphia.*

I FEEL both the wish and the duty to communicate, in compliance with your request, whatever, within my knowledge, might render justice to the memory of our great countryman, Dr. Franklin, in whom philosophy has to deplore one of its principal luminaries extinguished. But my opportunities of knowing the interesting facts of his life have not been equal to my desire of making them known.

I can only, therefore, testify, in general, that there appeared to me more respect and veneration attached to the character of Dr. Franklin in France, than to that of any other person in the same country, foreign or native. I had opportunities of knowing particularly, how far these sentiments were felt by the foreign ambassadors and ministers at the court of Versailles. The fable of his capture by the Algerines, propagated by the English newspapers, excited no uneasiness, as it was seen at once to be a dish cooked up to please certain readers; but nothing could exceed the anxiety of his diplomatic brethren on a subsequent report of his death, which, although premature, bore some marks of authenticity.

I found the ministers of France equally impressed with his talents and integrity. The count de Vergennes, particularly, gave me repeated and unequivocal demonstrations of his entire confidence in him.

When he left Passy, it seemed as if the village had lost its patriarch. On taking leave of the court, which he did by letter, the king ordered him to be handsomely complimented, and furnished him with a litter and mules of his own, the only kind of conveyance the state of his health could bear.

The succession to Dr. Franklin, at the court of France, was an excellent school of humility to me. On being presented to any one, as the minister of America, the commonplace question was, "*C'est vous monsieur, qui remplacez le Docteur Franklin?*"—Is it you, sir, who replace Dr. Franklin? I generally answered—"No one can replace him, sir; I am only his successor."

I could here relate a number of those *bon mots*, with which he was used to charm every society, as having heard many of them; but these are not your object. Particulars of greater dignity happened not to occur, during his stay of nine months after my arrival in France.

A little before that time, Argand had invented his celebrated lamp, in which the flame is spread into a hollow cylinder, and thus brought into contact with the air, within as well as without. Dr. Franklin had been on the point of the same discovery. The idea had occurred to him; but he had tried a bulrush as a wick, which did not succeed. His occupations did not permit him to repeat and extend his trials to the introduction of a larger column of air than could pass through the stem of a bulrush.

About that time, also, the king of France gave him a signal testimony of respect, by joining him with some of the most illustrious men of the nation, to examine that ignis-fatuus of philosophy, the animal magnetism of the maniac Mesmer; the pretended effects of which had astonished all Paris. From Dr. Franklin's hand, in conjunction with his brethren of the learned committee, that compound of fraud and folly was un-

veiled, and received its death-wound. After this nothing very interesting was before the public, either in philosophy or politics, during his stay; and he was principally occupied in winding up his affairs, and preparing for his return to America.

These small offerings to the memory of our great and dear friend (whom time will be making still greater, while it is spunging us from its records) must be accepted by you, sir, in that spirit of love and veneration for him, in which they are made; and not according to their insignificancy in the eyes of a world, which did not want this mite to fill up the measure of his worth.

His death was an affliction, which was to happen to us at some time or other. We have reason to be thankful he was so long spared; that the most useful life should be the longest also; that it was protracted so far beyond the ordinary span allotted to humanity, as to avail us of his wisdom and virtue, in the establishment of our freedom in the west; and to bless him with a view of its dawn in the east, where men seemed till now to have learned every thing—but *how to be free.*

## LETTER XXXI.

### *Dr. Joseph Priestley to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.**

Northumberland, Nov. 10, 1802.

Sir,

I HAVE just read in the Monthly Review, vol. 36, p. 357, that the late Mr. Pennant said of Dr. Franklin, that, "living under the protection of our mild government, he was secretly playing the incendiary, and too successfully inflaming the minds of our fellow subjects in America, till that great explosion happened, which for ever disunited us from our once happy colonies."

As it is in my power, as far as my testimony will be regarded, to refute this charge, I think it due to our friendship to do it. It is probable, that no person now living was better acquainted with Dr. Franklin, and his sentiments on all subjects of importance, than myself, for several years before the American war. I think I knew him as well as one man can generally know another. At that time I spent the winters in London, in the family of the Marquis of Landsdown, and few days passed without my seeing more or less of Dr. Franklin; and the last day that he passed in England, having given out that he should depart the day before, we spent together, without any interruption, from morning till night.

Now, he was so far from wishing for a rupture with the colonies, that he did more than most men would have done to prevent it. His constant advice to his countrymen, he always said, was "to bear every thing from England, however unjust;" saying, that "it could not last long, as they would soon outgrow all their hardships." On this account, Dr. Price, who then corresponded with some of the principal persons in America, said, he began to be very unpopular there. He always said, "If there must be a war, it will be a war of ten years, and I shall not live to see the end of it." This I have heard him say many times.

It was at his request, enforced by that of Dr. Fothergil, that I wrote an anonymous pamphlet, calculated to show the injustice and impolicy of a war with the colonies, previous to the meeting of a new parliament. As I then lived at Leeds, he corrected the press himself; and to a passage, in which I lamented the attempt to establish arbitrary power in so large a part of the British empire, he added the following clause, "to the imminent

* Inserted in the number for February, 1803.

danger of our most valuable commerce, and of that national strength, security, and felicity, which depend on union and on liberty."

The unity of the British empire, in all its parts, was a favourite idea of his. He used to compare it to a beautiful China vase, which, if once broken, could never be put together again: and so great an admirer was he, at the time, of the British constitution, that, he said he saw no inconvenience from its being extended over a great part of the globe. With these sentiments he left England; but when, on his arrival in America, he found the war begun, and that there was no receding, no man entered more warmly into the interests of what he then considered as *his country*, in opposition to that of Great Britain. Three of his letters to me, one written immediately on his landing, and published in the collection of his Miscellaneous Works, p. 365, 552, and 555, will prove this.

By many persons, Dr. Franklin is considered as having been a cold-hearted man, so callous to every feeling of humanity, that the prospect of all the horrors of a civil war could not affect him. This was far from being the case. A great part of the day above-mentioned, that we spent together, he was looking over a number of American newspapers, directing me what to extract from them for the English ones; and in reading them, he was frequently not able to proceed for the tears literally running down his cheeks. To strangers he was cold and reserved; but, where he was intimate, no man indulged in more pleasantry and good humour. By this he was the delight of a club, to which he alludes in one of the letters above referred to, called the *whig-club*, that met at the London coffee-house, of which Dr. Price, Dr. Kippis, Mr. John Lee, and others of the same stamp, were members.

Hoping that this vindication of Dr. Franklin will give pleasure to many of your readers, I shall proceed to relate some particulars relating to his behaviour, when lord Loughborough, then Mr. Wedderburn, pronounced his violent invective against him at the privy-council, on his presenting the complaints of the province of Massachusetts (I think it was) against their governor. Some of the particulars may be thought amusing.

On the morning of the day on which the cause was to be heard, I met Mr. Burke, in Parliament-street, accompanied by Dr. Douglas, afterwards bishop of Carlisle; and, after introducing us to each other, as men of letters, he asked me whither I was going. I said I could tell him where I *wished* to go. He then asked me where that was. I said, to the privy-council, but that I was afraid I could not get admission. He then desired me to go along with him. Accordingly I did; but, when we got into the anti-room, we found it quite filled with persons as desirous of getting admission as ourselves. Seeing this, I said we should never get through the crowd. He said, "Give me your arm;" and, locking it fast in his, he soon made his way to the door of the privy-council. I then said, Mr. Burke, you are an excellent leader; he replied, "I wish other persons thought so too."

After waiting a short time, the door of the privy-council opened, and we entered the first; when Mr. Burke took his stand behind the first chair next to the president, and I behind that the next to his. When the business was opened, it was sufficiently evident, from the speech of Mr. Wedderburn, who was counsel for the governor, that the real object of the court was to insult Dr. Franklin. All this time he stood in a corner of the room, not far from me, without the least apparent emotion.

Mr. Dunning, who was the leading counsel on the part of the colony,

was so hoarse, that he could hardly make himself heard; and Mr. Lee, who was the second, spoke but feebly in reply; so that Mr. Wedderburn had a complete triumph. At the sallies of his sarcastic wit, all the members of the council, the president himself (lord Gower) not excepted, frequently laughed outright. No person belonging to the council behaved with decent gravity, except lord North, who, coming late, took his stand behind the chair opposite to me.

When the business was over, Dr. Franklin, in going out, took me by the hand, in a manner that indicated some feeling. I soon followed him, and, going through the anti-room, saw Mr. Wedderburn there surrounded with a circle of his friends and admirers. Being known to him, he stepped forwards as if to speak to me; but I turned aside, and made what haste I could out of the place.

The next morning I breakfasted with the doctor, when he said, "He had never before been so sensible of the power of a good conscience; for that, if he had not considered the thing, for which he had been so much insulted, as one of the best actions of his life, and what he should certainly do again in the same circumstances, he could not have supported it." He was accused of clandestinely procuring certain letters, containing complaints against the governor, and sending them to America, with a view to excite their animosity against him, and thus to embroil the two countries. But he assured me, that he did not even know that such letters existed, till they were brought to him as agent for the colony, in order to be sent to his constituents; and the cover of the letters, on which the direction had been written, being lost, he only guessed at the person to whom they were addressed, by the contents.

That Dr. Franklin, notwithstanding he did not show it at the time, was much impressed by the business of the privy-council, appeared from this circumstance: when he attended there, he was dressed in a suit of Manchester velvet; and Silas Deane told me, that, when they met at Paris to sign the treaty between France and America, he purposely put on that suit.

Hoping that this communication will be of some service to the memory of Dr. Franklin, and gratify his friends, I am, sir, yours, &c.

J. PRIESTLEY.

## LETTER XXXII.

### *Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

Camp at Cambridge, July 10, 1775.

Sir,

I ARRIVED safe at this place on the third instant, after a journey attended with a good deal of fatigue, and retarded by necessary attentions to the successive civilities which accompanied me in my whole route.

Upon my arrival, I immediately visited the several posts occupied by our troops; and, as soon as the weather permitted, reconnoitred those of the enemy. I found the latter strongly intrenched on Bunker's Hill, about a mile from Charlestown, and advanced about half a mile from the place of the late action, with their sentries extended about one hundred and fifty yards on this side of the narrowest part of the neck leading from this place to Charlestown. Three floating batteries lie in Mystic River near their camp, and one twenty-gun ship below the ferry place between Boston and Charlestown. They have also a battery on Copp's Hill, on the Boston side, which much annoyed our troops in the late attack. Upon the neck, they have also deeply intrenched and fortified. Their advanced guards, till last Saturday morning, occupied Brown's houses, about a mile from Roxbury meeting-house, and twenty roods from their

lines: but, at that time, a party from general Thomas's camp, surprised the guard, drove them in, and burned the houses. The bulk of their army, commanded by general Howe, lies on Bunker's Hill, and the remainder on Roxbury neck, except the light horse, and a few men, in the town of Boston.

On our side, we have thrown up intrenchments on Winter and Prospect Hills, the enemy's camp in full view, at the distance of little more than a mile. Such intermediate points as would admit a landing, I have, since my arrival, taken care to strengthen, down to Sewal's Farm, where a strong intrenchment has been thrown up. At Roxbury, general Thomas has thrown up a strong work on the hill, about two hundred yards above the meeting house; which, with the brokenness of the ground, and a great number of rocks, has made that pass very secure. The troops raised in New Hampshire, with a regiment from Rhode Island, occupy Winter Hill: a part of those from Connecticut, under general Putnam, are on Prospect Hill. The troops in this town are entirely of the Massachusetts: the remainder of the Rhode Island men are at Sewal's Farm. Two regiments of Connecticut, and nine of the Massachusetts, are at Roxbury. The residue of the army, to the number of about seven hundred, are posted in several small towns along the coast, to prevent the depredations of the enemy.

Upon the whole, I think myself authorized to say, that, considering the great extent of line, and the nature of the ground, we are as well secured as could be expected in so short a time, and under the disadvantages we labour. These consist in a want of engineers, to construct proper works, and direct the men, a want of tools, and a sufficient number of men to man the works in case of an attack. You will observe, by the proceedings of the council of war, which I have the honour to enclose, that it is our unanimous opinion, to hold and defend these works as long as possible.

The discouragement it would give the men, and its contrary effects on the ministerial troops, thus to abandon our encampment in their face, formed with so much labour,—added to the certain destruction of a considerable and valuable extent of country, and our uncertainty of finding a place in all respects so capable of making a stand,—are leading reasons for this determination. At the same time, we are very sensible of the difficulties which attend the defence of lines of so great extent, and the dangers which may ensue from such a division of the army.

My earnest wish to comply with the instructions of the Congress, in making an early and complete return of the state of the army, has led into an involuntary delay of addressing you; which has given me much concern. Having given orders for this purpose immediately on my arrival, and unapprized of the imperfect obedience which had been paid to those of the like nature from general Ward, I was led, from day to day, to expect they would come in, and therefore detained the messenger. They are not now so complete as I could wish: but much allowance is to be made for inexperience in forms, and a liberty which had been taken (not given) on this subject. These reasons, I flatter myself, will no longer exist; and, of consequence, more regularity and exactness will in future prevail. This, with a necessary attention to the lines, the movements of the ministerial troops, and our immediate security, must be my apology; which I beg you to lay before Congress with the utmost duty and respect.

We labour under great disadvantages for want of tents: for, though they have been helped out by a col-

lection of now useless sails from the sea-port towns, the number is far short of our necessities. The colleges and houses of this town are necessarily occupied by the troops; which affords another reason for keeping our present situation. But I most sincerely wish the whole army was properly provided to take the field, as I am well assured, that (besides greater expedition and activity in case of alarm) it would highly conduce to health and discipline. As materials are not to be had here, I would beg leave to recommend the procuring a farther supply from Philadelphia, as soon as possible.

I should be extremely deficient in gratitude, as well as justice, if I did not take the first opportunity to acknowledge the readiness and attention, which the provincial Congress and different committees have shewn, to make every thing as convenient and agreeable as possible. But there is a vital and inherent principle of delay, incompatible with military service, in transacting business through such numerous and different channels. I esteem it therefore my duty to represent the inconvenience which must unavoidably ensue from a dependence on a number of persons for supplies; and submit it to the consideration of Congress, whether the public service will not be best promoted by appointing a commissary-general for these purposes. We have a striking instance of the preference of such a mode, in the establishment of Connecticut, as their troops are extremely well provided under the direction of Mr. Trumbull; and he has at different times assisted others with various articles. Should my sentiments happily coincide with those of your honours on this subject, I beg leave to recommend Mr. Trumbull as a very proper person for this department. In the arrangement of troops, collected under such circumstances, and upon the spur of immediate necessity, several appointments are omitted, which appear to be indispensably necessary for the good government of the army—particularly a quarter-master-general, a commissary of musters, and a commissary of artillery. These I must earnestly recommend to the notice and provision of the Congress.

I find myself already much embarrassed, for want of a military chest. These embarrassments will increase every day: I must, therefore, request that money may be forwarded as soon as possible. The want of this most necessary article will, I fear, produce great inconveniences, if not prevented by an early attention. I find the army in general, and the troops raised in Massachusetts in particular, very deficient in necessary clothing. Upon inquiry, there appears no probability of obtaining any supplies in this quarter: and, on the best consideration of this matter I am able to form, I am of opinion, that a number of hunting shirts (not less than ten thousand) would, in a great degree, remove this difficulty, in the cheapest and quickest manner. I know nothing, in a speculative view, more trivial, yet, if put in practice, would have a happier tendency to unite the men, and abolish those provincial distinctions which lead to jealousy and dissatisfaction.

In a former part of this letter, I mentioned the want of engineers. I can hardly express the disappointment I have experienced on this subject,—the skill of those we have being very imperfect, and confined to the mere manual exercise of cannon; whereas the war in which we are engaged requires a knowledge comprehending the duties of the field, and fortification. If any persons thus qualified are to be found in the southern colonies, it would be of great public service to forward them with all expedition.

Upon the article of ammunition, I must re-echo the former complaints on this subject. We are so exceedingly destitute, that our artillery will be of little use without a supply, both large and seasonable. What we have must be reserved for the small arms, and that managed with the utmost frugality. * * *

The state of the army you will find ascertained with tolerable precision in the returns which accompany this letter. Upon finding the number of men to fall so far short of the establishment, and below all expectation, I immediately called a council of the general officers, whose opinion (as to the mode of filling up the regiments, and providing for the present exigency) I have the honour of enclosing, together with the best judgment we are able to form of the ministerial troops. From the number of boys, deserters, and negroes, that have been enlisted in the troops of this province, I entertain some doubts whether the number required can be raised here: and all the general officers agree, that no dependence can be put on the militia, for a continuance in camp, or regularity and discipline during the short time they may stay. This unhappy and devoted province has been so long in a state of anarchy, and the yoke * * * * * been laid so heavily on it, that great allowances are to be made for troops raised under such circumstances. The deficiency of numbers, discipline, and stores, can only lead to this conclusion, that their spirit has exceeded their strength. But, at the same time, I would humbly submit to the consideration of Congress, the propriety of making some further provision of men from the other colonies. If these regiments should be completed to their establishment, the dismission of those unfit for duty, on account of their age and character, would occasion a considerable reduction; and, at all events, they have been enlisted upon such terms, that they may be disbanded when other troops arrive. But, should my apprehensions be realized, and the regiments here be not filled up, the public cause would suffer by an absolute dependence upon so doubtful an event, unless some provision is made against such a disappointment.

It requires no military skill, to judge of the difficulty of introducing proper discipline and subordination into an army while we have the enemy in view, and are in daily expectation of an attack: but it is of so much importance, that every effort will be made, which time and circumstances will admit. In the mean time, I have a sincere pleasure in observing, that there are materials for a good army—a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage.

I am now, sir, to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the twenty-eighth, enclosing the resolutions of Congress, of the twenty-seventh ultimo, and a copy of a letter from the committee of Albany; to all which I shall pay due attention.

Generals Gates and Sullivan have both arrived in good health.

My best abilities are at all times devoted to the service of my country: but I feel the weight, importance, and variety of my present duties too sensibly, not to wish a more immediate and frequent communication with the Congress. I fear it may often happen, in the course of our present operations, that I shall need that assistance and direction from them, which time and distance will not allow me to receive.

Since writing the above, I have also to acknowledge your favour of the fourth instant by Fessenden, and the receipt of the commissions, and articles of war. The former are yet eight hundred short of the number required. This deficiency you will

please to supply as soon as you conveniently can. Among the other returns, I have also sent one of our killed, wounded, and missing, in the late action; but have been able to procure no certain account of the loss of the ministerial troops. My best intelligence fixes it at above five hundred killed, and six or seven hundred wounded: but it is no more than conjecture,—the utmost pains being taken on their side to conceal it.—I have the honour to be, &c.

G. W.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

Cambridge, Feb. 9, 1776.

Sir,

THE purport of this letter will be directed to a single object: through you, I mean to lay it before Congress; and, at the same time that I beg their serious attention to the subject, to ask pardon for intruding an opinion, not only unasked, but, in some measure, repugnant to their resolves.

The disadvantages attending the limited enlistment of troops are too apparent to those who are eye-witnesses of them to render any animadversions necessary: but to gentlemen at a distance, whose attention is engrossed by a thousand important objects, the case may be otherwise.

That this cause precipitated the fate of the brave and much-to-be-lamented general Montgomery, and brought on the defeat which followed thereupon, I have not the most distant doubt: for, had he not been apprehensive of the troops leaving him at so important a crisis, but continued the blockade of Quebec, a capitulation (from the best accounts I have been able to collect) must inevitably have followed. And that we were not, at one time, obliged to dispute these lines under disadvantageous circumstances (proceeding from the same cause, to wit, the troops disbanding of themselves before the militia could be got in) is to me a matter of wonder and astonishment, and proves that general Howe was either unacquainted with our situation, or restrained by his instructions from putting any thing to a hazard till his reinforcements should arrive.

The instance of general Montgomery (I mention it because it is a striking one; for a number of others might be adduced) proves, that, instead of having men to take advantage of circumstances, you are in a manner compelled, right or wrong, to make circumstances yield to a secondary consideration. Since the first of December, I have been devising every means in my power to secure these encampments; and, though I am sensible that we never have, since that period, been able to act upon the offensive, and, at times, not in a condition to defend; yet the cost of marching home one set of men,—bringing in another,—the havoc and waste occasioned by the first,—the repairs necessary for the second,—with a thousand incidental charges and inconveniences which have arisen, and which it is scarce possible either to recollect or describe,—amount to near as much as the keeping up a respectable body of troops the whole time, ready for any emergency, would have done. To this may be added, that you never can have a well-disciplined army. To bring men well acquainted with the duties of a soldier, requires time. To bring them under proper discipline and subordination, not only requires time, but is a work of great difficulty; and, in this army, where there is so little distinction between the officers and soldiers, requires an uncommon degree of attention. To expect, then, the same service from raw and undisciplined recruits as from veteran soldiers, is to expect what never did, and, perhaps, never

will happen. Men who are familiarized to danger meet it without shrinking: whereas those who have never seen service often apprehend danger where no danger is. Three things prompt men to a regular discharge of their duty in time of action—natural bravery, hope of reward, and fear of punishment. The two first are common to the untutored and the disciplined soldier: but the latter most obviously distinguishes the one from the other. A coward, when taught to believe, that, if he breaks his ranks and abandons his colours, he will be punished with death by his own party, will take his chance against the enemy: but a man, who thinks little of the one, and is fearful of the other, acts from present feelings, regardless of consequences.

Again, men of a day's standing will not look forward; and from experience we find, that, as the time approaches for their discharge, they grow careless of their arms, ammunition, camp utensils, &c.; nay, even the barracks themselves have felt uncommon marks of wanton depredation, and lay us under fresh trouble and additional expense in providing for every fresh set, when we find it next to impossible to procure such articles as are absolutely necessary in the first instance. To this may be added the seasoning which new recruits must have to a camp, and the loss consequent thereupon. But this is not all. Men, engaged for a short limited time only, have the officers too much in their power: for, to obtain a degree of popularity in order to induce a second enlistment, a kind of familiarity takes place, which brings on a relaxation of discipline, unlicensed furloughs, and other indulgences, incompatible with order and good government; by which means, the latter part of the time, for which the soldier was engaged, is spent in undoing what you were aiming to inculcate in the first.

To go into an enumeration of all the evils we have experienced in this late great change of the army, and the expenses incidental to it—to say nothing of the hazard we have run, and must run, between the discharging of one army and enlistment of another, unless an enormous expense of militia is incurred—would greatly exceed the bounds of a letter. What I have already taken the liberty of saying will serve to convey a general idea of the matter; and therefore I shall, with all due deference, take the freedom to give it as my opinion, that, if the Congress have any reason to believe that there will be occasion for troops another year, and, consequently, of another enlistment, they would save money, and have infinitely better troops, if they were, even at a bounty of twenty, thirty, or more dollars, to engage the men already enlisted, (till January next,) and such others as may be wanted to complete the establishment, for and during the war. I will not undertake to say, that the men can be had upon these terms: but I am satisfied that it will never do to let the matter alone, as it was last year, till the time of service was near expiring. The hazard is too great in the first place:—in the next, the trouble and perplexity of disbanding one army, and raising another at the same instant, and in such a critical situation as the last was, is scarcely in the power of words to describe, and such as no man, who has experienced it once, will ever undergo again.

If Congress should differ from me in sentiment upon this point, I have only to beg, that they will do me the justice to believe, that I have nothing more in view than what to me appears necessary to advance the public weal, although, in the first instance, it will be attended with a capital expense;—and that I have the honour to be, &c. G. W.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

New York, July 11, 1776.

Sir,

I WAS honoured with your favour of the eighth instant by yesterday morning's post, with the several resolves to which you referred my attention. I shall duly regard them, and attempt their execution as far as I am able.

By virtue of the discretionary power that Congress were pleased to vest me with, and by advice of such of my general officers as I have had an opportunity of consulting, I have ordered the two remaining continental regiments in the Massachusetts Bay to march immediately for the defence of this place, in full confidence that nothing hostile will be attempted against that state in the present campaign.

I have wrote to the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, and transmitted a copy of the resolve for employing the eastern Indians, entreating their good offices in this instance, and their exertions to have them forthwith engaged and marched to join this army. I have desired five or six hundred of them to be enlisted for two or three years, if they will consent to it,—subject to an earlier discharge, if it shall be thought necessary,—and upon the same terms as the continental troops, if better cannot be had,—though I am hopeful they may.

In my letter of yesterday, I mentioned the arrival of part of the Connecticut light horse to assist in the defence of this place, and my objection to their horses being kept. Four or five hundred of them are now come in; and, in justice to their zeal and laudable attachment to the cause of their country, I am to inform you that they have consented to stay as long as occasion may require, though they should be at the expense of maintaining their horses themselves. They have pastured them out about the neighbourhood of Kingsbridge, (being unwilling to send them away,) at the rate of half a dollar per week each, meaning to leave it entirely with Congress either to allow or refuse it, as they shall judge proper. I promised to make this representation, and thought it my duty; and will only observe, that the motives which induced them at first to set out, were good and praise-worthy, and were, to afford the most speedy and early succour, which they apprehended would be wanted before the militia arrived. Their services may be extremely important,—being, most of them, if not all, men of reputation and of property.

The subject of the enclosed copy of a letter from governor Trumbull I beg leave to submit to the consideration of Congress. They will perceive, from his representation, the disquieting apprehensions that have seized on the minds of the people since the retreat of the northern army, and how exposed the northern frontiers of New York and New Hampshire are to the ravages and incursions of the Indians. How far it may be expedient to raise the battalion he conceives necessary to prevent the calamities and distresses he points out, they will determine, upon what he has said, and the necessity that may appear to them for the measure;—what I have done being only to lay the matter before them, in compliance with his wishes.

I have also enclosed a memorial from the surgeons' mates, setting forth the inadequacy of their pay to their services and maintenance, and praying that it may be increased. I shall observe, that they have a long time complained in this instance, and that some additional allowance may not be unnecessary.

As I am truly sensible the time

of Congress is much taken up with a variety of important matters, it is with unwillingness and pain I ever repeat a request after having once made it, or take the liberty of enforcing any opinion of mine after it is once given: but, as the establishing of some office for auditing accounts is a matter of exceeding importance to the public interest, I would beg leave once more to call the attention of Congress to an appointment competent to the purpose. Two motives induce me to urge the matter; first, a conviction of the utility of the measure—secondly, that I may stand exculpated, if, hereafter, it should appear that money has been improperly expended, and necessaries for the army obtained upon unreasonable terms.

For me, whose time is employed from the hour of my rising till I retire to bed again, to go into an examination of the accounts of such an army as this with any degree of precision and exactness, without neglecting other matters of equal importance, is utterly impracticable. All that I have been able to do (and that, in fact, was doing nothing) was, when the commissary, and quarter master, and director-general of the hospital (for it is to these the great advances are made) applied for warrants,—to make them at times produce a general account of their expenditures. But this answers no valuable purpose. It is the minutiæ that must be gone into,—the propriety of each charge examined,—the vouchers looked into;—and, with respect to the commissary-general, his victualling returns and expenditures of provisions should be compared with his purchases: otherwise a person in this department, if he was inclined to be knavish, might purchase large quantities with the public money, and sell one half of it again for private emolument; and yet his accounts upon paper would appear fair, and be supported with vouchers for every charge.

I do not urge this matter from a suspicion of any unfair practices in either of the departments before mentioned; and sorry should I be if this construction was put upon it, having a high opinion of the honour and integrity of these gentlemen. But there should, nevertheless, be some control as well upon their discretion as honesty:—to which may be added, that accounts become perplexed and confused by long standing, and the errors therein not so discoverable as if they underwent an early revision and examination. I am well apprized, that a treasury-office of accounts has been resolved upon, and an auditor-general for settling all public accounts: but, with all deference and submission to the opinion of Congress, these institutions are not calculated to prevent the inconveniences I have mentioned; nor can they be competent to the purposes, circumstanced as they are.

We have intelligence, from a deserter that came to us, that, on Wednesday morning, the Asia, Chatham, and Greyhound, men-of-war, weighed anchor, and (it was said) intended to pass up the North River above the city, to prevent the communication with the Jerseys. They did not attempt it, nor does he know what prevented them. A prisoner belonging to the tenth regiment, taken yesterday, informs, that they hourly expected admiral Howe and his fleet. He adds, that a vessel has arrived from them, and the prevailing opinion is, that an attack will be made immediately on their arrival.

By a letter from general Ward, I am informed, that the small-pox has broke out at Boston, and infected some of the troops. I have wrote to him to place the invalids under an officer, to remain till they are well; and to use every possible pre-

caution to prevent the troops from thence bringing the infection. The distresses and calamities we have already suffered by this disorder in one part of our army, I hope will excite his utmost care, that they may not be increased.—I have the honour to be, &c. G. W.

## LETTER XXXV.

### *Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

New York, September 2, 1776.

Sir,

As my intelligence of late has been rather unfavourable, and would be received with anxiety and concern, peculiarly happy should I esteem myself, were it in my power at this time to transmit such information to Congress, as would be more pleasing and agreeable to their wishes:—but, unfortunately for me,—unfortunately for them,—it is not.

Our situation is truly distressing. The check our detachment sustained on the twenty-seventh ultimo has dispirited too great a proportion of our troops, and filled their minds with apprehension and despair. The militia, instead of calling forth their utmost efforts to a brave and manly opposition, in order to repair our losses, are dismayed, intractable, and impatient to return. Great numbers of them have gone off,—in some instances, almost by whole regiments, by half ones, and by companies at a time. This circumstance, of itself, independent of others, when fronted by a well-appointed enemy, superior in number to our whole collected force, would be sufficiently disagreeable: but, when their example has infected another part of the army,—when their want of discipline, and refusal of almost every kind of restraint and government, have produced a like conduct but too common to the whole, and an entire disregard of that order and subordination necessary to the well-doing of an army, and which had been inculcated before, as well as the nature of our military establishment would admit of,—our condition is still more alarming: and, with the deepest concern, I am obliged to confess my want of confidence in the generality of the troops.

All these circumstances fully confirm the opinion I ever entertained, and which I more than once in my letters took the liberty of mentioning to Congress, that no dependence could be put in a militia or other troops than those enlisted and imbodied for a longer period than our regulations heretofore have prescribed. I am persuaded, and as fully convinced as I am of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must of necessity be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defence is left to any but a permanent standing army,—I mean, one to exist during the war. Nor would the expense, incident to the support of such a body of troops as would be competent to almost every exigency, far exceed that which is daily incurred by calling in succour, and new enlistments, which, when effected, are not attended with any good consequences. Men who have been free, and subject to no control, cannot be reduced to order in an instant: and the privileges and exemptions they claim and will have, influence the conduct of others; and the aid derived from them is nearly counterbalanced by the disorder, irregularity and confusion they occasion.

I cannot find that the bounty of ten dollars is likely to produce the desired effect. When men can get double that sum to engage for a month or two in the militia, and that militia frequently called out, it is hardly to be expected. The addition of land might have a considerable influence on a permanent enlistment.

Our number of men, at present fit

for duty, is under twenty thousand: they were so by the last returns and best accounts I could get after the engagement on Long Island; since which numbers have deserted. I have ordered general Mercer to send the men intended for the flying camp to this place, about a thousand in number, and to try with the militia, if practicable, to make a diversion upon Staten Island.

Till of late I had no doubt in my own mind, of defending this place: nor should I have yet, if the men would do their duty: but this I despair of. It is painful, and extremely grating to me, to give such unfavourable accounts; but it would be criminal to conceal the truth at so critical a juncture. Every power I possess shall be exerted to serve the cause; and my first wish is, that, whatever may be the event, the Congress will do me the justice to think so.

If we should be obliged to abandon the town, ought it to stand as winter quarters for the enemy? They would derive great conveniences from it, on the one hand, and much property would be destroyed, on the other. It is an important question, but will admit of but little time for deliberation. At present I dare say the enemy mean to preserve it if they can. If Congress, therefore, should resolve upon the destruction of it, the resolution should be a profound secret, as the knowledge of it will make a capital change in their plans.—I have the honour to be, &c. G. W.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

Col. Morris's, on the Heights of Haerlem, September 24, 1776.

Sir,

FROM the hours allotted to sleep I will borrow a few moments to convey my thoughts on sundry important matters to Congress. I shall offer them with the sincerity which ought to characterize a man of candour, and with the freedom which may be used in giving useful information, without incurring the imputation of presumption.

We are now, as it were, upon the eve of another dissolution of our army. The remembrance of the difficulties which happened upon the occasion last year, the consequences which might have followed the change if proper advantages had been taken by the enemy, added to a knowledge of the present temper and situation of the troops, reflect but a very gloomy prospect upon the appearances of things now, and satisfy me, beyond the possibility of doubt, that, unless some speedy and effectual measures are adopted by Congress, our cause will be lost.

It is in vain to expect that any or more than a trifling part of this army will again engage in the service on the encouragement offered by Congress. When men find that their townsmen and companions are receiving twenty, thirty, and more dollars, for a few months' service (which is truly the case), it cannot be expected, without using compulsion; and to force them into the service would answer no valuable purpose. When men are irritated, and the passions inflamed, they fly hastily and cheerfully to arms: but, after the first emotions are over * * *, a soldier, reasoned with upon the goodness of the cause he is engaged in, and the inestimable rights he is contending for, hears you with patience, and acknowledges the truth of your observations, but adds, that it is of no more importance to him than others. The officer makes you the same reply, with this further remark, that his pay will not support him, and he cannot ruin himself and family to serve his country, when every member of the community is equally interested and benefited by his labours. * * *

It becomes evidently clear, then, that, as this contest is not likely to be the work of a day,—as the war must be carried on systematically,—and to do it you must have good officers,—there are, in my judgment, no other possible means to obtain them but by establishing your army upon a permanent footing, and giving your officers good pay. This will induce gentlemen and men of character to engage: and, till the bulk of your officers are composed of such persons as are actuated by principles of honour and a spirit of enterprise, you have little to expect from them. They ought to have such allowances as will enable them to live like, and support the characters of, gentlemen. * * * Besides, something is due to the man who puts his life in [your] hands, hazards his health, and forsakes the sweets of domestic enjoyment. Why a captain in the continental service should receive no more than five shillings currency per day for performing the same duties that an officer of the same rank in the British service receives ten shillings sterling for, I never could conceive, especially when the latter is provided with every necessary he requires upon the best terms, and the former can scarce procure them at any rate. There is nothing that gives a man consequence, and renders him fit for command, like a support that renders him independent of every body but the state he serves.

With respect to the men, nothing but a good bounty can obtain them upon a permanent establishment: and for no shorter time than the continuance of the war, ought they to be engaged; as facts incontestably prove, that the difficulty and cost of enlistments increase with time. When the army was first raised at Cambridge, I am persuaded the men might have been got, without a bounty, for the war. After this, they began to see, that the contest was not likely to end so speedily as was imagined, and to feel their consequence by remarking, that, to get in the militia in the course of the last year, many towns were induced to give them a bounty.

Foreseeing the evils resulting from this, and the destructive consequences which unavoidably would follow short enlistments, I took the liberty, in a long letter, (date not now recollected, as my letter-book is not here,) to recommend the enlistments for and during the war, assigning such reasons for it as experience has since convinced me were well founded. At that time, twenty dollars would, I am persuaded, have engaged the men for this term. But it will not do to look back: and, if the present opportunity is slipped, I am persuaded that twelve months more will increase our difficulties four-fold. I shall, therefore, take the freedom of giving it as my opinion, that a good bounty be immediately offered, aided by the proffer of at least a hundred or a hundred and fifty acres of land, and a suit of clothes and blanket to each non-commissioned officer and soldier; as I have good authority for saying, that, however high the men's pay may appear, it is barely sufficient, in the present scarcity and dearness of all kinds of goods, to keep them in clothes, much less afford support to their families.

If this encouragement, then, is given to the men, and such pay allowed the officers as will induce gentlemen of character and liberal sentiments to engage, and proper care and precaution used in the nomination, (having more regard to the characters of persons, than the number of men they can enlist,) we should in a little time have an army able to cope with any that can be opposed to it, as there are excellent materials to form one out of. But, while the only merit an officer possesses is his ability to raise men,—

while those men consider and treat him as an equal, and (in the character of an officer) regard him no more than a broomstick, being mixed together as one common herd, no order nor discipline can prevail; nor will the officer ever meet with that respect which is essentially necessary to due subordination.

To place any dependence upon militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff,—men just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life,—unaccustomed to the din of arms,—totally unacquainted with every kind of military skill; which, being followed by a want of confidence in themselves, when opposed to troops regularly trained, disciplined, and appointed, superior in knowledge, and superior in arms, makes them timid, and ready to fly from their own shadows. Besides, the sudden change in their manner of living (particularly in the lodging) brings on sickness in many, impatience in all, and such an unconquerable desire of returning to their respective homes, that it not only produces shameful and scandalous desertions among themselves, but infuses the like spirit into others.

Again; men accustomed to unbounded freedom, and no control, cannot brook the restraint which is indispensably necessary to the good order and government of an army; without which licentiousness and every kind of disorder triumphantly reign. To bring men to a proper degree of subordination is not the work of a day, a month, or even a year: and, unhappily for us and the cause we are engaged in, the little discipline I have been labouring to establish in the army under my immediate command, is in a manner done away, by having such a mixture of troops as have been called together within these few months.

Relaxed and unfit as our rules and regulations of war are for the government of an army, the militia (those properly so called; for of these we have two sorts, the six-months-men, and those sent in as a temporary aid) do not think themselves subject to them, and therefore take liberties which the soldier is punished for. This creates jealousy; jealousy begets dissatisfactions; and these by degrees ripen into mutiny, keeping the whole army in a confused and disordered state,—rendering the time of those who wish to see regularity and good order prevail, more unhappy than words can describe. Besides this, such repeated changes take place, that all arrangement is set at nought, and the constant fluctuation of things deranges every plan as fast as adopted.

These, sir, Congress may be assured, are but a small part of the inconveniences which might be enumerated, and attributed to militia: but there is one that merits particular attention, and that is the expense. Certain I am, that it would be cheaper to keep fifty or a hundred thousand in constant pay, than to depend upon half the number, and supply the other half occasionally by militia. The time the latter are in pay, before and after they are in camp, assembling and marching,—the waste of ammunition, the consumption of stores, which, in spite of every resolution or requisition of Congress, they must be furnished with, or sent home,—added to other incidental expenses consequent upon their coming and conduct in camp,—surpasses all idea, and destroys every kind of regularity and economy which you could establish among fixed and settled troops, and will, in my opinion, prove (if the scheme is adhered to) the ruin of our cause.

The jealousies of a standing army, and the evils to be apprehended from one, are remote, and, in my judgment, situated and circumstanced as we are, not at all to be dreaded

but the consequence of wanting one, according to my ideas, formed from the present view of things, is certain and inevitable ruin. For, if I was called upon to declare upon oath, whether the militia have been most serviceable or hurtful upon the whole, I should subscribe to the latter. I do not mean by this, however, to arraign the conduct of Congress . in so doing I should equally condemn my own measures, if I did not my judgment: but experience, which is the best criterion to work by, so fully, clearly, and decisively, reprobates the practice of trusting to militia, that no man who regards order, regularity and economy, or who has any regard for his own honour, character, or peace of mind, will risk them upon this issue. * * *

An army formed of good officers moves like clockwork: but there is no situation upon earth less enviable, nor more distressing, than that person's who is at the head of troops who are regardless of order and discipline, and who are unprovided with almost every necessary. In a word, the difficulties, which have for ever surrounded me since I have been in the service, and kept my mind constantly upon the stretch,—the wounds which my feelings (as an officer) have received by a thousand things, which have happened contrary to my expectation and wishes, * * *—added to a consciousness of my inability to govern an army composed of such discordant parts, and under such a variety of intricate and perplexing circumstances,—induce not only a belief, but a thorough conviction in my mind, that it will be impossible (unless there is a thorough change in our military system) for me to conduct matters in such a manner as to give satisfaction to the public, which is all the recompense I aim at, or ever wished for.

Before I conclude, I must apologize for the liberties taken in this letter, and for the blots and scratchings therein, not having time to give it more correctly.—With truth I can add, that, with every sentiment of respect and esteem, I am your and the Congress's most obedient, &c.

G. W.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

Haerlem, Oct. 4, 1776.

Sir,

BEFORE I knew of the late resolutions of Congress, which you did me the honour to enclose in your letter of the twenty-fourth, and before I was favoured with the visit of your committee, I took the liberty of giving you my sentiments on several points which seemed to be of importance. I have no doubt but that the committee will make such report of the state and condition of the army, as will induce Congress to believe, that nothing but the most vigorous exertions can put matters upon such a footing as to give this continent a fair prospect of success. Give me leave to say, sir,—I say it with due deference and respect, (and my knowledge of the facts, added to the importance of the cause, and the stake I hold in it, must justify the freedom,)—that your affairs are in a more unpromising way than you seem to apprehend.

Your army, as I mentioned in my last, is on the eve of its political dissolution. True it is, you have voted a larger one in lieu of it: but the season is late; and there is a material difference between voting of battalions and raising of men. In the latter there are more difficulties than Congress are aware of; which makes it my duty (as I have been informed of the prevailing sentiments of this army) to inform them, that, unless the pay of the officers, especially that of the field-officers, is raised, the

chief part of those that are worth retaining will leave the service at the expiration of the present term, as the soldiers will also, if some greater encouragement is not offered them than twenty dollars and a hundred acres of land.

Nothing less, in my opinion, than a suit of clothes, annually given to each non-commissioned officer and soldier, in addition to the pay and bounty, will avail: and I question whether that will do, as the enemy (from the information of one John Mash, who, with six others, was taken by our guards) are giving ten pounds bounty for recruits, and have got a battalion under major Rogers nearly completed upon Long Island.

Nor will less pay, according to my judgment, than I have taken the liberty of mentioning in the enclosed estimate, retain such officers as we could wish to have continued. The difference per month in each battalion will amount to better than a hundred pounds. To this may be added the pay of the staff-officers; for it is presumable they will also require an augmentation: but, being few in number, the sum will not be greatly increased by them, and consequently is a matter of no great moment: but it is a matter of no small importance to make the several offices desirable. When the pay and establishment of an officer once become objects of interested attention, the sloth, negligence, and even disobedience of orders, which at this time but too generally prevail, will be purged off. But, while the service is viewed with indifference,—while the officer conceives, that he is rather conferring than receiving an obligation,—there will be a total relaxation of all order and discipline, and every thing will move heavily on, to the great detriment of the service, and inexpressible trouble and vexation of the general.

The critical situation of our affairs at this time will justify my saying, that no time is to be lost in making of fruitless experiments. An unavailing trial of a month to get an army upon the terms proposed, may render it impracticable to do it at all, and prove fatal to our cause; as I am not sure whether any rubs in the way of our enlistments, or unfavourable turn in our affairs, may not prove the means of the enemy recruiting men faster than we do. To this may be added the inextricable difficulty of forming one corps out of another, and arranging matters with any degree of order, in the face of an enemy, who are watching for advantages.

At Cambridge, last year, where the officers (and more than a sufficiency of them) were all upon the spot, we found it a work of such extreme difficulty to know their sentiments, (each having some terms to propose,) that I despaired once of getting the arrangements completed: and I do suppose, that at least a hundred alterations took place before matters were finally adjusted. What must it be, then, under the present regulation, where the officer is to negotiate this matter with the state he comes from, distant, perhaps, two or three hundred miles?—some of whom, without leave or license from me, set out to make personal application, the moment the resolve got to their hands. What kind of officers these are, I leave Congress to judge.

If an officer of reputation (for none other should be applied to) is asked to stay, what answer can he give, but, in the first place, that he does not know whether it is at his option to do so, no provision being made in the resolution of Congress, even recommendatory of this measure; consequently, that it rests with the state he comes from (surrounded, perhaps, with a variety of applications, and influenced, probably, by local attachments) to determine whether he can be provided for or not? In the next place, if he is an officer of merit

and knows that the state he comes from is to furnish more battalions than it at present has in the service, he will scarcely, after two years' faithful services, think of continuing in the rank he now bears, when new creations are to be made, and men appointed to offices (nowise superior in merit, and ignorant perhaps of service) over his head. A committee, sent to the army from each state, may upon the spot fix things with a degree of propriety and certainty; and is the only method I can see of bringing matters to a decision with respect to the officers of the army. But what can be done, in the meanwhile, towards the arrangement in the country, I know not. In the one case you run the hazard of losing your officers; in the other of encountering delay, unless some method could be devised of forwarding both at the same instant.

Upon the present plan, I plainly foresee an intervention of time between the old and new army, which must be filled up with militia, (if to be had,) with whom no man, who has any regard for his own reputation, can undertake to be answerable for consequences. I shall also be mistaken in my conjectures, if we do not lose the most valuable officers in this army, under the present mode of appointing them; consequently, if we have an army at all, it will be composed of materials not only entirely raw, but (if uncommon pains are not taken) entirely unfit: and I see such a distrust and jealousy of military power, that the commander in chief has not an opportunity, even by recommendation, to give the least assurances of reward for the most essential services. In a word, such a cloud of perplexing circumstances appear before me, without one flattering hope, that I am thoroughly convinced, unless the most vigorous and decisive exertions are immediately adopted to remedy these evils, that the certain and absolute loss of our liberties will be the inevitable consequence; as one unhappy stroke will throw a powerful weight into the scale against us, enabling general Howe to recruit his army as fast as we shall ours,—numbers being disposed [to join him,] and many actually doing so already. Some of the most probable remedies, and such as experience has brought to my more intimate knowledge, I have taken the liberty to point out: the rest I beg leave to submit to the consideration of Congress.

I ask pardon for taking up so much of their time with my opinions. But I should betray that trust which they and my country have reposed in me, were I to be silent upon a matter so extremely interesting.—With the most perfect esteem, I have the honour to be, &c. G. W.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

Head-Quarters, Morristown, Dec. 27, 1776

Sir,

I HAVE the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise, which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning.

The evening of the twenty-fifth I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of M'Konkey's ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice, made that night, impeded the passage of the boats so much, that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got

over; and near four, before the troops took up their line of march.

This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But, as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered, and harassed on re-passing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them, immediately upon forcing the out-guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock: and, in three minutes after, I found, from the fire on the lower road, that that division had also got up. The out-guards made but small opposition, though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but, from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act.

Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way; which immediately checked them. Finding, from our disposition, that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl the commanding officer, and seven others, were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many they had killed; but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed,—only two officers and one or two privates wounded.

I find that the detachment of the enemy consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Lanspach, Knip-hausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light horse: but, immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those who were not killed or taken, pushed directly down the road towards Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands, could my plan have been completely carried into execution. General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town: but the quantity of ice was so great, that, though he did every thing in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered general Cadwallader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot over: but finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist.

I am fully confident, that, could the troops under generals Ewing and Cadwallader have passed the river, I should have been able, with their assistance, to have driven the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

In justice to the officers and men, I must add, that their behaviour upon this occasion reflects the highest honour upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe

night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardour: but, when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward: and were I to give a preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others.

Colonel Baylor, my first aide-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behaviour, upon every occasion, requires me to recommend him to your particular notice.—I have the honour to be, &c. G. W.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*Gen. Washington to the President of Congress.*

Pluckemin, January 5, 1777.

Sir,

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that, since the date of my last from Trenton, I have removed with the army under my command to this place. The difficulty of crossing the Delaware, on account of the ice, made our passage over tedious, and gave the enemy an opportunity of drawing in their several cantonments, and assembling their whole force at Princeton. Their large piquets advanced towards Trenton,—their great preparations, and some intelligence I had received,—added to their knowledge, that the first of January brought on a dissolution of the best part of our army,—gave me the strongest reasons to conclude that an attack upon us was meditating.

Our situation was most critical, and our force small. To remove immediately was again destroying every dawn of hope which had begun to revive in the breasts of the Jersey militia; and to bring those troops, which had first crossed the Delaware, and were lying at Crosswix's under general Cadwallader, and those under general Mifflin at Bordentown, (amounting in the whole to about three thousand six hundred,) to Trenton, was to bring them to an exposed place. One or the other, however, was unavoidable: the latter was preferred, and they were ordered to join us at Trenton, which they did, by a night-march, on the first instant.

On the second, according to my expectation, the enemy began to advance upon us; and, after some skirmishing, the head of their column reached Trenton about four o'clock, whilst their rear was as far back as Maidenhead. They attempted to pass Sanpink Creek, which runs through Trenton, at different places; but, finding the fords guarded, halted, and kindled their fires. We were drawn up on the other side of the creek. In this situation we remained till dark, cannonading the enemy, and receiving the fire of their field-pieces, which did us but little damage.

Having by this time discovered that the enemy were greatly superior in number, and that their design was to surround us, I ordered all our baggage to be removed silently to Burlington soon after dark; and at twelve o'clock, after renewing our fires, and leaving guards at the bridge in Trenton, and other passes on the same stream above, marched by a round-about road to Princeton, where I knew they could not have much force left, and might have stores. One thing I was certain of, that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat, (which was of course,—or to run the hazard of the whole army being cut off,) whilst we might, by a fortunate stroke, withdraw general Howe from Trenton, and give some reputation to our arms. Happily we succeeded. We found Princeton about sun-rise with only three regiments, and three troops of light-horse in it, two of which were on their

march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must have lost five hundred men: upwards of one hundred of them were left dead in the field; and, with what I have with me, and what were taken in the pursuit and carried across the Delaware, there are near three hundred prisoners, fourteen of whom are officers, all British.

This piece of good fortune is counterbalanced by the loss of the brave and worthy general Mercer, colonels Hazlet and Potter, captain Neal of the artillery, captain Fleming, who commanded the first Virginia regiment, and four or five other valuable officers, who, with about twenty-five or thirty privates, were slain in the field. Our whole loss cannot be ascertained, as many, who were in pursuit of the enemy, (who were chased three or four miles,) are not yet come in.

The rear of the enemy's army lying at Maidenhead (not more than five or six miles from Princeton) was up with us before our pursuit was over: but, as I had the precaution to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook, (about half a mile from the field of action,) they were so long retarded there as to give us time to move off in good order for this place. We took two brass field-pieces; but, for want of horses, could not bring them away. We also took some blankets, shoes, and a few other trifling articles, burned the hay, and destroyed such other things as the shortness of the time would admit of.

My original plan, when I set out from Trenton, was, to have pushed on to Brunswick: but the harassed state of our troops, (many of them having had no rest for two nights and a day,) and the danger of losing the advantage we had gained by aiming at too much, induced me, by the advice of my officers, to relinquish the attempt: but, in my judgment, six or eight hundred fresh troops, upon a forced march, would have destroyed all their stores and magazines,—taken (as we have since learned) their military chest, containing seventy thousand pounds,—and put an end to the war. The enemy, from the best intelligence I have been able to get, were so much alarmed at the apprehension of this, that they marched immediately to Brunswick without halting, except at the bridges, (for I also took up those on Millstone, on the different routes to Brunswick,) and got there before day.

From the best information I have received, general Howe has left no men either at Trenton or Princeton. The truth of this I am endeavouring to ascertain, that I may regulate my movements accordingly.

The militia are taking spirits, and, I am told, are coming in fast from this state: but I fear those from Philadelphia will scarcely submit to the hardships of a winter campaign much longer, especially as they very unluckily sent their blankets with their baggage to Burlington. I must do them the justice, however, to add, that they have undergone more fatigue and hardship, than I expected militia (especially citizens) would have done at this inclement season. I am just moving to Morristown, where I shall endeavour to put them under the best cover I can:—hitherto we have been without any; and many of our poor soldiers quite barefoot, and ill clad in other respects.—I have the honour to be, &c. G. W

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